

# MC CALL'S

TEN CENTS

AUGUST 1926



LADY HAMILTON—Painted by Neysa McMein  
*One of a series of portraits of the heroines of the great love  
stories of the world being painted for McCall's. See Page 18.*

IN THIS ISSUE \*\* A COMPLETE NOVELETTE  
\*\* By ZANE GREY \*\*

# "Saves time, saves work, saves clothes, saves money."

*This is the verdict of millions of women about CHIPSO, the wonderful new Procter & Gamble household soap.*

**I** KNOW that you know how valuable a woman's time is, or you would never have manufactured Chipso. During my fifteen years as a housewife, I have never found anything that could in any way equal Chipso. It has given me the luxury of perfect cleanliness without tedious hours of drudgery, and leaves me health and the time to enjoy it. Since Chipso has been on the market I have never used anything else for washing clothes and dishes, for it is the most wonderful soap I have found. I am grateful to Procter & Gamble for turning out such a large package for such a small price."

The foregoing paragraph is made up of sentences taken word for word from the letters of four women, but it expresses the thoughts of millions.

Never in all history has there been a response to a household soap like the welcome given to Chipso.

#### *Why Chipso has revolutionized washday*

How does Chipso help? Why has it been adopted so quickly and enthusiastically?

Why has it completely revolutionized washday and dishwashing?

Because, we believe, Chipso is as nearly a perfect soap for laundry and dishes as can be made! It is quick, safe, easy, economical.

**Quick**—because it does away with old-fashioned chipping and melting of hard soaps. Chipso gives instant suds. It cleanses more rapidly too.

**Safe**—because it has nothing in it to weaken fabrics or fade colors. And it is kind to your hands.

**Easy**—Chipso is easier by *any* washing method—because it cleans clothes without hard rubbing and without repeated rinsings. Though



**FOR INSTANT SUDS—**  
Put dry flakes in tub or dishpan—turn on hot water—suds in a second! Then soak the dirt out!

you may boil with Chipso if you wish, most Chipso-users don't boil because they find it unnecessary.

**Economical**—because immense production makes it possible for you to buy a very large quantity of Chipso for a very small price. You can prove this by one look at the big blue-and-orange Chipso box.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

**MACHINE WASHING—**  
Chipso for quick suds and quick cleansing



**DISHWASHING**—*Chipso's quick suds dissolve the grease you used to rub off!*



## The most amazing success in the history of household soap



TO BE AFRAID OF SAN SEEMED MONSTROUS. SURELY HE WAS HER HUMBLE ADORER  
A SCENE FROM "THE BLACK KNIGHT" PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY CHARLES DE FEO

## Does Every Woman Really Cherish An Unknown Launcelot In Her Dreams?



DOES every woman cherish in her heart an ideal lover—a dream knight, *ans peuré sans reproche*—who alone holds the key to the secret sanctuary of her heart wherein no lover of actual flesh and blood can ever hope to enter?

Psychologists and poets, together with such novelists as Thackeray and Hardy and Conrad, have sought to plumb the unfathomed recesses of a woman's heart—have tried to solve the elusive secret of that wistfulness of which all men feel the lure and which no man completely understands; and they have given us on paper the imperishable portraits of women, who, loving men on earth and loving them truly, yet owned to a loyalty higher still than this, a *loyalty to the unknown Launcelot of their dreams*.

It is a woman such as this—a woman of fire and of ice, like Thackeray's Beatrix Esmond—wilful, imperious, yet withal tender, too; changeable as an April morning, but innately loyal to the unknown lover of her dreams that ETHEL M. DELL has chosen for the heroine of her latest and finest novel since Charles Rex—THE BLACK KNIGHT

This dramatic and brilliant romance of modern English country life and of the gaily colorful French Riviera, which will be published in five long installments—of which the first will appear in the SEPTEMBER McCALL'S

In it the readers of McCall's will find the full harvest fruit of this most popular novelist's ripened genius.

## CONTENTS

FOR AUGUST 1926

COVER DESIGN: LADY HAMILTON  
The eighth of a series of portraits of the heroines  
of the great love-stories of the world.  
PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NEYES MCMEIN

### FICTION

FROM MISSOURI.....	ZANE GREY	5
ALIBI.....	ROBERT W. CHAMBERS	10
HER BACK TO THE WALL.....	CONINGSBY DAWSON	15
THE DEAD RIDE HARD.....	LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE	14
TIPPI-Y-WITCH.....	VIVIAN R. BRETHFOT	17
MONSIEUR OF THE RAINBOW.....	VINCENT E. ROE	19
BELLARION.....	RAFAEL SABATINI	27

### ARTICLES

RAMPARTS.....	GENE STRATTON-PORTER	2
BEACH MANNERS.....	EMILY PRICE POST	8
HIGH HAT BEACHES.....	EL. E. CHARLOT	9
IS FLORIDA A FAILURE?.....	IDA M. TARREL	12
LADY HAMILTON.....	W. L. GEORGE	18
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD.....	22	
A REVIEW OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES		
THE GOLF OF OXFORD AND ANQUETIL, R. G., COL. EDWARD M. HOUSE, HEDLEY TAFT MAN- NING, DEEMS TAYLOR, ROBERT SHERWOOD, STARK YOUNG, LAURENCE STALLINGS, REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. B.		
COOL MEALS FOR HOT DAYS, SARAH FIELD SPINK	30	
LET ELECTRICITY DO IT FOR YOU! MARCIA MEAD	54	
THE FINE ART OF KEEPING YOUNG.....	58	
HEDGEROW FILLMORE		
PASTING IT: BENEFITS AND DANGERS.....	40	
E. V. MCCOLLUM AND RENA SUMMERS		
A LITTLE LOG HOUSE IN THE WOODS.....	44	
HARRIET MISON GILLESPIE		
WHY NOT BUILD YOUR OWN LOG CABIN?...	47	
CARL GILDEMEISTER AND MARCIA MEAD		
DR. SYNTAX DISCUSSES THE BABY'S CARE IN 48 SUMMER.....	48	
IF YOU ARE GOING TO THE WOODS.....	51	
DOROTHY GILLES		
WEEK-ENDING WITH NATURE.....	52	
McCALL'S HONENAMING BOOKLISTS.....	59	
THE FAIRY FROM THE RADIO.....	HELEN MORRIS	
ANSWERS TO WOMEN.....	WINONA WILCOX	

### FASHIONS

FASHION TALKS.....	ANNE RITTENHOUSE	68
GODETS ARE THE WINGS OF FASHION.....		68
MATCHING ACCESSORIES FOR SMARTNESS.....		69
WRAPS FOR MIDSUMMER DAYS.....		71
DIVERSITY IN SLEEVES DEMANDED.....		72
FASHIONS FOR YOUTHFUL TYPES.....		73
THE WIDE-BRIMMED HAT.....		74
FASHION DECRIES FLAT HIPS.....		75
LACE AND FINE MUSLIN.....		76
HAND PAINTED ACCESSORIES THE MODE OF THE 84 HOUR.....	ELIZABETH MAY BLONDEN	

### ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Use the enclosed subscription blank within ten days, so you will not miss the next number. All subscriptions are shipped promptly after payment is received. Should you change your address, please give four weeks' notice; also kindly clip your name and address from the last copy received and forward it to us with your request. Give your old address as well as your new address, and, if possible, the date you subscribed.

## McCALL'S MAGAZINE

August, 1926

Volume LIII, Number 11

\$1.00 Per Year

Canadian postage, seven, foreign postage, 50 cents

Publication Office: McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio  
Executive Offices: 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.  
BRANCH OFFICES: 203-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; 122 N. First St., Atlanta, Ga.; 100 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.; 100 W. 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.  
WILLIAM E. WARNER, FRANK HUTTER, JOHN C. STERLING, H. P. BURTON  
President and Treasurer  
Secretary  
Editor  
Associate Editor

### TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

Copyright, 1926, by the McCall Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Entered as Second-class matter November 27, 1923, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The McCall Company, Printed at Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Send all remittances to our Publication Office, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

# *Gene Stratton-Porter's Page*

I AM a firm believer in ramparts. I am not definite in my mind as to where the heavenly ramparts are located, or of what gorgeous and wonderful materials they are constructed; but they stand above us, in an inconceivably beautiful and peaceful place. They are for the convenience of those lovely spirits, whose interest it is to lean upon them, and look down in compassion and anxiety on the world, as they left it. Now it seems to me that these same released spirits are not going to have a home in these same ramparts, or anywhere else on the broad plains of Heaven, if they had been left to the people they have loved and in whom they have believed and trusted, are going to fail them. The people will be compelled to leave the work they were forced to leave unfinished.

Trying to go to sleep last night, I lay watching and startle-twinkling over the ceiling, the ceiling of sky, and I tried to vision in my mind's eye just which spirits might be looking down upon us, and with them were thinking along the way we who are left behind were carrying on their unfinished work. This is the way we were thinking of various kinds, and what we were doing to commemorate our dead. I am a firm believer in the old adage, "Use them when they are useful, and not solely ornamental. I certainly do not believe in elaborate and elaborate monuments and mausoleums, which accomplish more in the way of expense than anything else. Stained glass windows good in a church, but they do no real good to the many left behind who are in real need.

But I want to emphasize the fact that one of the best ways to give real material assistance to some particular group of people who are in need, I mean such memorials as endowing hospitals of various kinds, or homes for hospitals, founding libraries, homes for the aged and crippled, and others of a like nature which are of genuine benefit to those in distress. When I am gone, I hope my family will lay me out in the ground and plant a tree on my grave; I do not want a monument, or a rock to mark me, but in the marker I want, and let the money for the monument go to little crippled children, who need to be made whole again.

It is the birthright of children to be happy; troubles and worries begin all too soon, and I have noticed that the little ones are the ones who have the hardest time getting rid of them. They are the most fortunate however, and that it takes little less to amuse them. They can manage only simple things. A nurse in a children's ward told me one day that she had a little girl in her care who amused herself for hours with bits of brightly colored ribbon or the like—she said the little girl had asked her to give her a ribbon to give herself from their bright ribbons to carry to her little charge! There is considerable difference between a few scraps of ribbon, and the elaborate and expensive toys which are required to amuse the well young ones who should require less than the sick ones. I have seen many examples of this in my work. In March, 1913, I was asked to contribute to be used for the erection of a James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Hospital for children. I thought this singularly appropriate, as no one knew the heart of a child as Riley knew it. As I write I vision, leaning over the Rampsart, the lean, anxious face, the wide mouth, and the tender, whimsical eyes of the



THE THOUGHTS OF ALL THESE SPIRITS, AS THEY WATCH US FROM ON HIGH, SHOULD BE AN INSPIRATION.

## RAMPARTS

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ILLUSTRATION BY E. E. WARD



man who is so eagerly watching us, and who is waiting for us to prove whether we are sincere in our protestations of love for him, in our appreciation for the thing he did for us when he made our poor childless come back to us again. In

I can vision, a very bright boy, full of life, the life of my own mother, who had borne our twelve little children, and who, when over-tired, brain and tired hands great relief would have been brought had there been such a place as a children's hospital to which she could have appealed for a fever, aches, pains, etc., and who, I am sure, would have been a little like, I never saw that the essence of religion is compressed into one phrase; "All that things of religion would that men should do unto you, do ye so even unto others."

I can think of no other one thing in the whole world that would be more beneficial to develop the character, the knowledge, that in time of stress, there would be a place and a person who would care for the little ones of my family. Their bodies were well with pain.

There are scores, of course, of people who are not for places to carry them away, some who can run for treatments, but many who, cannot.

The thoughts of all spirits, as they watch from on high, should be an inspiration to us to treat their works, their ideas, and their ambitions with a vast respect. We can do no indecent violence to them to carry on resentfully, sincerely, and faithfully. There must arise in the soul of every man a thrill of delight as the hear their cherished musical efforts played by wonderful orchestra for the edification and enjoyment of thousands of people. Huge auditoriums are built for this purpose, and it is always the compositions of the old masters that are the most loved.

The dramatic art of the actors and actresses of the old school must be developed and carried on to greater heights, for there is no greater art than that of acting, and our best mirror—the best place for us to find ourselves and to look at life. For the actors and actresses of the best plays know life and there is no greater drama than life. The scenes such as Babbitt, hard and Duse as they pace to and fro along the Ramparts, must be—warchingly in vain for such a life as that, and wondering who will follow in their footsteps. And as I sing on the quiet, I am reminded of William Shakespeare, that superb master of play-writing, a name to help world over with the names of some of New York's "undressed" shows; and what do you suppose he would say?

the world of the moving Personality. He was a man of great talents, for they are an art in themselves, and there is much human nature bound up in them, both in his art and in his life.

Spirits of our departed educators must be delighted with our schools, and with the many and varied methods devised to make study more complete.

I should have been thrilled beyond words when I went to school, if I could have written my first lesson in my copy book to the accompaniment of many a violeto; if I could have learned to shade my writing by the accent of the tones and the rhythm of the music, as I saw my little

if I could have had water color paints to paint my drawings, and clay in many shades to make models of ships, maps, masts, castles, birds and flowers, my childhood would have been a "hey day" of fun and pleasure. I am sure you would be pleased with our efforts. There still remains much to be done, but our system of education in this country is the greatest in the world.

I imagine our old inventors and scientists must be thrilled at all—for the inventions and discoveries of today, airships, automobiles, wireless, etc., are beyond my comprehension. A friend of mine confided to me the other day that a marvelous new machine would soon be on the market; one which records for dancing, and plays music, and another which records for the orchestra what is in the same room with you! The whole score of an opera is to be put on one record, I am told. This is a remarkable thing—it is educational as well as entertaining, and will give instruction and joy to hundreds for whom theatres are not available. The records of the human voice, and the courses of physical training by the means of records; this last is a large item, for our brains and intellect are of little use to us if we have not the physical strength to make the most of our abilities. If Benjamin Franklin ever spent over a week in bed, he would have been a great man, and pleased eyes, for, happy as he discovered his electrical *[July 20, 1906]*



# Soft summery food is dainty and delicious —but it is very harmful to our teeth and gums



WHILE summer is here, most of us wisely turn to lighter food—an excellent idea, as every doctor and dietitian will tell you.

But as every dentist will confirm, these dainty tidbits, these soft and crustless sandwiches, these sherberts, vegetables and puddings—so luscious and so tempting—are just as damaging to the health of our gums and teeth as our heavier menu.

For as the dentists point out, all our food is too soft—too deficient in its fibrous content. Little of our food, summer or winter, gives our gums the stimulation so badly needed. And so the tissues grow weak, the gums become tender, and they bleed. They are exposed to the long list of gum diseases today so prevalent.

## How soft food breaks down the health of the gums

When the gums are robbed of exercise by our modern food and our habits of hasty eating, the circulation within the gum structure slows down. The capillaries become congested. The gums lose their tonicity and health.

At times they may bleed—and a "pink tooth

brush" warns you to seek your dentist and to take steps quickly to ward off further trouble.

## How massage and Ipana keep the gums firm and healthy

Your dentist will probably tell you that the first thing to do is to restore the stimulation to the gingival tissues. He will, no doubt, recommend massage—a light frictionizing of the gums. And he will probably advise that the massage be accomplished with Ipana Tooth Paste, after the regular cleaning with Ipana and the brush.

Simply brush the gums gently, every square inch of them. This will quicken the circulation within the gum walls, spreading a lively flow of fresh blood to these stagnant tissues.

And use Ipana when you brush them. Ipana will improve the massage, for it contains zira-

*If your gums never seem tender—if your tooth brush never "shows pink," you are to be congratulated. Take every care to keep them healthy. Twice daily brush your gums and teeth with Ipana to keep the circulation active and the teeth clean.*



tol, a hemostatic and antiseptic, used by many dentists in their treatment of undernourished gums. Our professional men have demonstrated the virtues of Ipana to over 50,000 dentists; in fact, it was professional recommendation that first gave Ipana its start.

## So ask your dentist—then switch to Ipana one month!

Your dentist knows what Ipana can do, what benefits it will bring. After he has spoken the good word for it, get a tube from your drug-store. Massage your gums regularly after each cleaning with Ipana and the brush. If they are too tender at first, begin by rubbing with the finger. Soon you will notice the improvement. Your gums will grow firmer, and more resistant to disease. Your mouth will feel cleaner. Your teeth will become more brilliant.

If you care to mail the coupon, we will, of course, gladly send you the trial tube. But ten days is barely long enough to sample Ipana's cleaning power and delicious taste. Certainly the full-size tube will demonstrate clearly all that Ipana can do in bringing your gums to health and your teeth to brilliant beauty.

# IPANA Tooth Paste

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO.

Dept. E86, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

ACTUAL VISITS  
TO P & G HOMES  
No. 5



## *Saturday - a tomboy in rompers; but you should see her on Sunday!*

She was a rosy-faced youngster of about four with a smudge on her nose. And she was sliding down her own front steps in a pair of blue and white rompers which looked immaculate—from the front.

"Mother's in the garden," she said.

So I went around to ask Mrs. Moore about laundry soap, just as I had asked a great many other women in that small Chicago suburb. I found her in the neatest of little gardens, gay with perennials.

"What kind of laundry soap do I use?" she repeated with a surprised smile. "Well, recently I've begun to use P and G, and I'm delighted with it. You see, I'm particular about Molly's clothes—I wash them myself, so I wanted to find a soap which was quick without being harmful.

"I put clean rompers on Molly every day of the week, but on Sunday she blossoms out in real little girl clothes. You should see how proud she is of them!



Of course all this makes quite a lot of washing, but I find P and G a wonderful help. I do far less rubbing than I did before and the clothes look nicer.

"Colors, I find, stay beautifully clean and fresh—and my white clothes are really a joy! I rarely boil them, yet they are clean and white, and they smell sweet and fresh! It's wonderful, too, to have a soap that you can use with hot or cold water. I use P and G for all my washing and cleaning—dishes, too."

No wonder that Mrs. Moore, and millions of other women who are careful of their clothes, like P and G. No wonder that P and G is the largest-selling laundry soap in America! Less work, less rubbing, less boiling! Fresh colors and sweet-smelling clothes whether you use hot, cold or lukewarm water. Don't you think that P and G should be doing your washing and cleaning too?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

*The largest-selling  
laundry soap in  
America—*

*that is why it costs so little*

Compare P and G with the laundry soap you now use—price, weight, quality. Then you'll see P and G's astonishing value.



### *An ironing hint from Mrs. Moore*

"When I have to iron a dress with buttons I always fold a bath towel several times, place it under the buttons and iron the garment on the wrong side. This presses the buttons down into the soft towel and from the material around the buttons without any trouble."

WITH jingling spurs a tall cowboy stalked out of the post-office to count on his comrades crossing the wide street from the saloon opposite. "Look here," said, shoving a letter in front of their noses. "Which one of you long-horns has wrote her again?"

From a gay, careless trio to a pair of half-dozens blank, then intensely curious. They stared at the handwriting on the letter. "Tex, I'm gonna see if it ain't from Missouri!" ejaculated Andy Smith, his lean, red face bursting into a smile.

"It sure is," declared Nevada.

"From Missouri!" echoed Panhandle Ames.

"What?" queried Tex, almost with a snarl. The three cowboys jerked up to look from Tex to one another, and then back at Tex.

"It's for her," went on Tex, his voice hushing on the pronoun. "You all know that hand is mine. What's about this deal? We swore none of us would come to this heath schoolmarm. Some one of you longhorns bunched the outfit?" Loud and unified protestations of innocence emanated from his comrades. But it was evident Tex did not trust them, and that they did not trust him or each other. "Say, boy," added Panhandle suddenly, "I see Beady in there lookin' darn sharp at us. Let's get off in the woods somewhere."

"Back to the bar," replied Nevada. "I reckon we'll all need stimulants."

"Beady!" ejaculated Tex, as they turned across the street. "He could be to blazes as much as any man in 'em."

"Shore, it'd be more like Beady," replied Nevada. "But Tex, you mind ain't workin'. Only lady friend from Missouri has wrote before without gettin' any letter from us."

"How do we know that?" demanded Tex, suspiciously.

"Shore the boss' typewriter is a puzzle, but it could be made tracks. Savvy, partner?"

"Gee, Tex, you need a drink," returned Panhandle, peevishly.

They entered the saloon and strode to the bar, where from all apparent Tex, who had never seen such artificial gait before. Then they reposed to a corner, where Tex took seats and stared at the letter Tex threw down before them. "From Missouri, all right," averred Panhandle, studying the postmark. "Kansas City, Missouri."

"I know it," added Nevada, in awe. "Shore I'd know that out of a million letters."

"Ain't you 'zoin' to read it to us?" queried Andy Smith.

"Mister Frank Owens," replied Tex, reading from the address on the letter. "The Ranch, Beacon, Arizona. . . . Boys, this gal, Mr. Owens is more . . . ."

"Huh! Mebbe he's a dam sight more," added Andy.

"Looks like a low-down trick we're to blame for," resumed Tex, seriously shaking his hawk-like head. "Heab we reads in the newspaper paper, an' schoolmarm's got a job out in des Arizona. An' we know writes her an' writes her ararin' to. Then when she writes and tells us she's not over forty—then we quits like yellow coyotes. An' we four anyhow shooch bands on never writtin' her again. Wal,

cowboys were struck dumb. But suddenly Nevada exploded: "My Gawd! fellas, today's the day!"

"Wal, Springer needs a schoolmarm at the ranch," finally spoke up the practical Andy. "There's a bunch of green kids growin' up without any schoolin', not to talk about other ranches, they bein' so poor."

"Who the mischief did it?" demanded Tex, in a rage with himself and his accomplices.

"What's the sense in hellin' about that now?" returned Nevada. "It's done. She's comin'. She'll be on the Limon trail in two hours. We've got five hours. It ain't enough. What'll we do?"

"I can get awfully drunk in that time," confided Panhandle, nonchalantly.

"Ahu! An' leave it all to us," retorted Tex, scornfully. "But we can't start puttin' this heab deal. Don't you know this is Saturday an' then Springer will be home?"

"Aw, confound it! We're all gone to get fired," declared Panhandle. "Serves us right for not thinkin' you Tex. We can't gamble this trick hatched in your head."

"Not my hold more'n you," retorted Tex, hotly.

"Say, you loced cow-punchers," interposed Nevada. "What'll we do?"

"We'll have to tell Springer."

"But Tex, the boss'd never believe us about not followin' the letters up. 'He'll be the whole outfit.'"

"But he'll have to be told somethin'," returned Panhandle stoutly.

"Shore he will," went on Tex. "I've got an idea. It's to buy a horse to turn this poor schoolmarm back. An' somebody's got to meet her. Somebody's got to be there when an' a drive her."

"Excuse me!" implied Andy. And Panhandle and Nevada echoed him.

"I'll ride over on my horse, an' see you all meet the lady."

Andy had lost his soul, but he did not look as if he favorably regarded Andy's idea. "Hang it all!" he burst out, hotly. "Can't some of you gen'leman look it from her side of the fence? I can fix for any woman, I say. Somebody ought to do it good for this missus. I'll do it."

"Gee, come with you, I'll get a idea," interposed Nevada.

"You all come with me, I'll get a idea. I'll meet the lady an' do the talkin'. I'll let her down easy. An' if I can't hear her back to Misson, I'll well march her out to the ranch an' then lead her to Springer. Only you can't tell her or him or anybody who's the real Frank Owens."

"Tex, that ain't so plumb bad," declared Andy, admiringly.

"What I want to know is who's goin' to do the talkin' to the boss?" queried Panhandle, "who's goin' to be so bold to expose now? But after drumming up a reason for the woman! You all know Springer's shay. Young an' rich, like he is, an' a bachelor—he's been fussed over so he's plumb afraid of girls. An' here you're fetchin' a middle-aged schoolmarm who's been married with a bunch of them. Shucks! . . . .

I saw her home on the next train."

"Pan, you're wise on horses an' cattle, but you don't know human nature, an' you've said wrong about the boss."



"THE FACT IS, THIS HEAB RANCH IS A DIFFERENT PLACE SINCE YOU CAME," WENT ON TEX.

## FROM MISSOURI

*A Compelling Novelette of Far Western Life Complete in this Issue*

BY ZANE GREY

PAINTINGS BY  
FRANK STREET

DRAWINGS BY  
OSCAR HOWARD



so somebody did, an' I reckon you all think me as big a liar as I think you. But they ain't point. Heab's another letter to Mister Owens an' I'll bet my saddle it means trouble. Shore I'm plumb afraid to read it."

"Say, give it to me," demanded Andy. "I ain't afraid of any woman."

Tex snatched the letter out of Andy's hand. "Cowboy, you're too poor educated to read letters from ladies," observed Tex. "Gimme a knife, somebody . . . . Say, it's all perfumed."

Tex impulsively spread out the letter and read laboriously:

Kansas City, Mo.,  
June 15.

Dear Mr. Owens:

Your last letter has explained away much that was vague and perplexing in your other letters. It has inspired me with hope and anticipation. I shall not take time now to express thanks, but basketfuls of rainin' to go West. I shall leave tomorrow and be at Beacon on July 1st, at 4:30 P. M. You see I have studied the time-table.

Yours very truly,  
Jane Stacey.

Profound silence followed Tex's perusal of the letter. The



spent a handbag, and searching in it presently held out several letters. Springer never even glanced at his stricken cowboys. He took the letters.

"No, not that one," said Miss Stacey, blushing scarlet. "That's one I wrote to Mr. Owen, but he didn't want it. He hardly needed to know it." She turned and ran. The others looked at him. Presently he asked for the letter she had taken back. Miss Stacey hesitated, then refused. He looked cool, serious, business-like. Then his keen eyes swept over the four cowboys.

"Tex, are you and Frank Owens?" he queried sharply. "I—*laughin'*," gasped Tex.

Springer asked each of the other boys the same question and received equally maddening but negative answers. Then he turned again to the girl. "Miss Stacey, I regret to say that you have decided to run a low-down cowboy trail," he said. "I'm sorry to say for such hethen if I know how. All I can say is 'I'm sorry.'"

"Then—then there isn't any school to teach—any place for me—out here?" she asked, and there were tears in her eyes.

"That's another matter," he replied, with a winning smile. "Of course there's a place for you. I've wanted a school teacher for a long time. Some of the men out at the ranch have tried it, but they didn't succeed."

"Oh, I—I—I did!" she murmured, in great relief. "I was afraid I'd have to go—all the way back. You see I'm not so strong as I used to be—and my doctor advised a change of climate—dry western air. I can't stand heat."

"You are a good girl," he said, with the keen eyes on her. "You look very well to me."

"Oh, indeed, I'm not very strong," she returned, quickly. "But I must confess I wasn't altogether truthful about my age."

"I was," she said, blushing. "I must have been a graver. There seemed just a glint of a twinkle in his eye. "Not over forty."

Again she blushed and this time with confusion. "It was altogether a foolish notion to think I was only—only—young. And I wanted to get the position so much . . . I'm a good—a competent teacher, unless the scholars are too grown-up."

"The scholars you have at my ranch are children," he replied. "Well, we'd better be starting if we are to get there before dark. It's a long ride. Is this all your hag—gag?"

Springer led her over to the buckboard and helped her in, then stowed the valise under the back seat. "Here, let me put this robe over you," he said. "It'll be dusty. And when we get up on the ridge it's cold." At this she shivered. He took his coat and handed it forward. But Andy and Nevada and Panhandle stood motionless, staring at the fresh and now flushed face of the young school teacher. Tex urged the horses and the spirited team as they began to prance. He gathered up the reins as if about to mount the buckboard.

"You've got all the supplies an' the mail, Mr. Springer," he said, cheerfully, "an' I can be back in time for dinner."

"I'll drive Miss Stacey," replied Springer, dryly.

Tex looked blank for a moment. Then Miss Stacey's fair gray eyes seemed to embarrass him. A tinge of red came into his tanned cheek. "Tex, you can ride my horse home," said the rancher.

"The wind's still full of yours!" expostulated the cowboy. "Mr. Springer, I shore am afraid of him." This from the best horseman on the whole range!

Apparently the rancher took Tex seriously. "He sure is with Tex, and I sure am. You're a good hand with a horse. If he trouble you why'll you own your own horse?" Miss Stacey turned away her eyes. There was a hint of a smile on her lips. Springer got in beside her and, taking the reins without another glance at his discomfited cowboys, he drove away.

A FEW weeks later many things at Springer's Ranch. There was a marked change in the dress and deportment of cowboys off duty. There were some clean and happy and interested children. There was a rather taciturn and lonely young rancher who was given to the most dismal dreams and whose keen eyes watched the little adobe schoolhouse under the cottonwoods. And in Jane Stacey's face, rich golden hair, she began to show out the palleness. It was not often that Jane left the schoolhouse without meeting one of Springer's cowboys. She was not particularly annoyed, according to Andy, that fact was because Tex was foreman and could send the boys off to the ends of the ranch. And the foreman Jane adored. The foreman. He was clean-shaven, bright and eager, a superb figure. Tex had been lucky enough to have a gun with him one day when a rattle-

snake frightened the school teacher and he had shot the reptile. Miss Stacey had been grateful; she had been wounded skill with a gun and had murmured that a woman always would be safe with such a man. Thereafter Tex packed his gun unmercifully and Jane was safe.

"Miss Stacey, come for a little ride, won't you?" he asked, eagerly.

The cowboys had already taught her how to handle a horse and to ride. If all she could do her appearance and accomplishment were true she was indeed worth watching. "I'm sorry," replied Jane. "I promise Nevada I'd ride with him today."

"I reckon Nevada is miles an' miles up the valley by now," replied Tex. "He won't be back till long after dark."

He had made an engagement with me," she repeated the school mistress.

"An' shore he has to work. He's ridin' for Springer, an' I'm foreman of this ranch," said Tex.

"You sent him off on some long chase," averred Jane



find that mired steer."

"Miss Stacey, you're shore not goin' to ride off alone. Savvy that?"

"Who keeps you from it?" demanded Jane with a smile.

"Will. Or any of the boys, for that matter. Springer's orders."

Jane started with surprise and then blushed and roared Tex, who appeared confused by her disclosure.

"Miss Stacey, I oughtn't have said that. It slipped out. The boy said we needn't tell you, but you were to be his girl. I didn't know it, of course. It's wild range. You could get lost or thrown from a horse."

"Mr. Springer is very kind and thoughtful," murmur Jane.

"The fact is this bush ranch is a different place since you came," went on Tex as if emboldened. "An' this beatin' around the bush doesn't suit me. All the boys have been after me."

"Indeed? How flattering?" replied Jane with a hint of mockery. She was fond of all her admirers, but there were four of them she had not yet forgiven.

The tall foreman was not without spirit.

"It's true all right, as you'll find out pretty quick," he replied. "If you had any eyes you'd see that cathe raisin' on this head ranch is about to bar' all them off is dead. Why, even Springer himself is sweet on you!"

"How dare you!" flashed Jane, suddenly astir.

"I ain't afraid to tell the truth," declared Tex, stoutly. "He is. The boys all say so. He's grouchier than ever. He's jealous. He watches you."

"Suppos' I told him you had dared to say such a thing?" interrupted Jane, trembling on the verge of strange emotion.

"Why, he'd tickle to death. He hasn't got nerve enough to tell you himself."

This cowboy, like all the cowboys, was half-afraid to wait to attempt to change the conversation when Tex took her into his arms. She struggled and fought with all her might. But he succeeded in kissing her cheek, and then the tip of her ear. "Only she has been free," he said, smiling. "You've done it. You've insulted me. Now I'll never ride with you again—even speak to you."

"Shore I didn't insult you," replied Tex. "Jane, don't you marry me?"

"No."

"Won't you be my sweetheart—till you care enough to—to—"

"But, Jane, you'll forgive me, an' be good friends again?"

"Never!" Jane did not mean all she said. She had come to understand these men of the range. They were not really hungry for love. But in spite of her sympathy and affection she needed sometimes to be cold and severe.

"Jane, you owe me a good deal—more than any man idea," said Tex, seriously. "You'd never been here but for me," he said, solemnly.

Jane could only stare at him.

"I meant to tell you all the go. But I shore didn't never mean Jane. I was that there letter writin' felar. We took them letters you got. I am Frank Owens."

"No!" exclaimed Jane. She was startled.

"That letter of Frank Owens I never been cleared up. It had been lost. I never thought it had never been forgotten. She looked up earnestly into his big fellow's face. It was like a mask. But she saw through it. He was lying. He was brazen. Although she thought she saw a laugh deep in his eyes.

"Jane, I am a horseman who found you a job when you was sick an' needed a change . . . An' that you've grown so pretty an' so well you owe all to me."

"Tex, if you really was Frank Owens, that would make a great difference. I owe him everything. I would— I don't believe him an' he."

"It's a sure honest gospel fact," declared Tex. "I hope to die if it ain't."

Jane showed her head sadly at this monstrous invective. She did not believe him. She did not believe him.

It might have been coincidence that during the next few days both Nevada and Panhandle walked and conversed with her intelligence by divers and pathetic arguments the astounding fact that each was Frank Owens. Me, I know, am a horseman who found you a job when you was sick an' needed a change . . . An' that you've grown so pretty an' so well you owe all to me."

"Tex, if you really was Frank Owens, that would make a great difference. I owe him everything. I would— I don't believe him an' he."

"It's a sure honest gospel fact," declared Tex. "I hope to die if it ain't."



TWICE AGAIN . . . SHE FOUND HERSELF DANCING WITH JONES . . . WE JUST TOOK HER, CARRIED HER OFF BY STORM



severely. "Now didn't you? Tell me the truth."

"I shore did. Come crown down to the bunk-house—about how he's goin' to ride with you an' how all are not in the runnin' I says. "Nevada, I reckon there's a steer mired in the sand up there in Cedar Wash. You ride up there an' pull him out."

"And then what did he say?" inquired Jane, curiously.

"Well, Miss Stacey, I shore didn't tell you to tell him. I didn't think he was so—so bad. He just used the most awful language as was ever heard out on that heah ranch. Then he rode off."

"But was there a steer mired up in the Wash?"

"I reckon so," replied Tex, rather shamefacedly. "Most always is one."

Jane let scornful eyes rest upon the foreman. "That was a mean trick," she said.

"There's no worse done to me by men than all of them. An' all's fair in love an' war . . . Will you ride with me?"

"No. I think I'll ride off alone up Cedar Wash and help Nevada

cleared up. It had been lost. I never thought it had never been forgotten. She looked up earnestly into his big fellow's face. It was like a mask. But she saw through it. He was lying. He was brazen. Although she thought she saw a laugh deep in his eyes.

"Jane, I am a horseman who found you a job when you was sick an' needed a change . . . An' that you've grown so pretty an' so well you owe all to me."

"Tex, if you really was Frank Owens, that would make a great difference. I owe him everything. I would— I don't believe him an' he."

"It's a sure honest gospel fact," declared Tex. "I hope to die if it ain't."

Jane showed her head sadly at this monstrous invective. She did not believe him. She did not believe him.

It might have been coincidence that during the next few days both Nevada and Panhandle walked and conversed with her intelligence by divers and pathetic arguments the astounding fact that each was Frank Owens. Me, I know, am a horseman who found you a job when you was sick an' needed a change . . . An' that you've grown so pretty an' so well you owe all to me."

"Tex, if you really was Frank Owens, that would make a great difference. I owe him everything. I would— I don't believe him an' he."

"It's a sure honest gospel fact," declared Tex. "I hope to die if it ain't."

Jane showed her head sadly at this monstrous invective. She did not believe him. She did not believe him.

It might have been coincidence that during the next few days both Nevada and Panhandle walked and conversed with her intelligence by divers and pathetic arguments the astounding fact that each was Frank Owens. Me, I know, am a horseman who found you a job when you was sick an' needed a change . . . An' that you've grown so pretty an' so well you owe all to me."

Turn to page 551

A generation or two ago, before east and west nations made distinct nations, the manner in which each took its seaside bath was not only a spectacle, but the reverse of the others, shocking. Europe held up its hands in horror of American "mixed bathing," while America blushed in the silence, embarrassed by the French's carefully roped enclosures which segregated but in no way hid the women from the men. At the same time, American reporters' criticism was perhaps a sop to conscience, as hate attention levelled itself upon the steps of the bathing-machines.

Barred, the French and other nations have held in common: Ugliness was infallible proof of morality.

I wonder how many can remember our own native bathing scenes of the Blue-Flannel Period of forty years ago?

Few girls swam then. How could they, when loaded down with a heavy weight of water-soaked flannel? The few who surmounted this handicap swam complacently with a gentle breaststroke and a neck high out of the water, to keep their hair dry. Modern girls swim and dive like seals—all of them! Which is the whiter, that they dress real-fashion too?

At the beach, yesterday, one of the last Blue-Flannel survivors said to me: "Well, really, men as well as women come with nothing on at all! I'd like to know what you think! I trust you don't approve of young women in those one-piece swimming suits?"

"Young women I do! Old women, decidedly not!"

And that is just the point!

"Modesty," says the cynic, "is consciousness of personal imperfection," which is one of those smart-sounding, half-way truths. Consciousness of imperfection should make one want to be modest, but for the beauty-loving, frequenters of beaches, the modesty of un-sightliness is no more to be relied upon than the brazening of beauty. If only the women could hide themselves, beaches would be one hundred per cent beautiful instead of fifty. One cannot understand the mental attitude of a woman of five feet five, who has a slender figure, a slender neck, and slender legs, when she opens her eyes to see her in a stockingette bathing-suit instead of choosing one that is ungloriously stiff. One cannot understand the heavy-bred woman who wears a stockingette.

Just why the rolled-down stocking gives such an effect of naked immodesty is something that cannot be explained. Perhaps it is because it has a middle-of-the-body suggestion of a stocking, which is applied only on the shoulder and the under-arm left bare. Arms left entirely bare are beyond objection, as are also frankly bare legs. To define the point of contention it must be acknowledged that it does away with the "checked-up" discomfort when swimming with "side" garters. But as an object lesson in ugliness it cannot be exceeded, since an average knee is made to look like a thick white swelling, and a bare knee is a bare knee. A woman in a stockingette is known to be compatible with beauty is one which, like a tilted Highlander's, is lean and weathered brown.

As to what constitutes actual propriety or the contrary, depends not so much upon effect as upon intent. Certain of the French, English, and American, with whom the description differ in no way from our own, are at least as basically opposed. In France and Italy, sex is always dominant whereas in America it does not necessarily count. At best, as at Trouville, the beach is for the libido, not more than twenty-five per cent of the bathers coming into the water; certainly not five per cent swim. The morning bathing-hour is the morning exhibition-hour for feminine allure while the orchestra plays jazz and light open air; attention is centered upon the girls and mannequins displaying their wiles and whatever of anatomical beauty they may possess, under the sheltering awning of tents or *cabanas*, or

limited numbers on every one of our beaches is nevertheless, almost unknown and certainly not understood, abroad. In a boy's bathing suit, for instance, with her arms bare to her shoulder-blades, and her legs bare to her thighs, this typical young American presents an entirely different picture, whereas the seductively intentioned girl whose bathing attire includes both stockings and a skirt may be an example of the way we look at a young woman ought not to look.

It is obvious that the "costume" of the latter was designed solely to display her beauty to dazzling advantage. It is material to unscrupulous, her stockings will scarcely survive one standing in the undergrowth upon the rather stony beach. The "costume" of her hair is such as may not be touched by water.

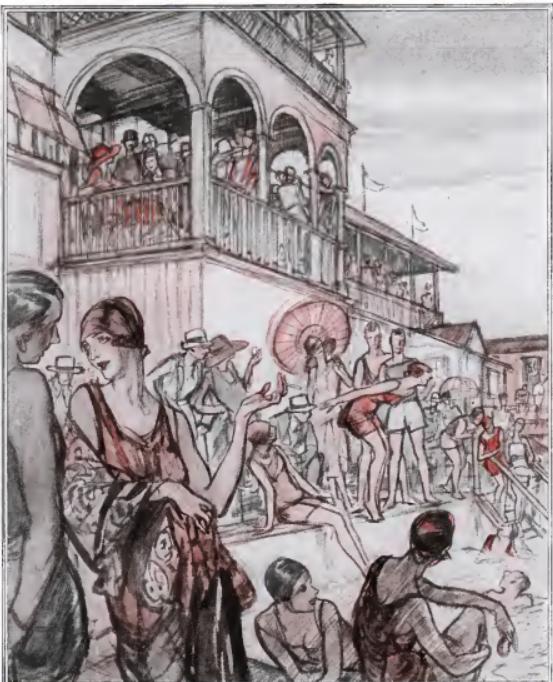
From this I seem a Blue-flannel myopic point out the wickedness of promiscuity. I wonder! No! the first young American in her tricot is as matter of fact an ideal and singularly beautiful picture of vitality and grace and youth. The second is our nearest example of the European species of beach "mannequin." She undoubtedly wears a stockingette under her dress, and when a wave embraces her knee, she shivers a little and makes quick stamping motions as though playing grace notes on a piano. She smiles archly at a man she knows. Then she comes undulating back and again sits on the sand under her gay Japanese umbrella, and what is that? And on the side of modern morals, there is this to be said: Had this so-called siren appeared on a beach three years ago she would have had every man within sight looking like a dog that is offered a bone. (They would look at her, but not at Europe.) But on the beach just west, though one or two men glanced at her with half friendly indulgence, the great majority took little, if any, notice.

I don't know whether it is the result of training or temperament but the typical American, spending his week-end or his holiday at the seashore, delights in conjuring up a heavy thong around his waist so that every man within sight looks like a dog less than they think of their own. The real allure of the beach is the sun and water, and the atmosphere is an exhilarating effect of safety suggestive of the circus, in that all the color of the palette would be merely so much pain without the running and laughing and shouting of children.

The most shocking undress which is commonplace at all Continental beaches but has happily never appeared in America is not that of the women, but of the men. When off their clothes or in full, full-length men are not very objects in having trunks without tops. A brown-skinned, well-built youth is an object of beauty if you like, but such boys invariably wear bathing-suits.

There is much to be said in praise of European bathing-suits which fit all those who are clothed and able to stand upright without under the protection of an awning. The innovation that I would myself like to install, would be an enormous awning beneath which I might swim coolly in the shade.

On the subject of Beach Behavior (which I have been a long time coming to), the rules of etiquette always resolve themselves into the avoidance of everything that offends taste. Closely embraced dancing on the sand in bathing-suits or any other undressed proximity is not even possible behavior. Picnic meals in bathing-suits are presented by custom from tubs, although personally I don't want ever to have to eat next to any man bare-footed in his bathing-suit.



EVERY MORNING ON THE BEACH THE ORCHESTRA PLAYS JAZZ AND LIGHT OPERA AIRS

## BEACH MANNERS

\*\* BY EMILY PRICE POST \*\*

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY RALEIGH



basking in the sun. Little, if any, interest is taken in the water—at least not further out than wading depth.

Our own beachgoers may be every bit as colorful; the general first impression is much the same. The difference is in the social point of view. In America, incidentally, it is not rare to find not upon the sand, but in the water. The entire hundred per cent of the dressed-for-hathing go into the water, and of those, at least seventy-five per cent are swimmers. The life of the American beach is out on the reefs, the spruce, boardwalks, and the bullet boats. The small children are "water-babes" wriggling about in doughnut-shaped life-preservers gaily painted to look like ducks or frogs.

As for hathing undress the question of propriety all depends upon the how and wherefore. To say that every female bather in America is white, trim, and modest, and every European flaming red is of course ridiculous, but the typical seal-swimming young athlete to be found in un-

SAY, Mame and her boy friend went to Coney on Sunday and believe me they had a grand time. It goes something like this—the only announcement the great six million gets when it journeys down to its favorite watering place. And when a long, long call to the sort of thing!—Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who arrived last week from Europe on the *Majestic*, have opened their villa at Newport, where they expect to remain for the rest of the season."

Coney Island is, quite possibly, as old as any in Newport, but must be at least as famous—perhaps more so since O. Henry has many readers and Henry James so few. You might say the two have reached the opposite pole of popularity. Certainly, nothing could be "more so" than either of them. Of course, many eminent people, including, for one, would have us believe that it is only a matter of geography, that the two are sisters under their clothes. But if you have had the opportunity of observing the bathers on both beaches, I feel sure you will be skeptical about that. At any rate, you'll have to admit you can't be sure which is the sister at Newport.

For she leads during these long summer days about as pleasantly, with the boy as a like as the immaturity of man has been able to devise. True, her bathtub isn't really quite as large as Cecil B. DeMille would like to believe. She doesn't swim around the soap like Gloria, Marquise de la Coudrave, nor get drunk before breakfast either. But the here-and-there life. That is all, in the phrase of the vulgar boatman, "distinctly the hum." But it is safe to say that if the Newporters kept a diary of all the names of Samuel Pepys, it might read somewhat like this:

"Up betimes and took my bath in the Embassies. Then me and the other vibrator, as the party last night was rather late. Felt yesterday would be, knowing Chauncey as I do. Note: Must buy Dr. James' book. I'll try to buy books, too. Chauncey not up yet, evidently. *Dear!* Livingston says he lost over a thousand at the Embassy last night."

"With Albert to the Casino to see the man he has been writing to. With Mr. and Mrs. Mallory. Pheasant gallery but game too prolonged, so on to Bailey's and wore my new suit in swimming."

"Luncheon at the Astors. Mrs. A. looked very well in her Pagoda. Mother didn't buy Home with Chauncey and we lay on the lawn for nearly two hours. Something at luncheon made me very drowsy. When C. woke up, we together to see the old Mashie Match but did not get quite there, stopping instead at club for low tea."

"Dinner on the yacht. Aunt Evelyn promises to take us along when the boats come north. I told them Maine round-trip. Bill Harlan. She's going to ask Chauncey, too.

"So to the Townend's dance. Where very late."

The Aunt Evelyn referred to has probably been summering in Newport for years, came first with her grandmother, who followed Mrs. August Belmont there in the early years after the Civil War. She has been there ever since, and is known to the social distinction of Gotham's Four Hundred. You can still see, along the first mile or so of Bellevue Avenue, the mansions built by these first colonists in the chinoiserie and Art style of the late Victorians era. In New York itself the aristocracy, more or less, of them all have passed away. Only in Newport you can still see them,—houses of the old school, their roofs and gables rising prettily behind ancient trees and garden walls.

Farther out along the coast of magnificence, beyond Bailey's Beach, you come upon the new "cottages" (such is the accepted term for these hundred-room palaces of brick and stone and marble.) These have been built with real archi-



ON THE SAND BEYOND THE WALL THE ELTERS LIE COMFORTABLY BENEATH STRIPED SUNSHADES

## HIGH HAT BEACHES

BY H. E. CHARLOT  
ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY RALEIGH

tectural intentions and are set back in wide, sloping lawns that culminate here and there in little forests of shrubbery and trees. You can drive along here for miles, always with the steep rocks and the sea on one side, passing on the other, the green lawns, the gold lawns, the polo fields, the rose gardens, and the sparkling roofs of greenhouses and, every now and then, some great villa: the Vincent Astor villa; the O. H. P. Belmont estate with its Chinese pagoda; the Astor's new residence, a copy of the villa in the little Swiss village, *Exbury*, replica of an Alpine town, which is Commander Arthur James' summer home.

The excerpt from Mistress Pepys' diary is not so very misleading for, whereas there is ample opportunity to do just that, the really big stars of the season are not to be observed. The season usually opens with an international tennis tournament for college teams, those of Yale, Oxford, Harvard and

Cambridge. It is held on the fine courts of America's most famous tennis club, the Newport. The American flags fly from the stands and there is an eager gallery out for these first big matches of the season. Thereafter follows a series of tournaments, culminating at the end of August, in the Invitation Tennis Tournament, the most important sports event of Newport's summer.

During August, six golf tournaments are held at the Country Club. The unique golf event, however, is the Gold Cup Tournament held early in September on Ocean Links, the extremely valuable property of Mr. T. Sutten Taller. The leading amateur tennis players of America contend for a solid gold mace donated by Mr. Taller.

Of course, during this period, the children could not be forgotten. They have plenty of medals and cups to work for, especially at Bailey's Beach, the summer colony's private beach, where, as you can probably know, admittance is difficult. It is, like all Newport's playgrounds, a club, with the official title of the Spanish Park Beach Association. All the outsider ever sees is the blank facade of the high wooden wall behind which stand, from ten until two every day, miles long, big, sleek, clean-shaven French, Italian, English and American automobiles. But on the fine, gray sand beyond the wall the children play happily beneath a hill of striped sunshades, while the children run and swim for the prizes. There are mistress races, master races, races to the sea, and even for the very little children, sand building contests for which last year, Mrs. Philip Rhinelander, 2nd, offered pretty silver cups.

And, no more than the children, is charity overlooked. Years ago some brilliant young matrons, Mrs. Monds and Mrs. Rhinelander Stewart, Jr., were racing along, as you might say, neck and neck. At the last moment, Mrs. Monds received a telephone call, a decision which gave her the victory. The winner of the handsomest man contest likewise received a last minute block of votes, telegraphed by a private wire from fellow members of the Newport Social Exchange. The beauty and popularity contests alone have netted thousands of dollars for the local hospital.

No sooner has the paragraph of the lawn fete been cleared from the Casino grounds than the stands for the horse show are erected. That is another sporting event of the season's climax. Usually about four hundred horses, drivers and jumpers are entered in the various saddle classes, and half Belmont C. V. and half dolted last fall, had been for years head of the committee of arrangements. The night before the opening it was his practice to give a large dinner to exhibitors and judges. In fact, all these sporting events are accompanied by a round of dinners, at least one or two grand affairs.

The great time for entertainment is the end of August when the tennis matches, gold mace matches, dog show, horse show, and regatta follow close upon one another. For a hall of any pretensions, a dancing hall, is usually added to the program, and the hall of course, is the hall room as well. The pavilion, pavilion and main entrance are banded with bay trees, palms, evergreens and baskets of cut flowers. Hundreds of colored electric lights outline the driveways, depending in many cases from shrubbery. Often, as in the Higgin's ball last year at "Villa Rosa," supper is served at small tables under a tent on the lawn. It is not uncommon for the host to import entertainers— [Turn to page 86]



# ALIBI

BY

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY  
WALTER EVERETT

*Is there a spiritual union between man and wife which neither distance nor time nor life nor death nor the dark gulf between this world and the next can sever? A bond which can draw the soul of a dying woman through the night to find rest beside the candle-lit hearth of the man she has wronged but whom she has never ceased to love—and who has never ceased to love her? Philosophers and men of science debate the question while renowned physicists like Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle declare its possibility, and it is presented here in a short story of singular poignancy and power—a story by a great American writer, one which will make you pause, as you read, and ask yourself, as Francis Grey did, whether it was truly the spirit of his wife that stood beside him a moment after she fired the fatal shot blocks away in her hotel?*



**T**HE gaiety and noise increased as the dinner progressed. The whole apartment was lighted—every room set with the gay Chinese lanterns.

All windows had been opened on the still night air. The new moon of June, shrouded, slender as a bride's ghost, slipped through dissolving clouds which presently disclosed her naked silver shape stealing across the skies.

On the terrace of the hotel, the arbor was but a thicket of wistaria bloom all misty with the hovering wings of night moths.

Out here was one table where Gray presided, and from where he could survey the half dozen tables set in a circle around the studio.

Here his guests danced and ate. A phonograph played, incessantly, everything from an old-fashioned waltz to the latest burst of jungle dissonance full of the lewd squalling of need and desire.

So still the wistaria-scented air that candle-flames wavered only in the breeze from the dancers—or when, all rising, another birthday toast was drunk to Gray, their host. A lean, brown-faced young man with dark eyes and a bold yes, mouthed himself—once his blindness. A mouth set in pleasant lines that revealed nothing more than did his eyes. A voice stealed to a pleasant tone by habit or indifference—made more agreeable, perhaps, by self-control—or the absence of any desire to be agreeable.

Well, his guests ate and drank and danced through the still June night. At intervals the ceaseless roar of the metropolis came up out of depthless canyons like the interminable surge of sea through caverns. But this high cliff of the studio bounded the sound to muffin-mountainousness.

At intervals, during some full, high dancing, some young aspirant to the Opera drifted from her partner's arms to the piano—new song, sometimes listened to—and rendered with a voice so clear, so alluring, so sweet.

The little Yancy girl did that sort of thing once or twice, her cigarette charring the polished mahogany.

Connie Herron did the Bride's Dance from the forthcoming opera of *Les Drolatiques*. Pledge of secrecy and discretion—

but professionally unethical. Gray looked on, disapproving. Afterward she came out in a wistaria terrace where Gray was standing and rested both hands on the carnation at his buttonhole. He told her, kindly, it was unethical. She pleaded caste and decency among his guests.

"Everybody's indecent at times," he said. "Better play safe. Come on, I'll get you all wrong with the Opera you'll have a mighty time in the dressing room, can't you?"

She leaned lightly to him, looking down at the carnation which her pretty hands framed. "Is everybody really indecent at times?" she asked.

"I fancy so."

"I have been," he said with that kindly expression which, for three years now, had become his only way of smiling. "Of course I don't believe it," she said. He was an atheist. She added, promptly: "Not you, Francis."

"But I am. I've been indecent, many times . . . This is a funny world, isn't it? What strange impulses a decent girl can have—once or twice in her life!"

"There are too many inhibitions, anyway," he said.

"The world, the day, the night?"

"A few basic ones, one or two."

She nodded: "The Commandments."

"Yes. But that's enough . . . More than enough, perhaps. You can't live with the day and the night and the mind-moving shadows to confuse you . . . It's well to remember that everybody else is blind, too."

"You're so kind, Francis."

"No, I'm not. I'm afraid . . . but when one can't see in the dark, who can see out for their blindness?"

"You're so kind," she sighed. She turned, leaned on the parapet, looked out over the city stretching away to dark horizons. She went on talking, partly to herself: "Now, I'm not blind, but I'm the somethings. Who in—uses me is my enemy. I strike if I can . . . Or hate and wait . . . Have you no batreds?"

"Some—"

"You hate those who ill-use you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I'm not."

"That's unhuman. That's altogether too Christ-like," she said . . . "And if you're really that, why I believe what some say about you!"

He turned on her head. "What do they say?"

"Well, that you're so damned remote—and decent and all that!" She shrugged her lovely shoulders:—"well, some say your mind and senses are in touch with—with places that ordinary minds—concerning which ordinary minds are incapable."

"You mean I'm psychic?"

"Perhaps they mean that . . . Are you?"

"If I am, I don't know it," he said with his characteristic smile. "As far as for having—well, I was an energetic hater once. It's been all washed out of me. It's become a mental impossibility; that's all."

After a while, not looking at him: "I suppose I know why," she said.

"I suppose you do."

"How strange you do . . . What has killed hatred in you would have aroused and inflamed it in me . . . In everybody—almost." She rested on one dimpled elbow and dropped the other hand over his where it rested on the coping. "I'd hate her forever and ever," she said. "I'd blacken her memory with pain and thought and deed. I'd take my toll of the world to square things."

She shook his head. "I don't hate . . . And there's nothing to square."

"Do you ever want to misbehave?"

"Oh, I've been through that," he smiled.

"No mischievous inclinations?"

"For what?"

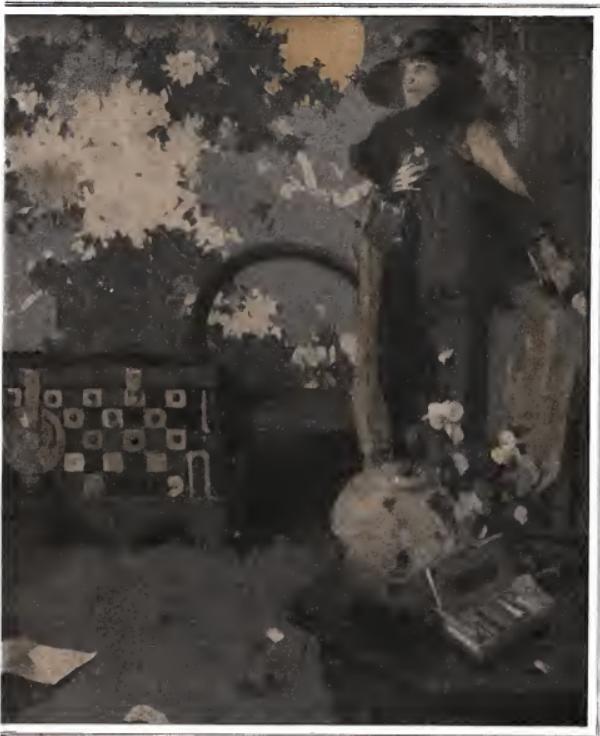
"Well, for example, for me?"

"Oh, I'm so sweet," he said, laughing.

"You mean I'm unintentionally humorous."

"Scarcely that—"

"You did mean that . . . I know it, anyway. I'm not blushing, either. Every woman is rather mad about you—



*She came in—hurriedly, a slender shadow in the dusk of the corridor—with the same light gesture—the faint, gay, "Hello, dear! I'm late—I'm late—"*

I dared venture to call you up.

"Why shouldn't you?"

"Is your memory so short?"

"Memory," he said, "can be either a tyrant or a friend. I am glad of your visit again. And you, mine, I hope?"

Her unsteady reply: "...My heart is beating—so hard—I'll wait a moment." Her voice again, presently, and steader: "Yes, I'm—glad—to talk to you . . . I seem to be very tired . . . Francis?"

"I've wanted to tell you for such a long time . . . I never lied to you but once—I mean really lied . . . That alibi they offered in my behalf, and which was sustained, was all lie."

"Yes," he said pleasantly, "I know it."

"Why did you let me divorce you then?"

"A man couldn't use such a thing as that against any woman."

There was another silence, then her voice once more: "I suppose you haven't married again because your religion takes no cognizance of divorce."

"I don't consider myself free to marry again."

"I'm so sorry, Francis."

"I have no desire to marry."

"I am—sorry that you have not fallen in love again."

"Why?"

"You ought to be in love."

"Why?"

"I think you need love . . . You—" he could hear her forced laugh—"you were rather an ardent lover."

He laughed too: "I was rather ardent . . . Well, I was only a boy—"

"You are still young."

A silence. Finally her voice again: "You say that you are not in love, Francis?"

"I didn't say that."

"Oh . . . That's true. You said that you had no desire to marry again. I didn't understand . . . Then, are you in love?"

"Yes."

The silence lasted so long that finally he spoke her name in low inquiry, wondering why she remained silent.

"Yes. I'm sorry; I was thinking . . . I wonder whether I could see you again—for a moment—"

"When?"

"Sometime tonight."

"I have guests. They're dancing. I don't know how long they'll be here."

"Would you telephone me when your guests are gone?"

"Yes, I will."

She whispered: "I am glad that you are in love . . . I wish your troubles were ended."

"Yes, I will, Francis."

"Nearly. Good night, until I see you again . . . And then, good-by!"

He went back through the tinted lights and gay confusion: became part of it, now, his haggard, subdued way, dancing with everybody who cared to dance, abetted, animated discussion and countenancing jollity with his characteristically pleasant smile.

Finally the first pair of guests drifted homeward; others followed; then he made the boardwalk flight set in. His movements were slow; he stood in the long lingering pair; returned to the library where the master sat in his great chair, his remote gaze on the hallway beyond.

"Light up, Johnson," he said.

With the lighted candles and lanterns and candles throughout the apartment he appeared again for orders.

The master looked up: "Leave these two candles. I'm expecting one more guest. I'll open the door myself."

"Am I to go to bed, sir?"

"Good night, sir."

For a little while he sat there, then rose and entered his bedroom. At the telephone, both hand and voice were very unsteady. "I can't sleep," he said.

After an endless interval of waiting, the night-clerk reported that the maid on duty in the corridor had seen her leave her room dressed for the street.

He hung up and went slowly back to his arm-chair, seated himself, and tried to think it all out. But thought bad worn down, clouded his mind, then faded away, leaving him through them once more, drearily, knowing no other course.

He tried to realize that he was to see her again; that she was already on her way—had not even waited for his message. He estimated the time it would take a taxi to bring her. Then he remembered that the night—

[Turn to page 63]

partly because they know they can't marry you and the unconventionality of a love affair with you fascinates them."

He was laughing, still; but in the tinted lantern-light she could see that his pleasant eyes were revealing nothing of him.

"Anyway," she said, "we all love you. You could have a wonderful time—if you wanted that kind of a time . . . Why don't you want it?"

Much amazed he told her he enjoyed watching his friends having fun, but . . .

"You're lonely," she said.

"My dear, that is unavoidable. None escape it."

"All try to avoid it—except you."

"I also mitigate loneliness by giving this party—"

"You're not in love, are you?" he said in a low voice. She turned and leaned over her folded bare arms; her regard plunged downward into depthless darkness. She said steadily and distinctly: "If I could help, I would. I don't know how much I would dare do for you . . .

Plenty of other women, too."

"You are kind, Connie."

"I don't know . . . What a mess life is. Nothing begins; nothing ends. There's no story, no plot to it . . . Not a trace of meaning here and there—just the hours, and what you do, and what is done to you . . . And then, something kills you quickly or you slowly grow tired—tired to the end—"

"Connie—"

She nodded that she heard.

"You're not in love with me, you know."

"Ah," she said with a little laugh, "didn't I tell you you were sensitive to things that grosser clay can not compass?"

"You know where I am in love with you . . . And then, something kills you quickly or you slowly grow tired—tired to the end—"

For a long time he looked out across the city through darkness. The music from the phonograph had become raucous. In the studio waiters were clearing the tables and folding them, and the dances now monopolized the entire floor. "Shall we dance?" he asked, absentmindedly.

"If I could," she said, "I'd dance for your head on a platter."

He glanced around at her. They both smiled mischievously. "That's what hurts," she said, "—to know that any man can love as you do . . . I'm sorry I said it, Francis."

"It's all right."

"Oh, but it isn't, it isn't! . . . Well, I'm sorry again, then . . . Have you . . .

"No, she doesn't write. I haven't heard from her in three years."

A servant came to call him to the telephone. As he turned to leave, something in his face frightened the girl.

"Francis . . . You don't think . . ."

"Yes, I believe so . . . After three years—"

"It seems to," he said in his pleasant, absent-minded way; and as he left, went away, slowly, to the house.

In his bedroom he seated himself before the telephone.

"Yes?" he inquired.

"Francis?" came a breathless voice over the wire. It sounded strangely near.

"How are you?" he asked pleasantly.

After a moment: "I'm very well . . . Not very well . . . It doesn't matter."

"I'm—all right, I guess . . . Your voice scared me . . . It's been a long time since I heard you."

"I don't seem to be. You—after one has been behind the scenes too much—one isn't surprised at things . . . Your voice sounds very clear and near. You are in town, I suppose?"

She stopped her hotel.

"Are you comfortable?"

"Quite, thanks . . . Are you well, Francis?"

"Oh, entirely," he replied.

"Are you well?"

"I get along and paint."

"You had a medal last winter."

He laughed: "You heard that? Where were you?"

"In Ceylon. Somebody lent me a file of old New York newspapers."

A pause; then her voice, resuming: "My steamer landed today. I've been wondering all day whether



LIVE OAKS ENHANCE THE SEDUCTIVE CHARM OF THIS HOME IN WINTER PARK

**H**EY, there! Red Cross,"

call came from a group of doughboys to whom I had nodded a moment before. The meeting was over, a talk given in Paris in March of 1919, and I was going to my desk at Red Cross Headquarters there with the Tulliers. The boys, evidently on leave, had been glad to find a bench in the sun of the rare old place.

The meeting was over as I turned back, holding up a little pamphlet—it's title was their salvation! "Hey there!"

There was a subtitle: "Do you want a Home on a Farm?"

It was the subtitle about which they wanted to question me. Did I know anything about the scheme? Did the government mean it? Was it possibly true? Would it give a chance to buy a farm?

As it happened, I did know a little of it. I could tell them about the thoroughness and enthusiasm with which Secretary Lane had worked out the plan—both President Wilson and ex-President Roosevelt were apart as they usually were in their views, but they approved it. I told them Congress could not refuse to agree. How could it? A plan so simple, wise, just.

There was an elderly man in the group. "It doesn't always follow, you know," he said cynically; "that because a thing is simple, wise and just, Congress agrees."

We cried him down. "But this—why Congress can't help doing this. It would be great for the whole country. And you can tell that."

And we were right—the little pamphlet outlined a plan of land reclamation and settlement by soldiers which was a masterly piece of common sense, practical in every detail. It had been before the country almost a year, but had been largely ignored. The opinions of the men themselves were being sought—both overseas and in the camps at home. The little pamphlet was merely one item in a widespread campaign to make the scheme known and to sound out the interest it provoked.

Here was the essence of the situation—with Secretary Lane's proposition for meeting it. The war was over—4,000,000 men would soon be released to go home, and almost all of them wanted to go; they could not and many did not want to take up the activities the war had interrupted. Things had changed; they had changed. The government, which had interrupted their orderly existence should, in justice, do its utmost to



## Is FLORIDA a FAILURE?

BY IDA M. TARBELL

**I**da Tarbell Draws Her Conclusions on the Deflated Boom and Points out How Man's Eternal Hunger for Land and A Commonwealth's Highest Welfare May Be Safely Linked By A Cooperative Scheme Which Will Prevent the Disasters That Follow Unscientific Attempts to Colonize Our Unpopulated Areas.

Can Florida, and similar tracts of sparsely-populated country, help to satisfy the land-hunger of this nation? Will that state repeat—and other states also—the mistake that have hampered America's previous experiments in colonization or will further colonization be truly scientific in the United States? Will cognizance be taken of the new methods produced by twentieth century technique both in agriculture and in finance? All these problems are discussed and analyzed in this valuable article, the last in Miss Tarbell's epoch-making series on Florida. If you are looking for a new home, a new farm, or a plan to read and ponder this remarkable analysis of the great "boom" by the most astute and famous woman-journalist in America.



OLD SPANISH MILL, PONCE DE LEON SPRINGS



THE MIRAMAR HOTEL AT BEAUTIFUL SARASOTA



restore them. A fair proportion of the men were land-minded. The farm was the place for them. In the United States there was at that time more than 200,000,000 acres of land which, if irrigated, drained, and clearing could be made fit for farming of one kind or another. In all the states there were tracts of abandoned lands, once rich in yield, still capable of restoration. Not all of it belonged to the United States; much of it belonged to states or individuals, but by judicious effort enough land and money could easily be obtained to satisfy the discharged soldier needs.

It was proposed that the men themselves do the work of

redeeming the land and making it ready for settlement and reclamation. The work would be done by the men themselves under the direction of skilled engineers, builders, farmers.

"Do just what we've had to do over here," said one of the boys, "without any shells playing the deuce with you."

While the work was going on the men were to live in

cantons of the kind to which they had become accustomed—*—in vogue*—the amusements, instructions, the opportunities of a community life. When the land was cleared, dams and dams constructed, houses, cranneries, ice-plants, packing-houses, schools, churches erected, timber cut to be sold practically at cost to those veterans that wanted farms of their own.

It was expected that the men would receive of the wages they received in the period of preparation enough for a first payment—and be able to meet the successive long-term payments out of their crops. Money for implements, stock and seed was to be advanced by the government, to be paid back in easy terms. Expert advice was to be always available.

The pamphlet concluded: "Remember that this is not a waste scheme. It will give a chance to own a farm only to those who are willing to work a farm." As we talked it over there in the Garden of the Tuilleries we all agreed, even the cynic, that it ought to work, and while I sat with them three boys announced their intention to fill out the postal card which I had given to the little pamphlet.

This was the card:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR U. S. RECOLONIZATION SERVICE  
Name in full \_\_\_\_\_  
Home address \_\_\_\_\_  
How old \_\_\_\_\_  
What was your occupation before you enlisted? \_\_\_\_\_  
Have you ever worked on a farm? \_\_\_\_\_  
Are you interested in this plan to provide work and a farm? \_\_\_\_\_  
What kind of farm? \_\_\_\_\_  
State whether general, live stock, fruit or fruit \_\_\_\_\_  
What kind of work did you take? \_\_\_\_\_  
In your own State? \_\_\_\_\_  
Any other State? \_\_\_\_\_  
Any foreign country? \_\_\_\_\_  
WRITE PLAINLY AND MAIL TODAY—NO POSTAGE REQUIRED

There is many a heartache today when that card turns up! What happens it awakened! What an answer to the concealed anxieties—what a host of boys filled it out!

"Forty percent of the men would willingly pass direct from the Army into this work," wrote an officer, who had been sounding out the men, to the Recolonization Bureau in Washington.

"Every soldier I have talked with thinks the plan splendid," wrote another.

*Turn to page 561*

A VIEW OF ORLANDO'S SKY LINE







"PROMISE ME YOU WON'T... GET YOURSELF INVOLVED IN THEIR PLANS, WHATEVER THEY MAY BE"

## THE DEAD RIDE HARD

■■■ BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE ■■■

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

**A**MID the horror and terror that accompanied the fall of the monarchy in Hungary after the World War, young and beautiful Denise Vay, maid-of-honor to the Queen, has a great purpose in life, a goal for which to live. For that purpose, Denise, in her rôle of maid-of-honor to her secret of the emeralds of St. Stephen, asking Denise, with the aid of her brother, to obtain these jewels for the royal family. It was when she was summoned to the Queen in Eckartsau that Denise's life and honor were saved by a man who gave his name as Andor Brull and who professed to be a common soldier returning from the front. On that occasion Denise was the only person present in the room who knew nothing except that his name was Thibor and that he cherished against her a grudge for some unknown offense.

At last she came wearily down the dirty dark stairs that led to the coal-dealer's office, in the entry stopped as she might had she been met by an invisible barrier, and with one gloved hand clutching to her heart, the courageous, worthless permit, helplessly looked this way and that.

People pushed by her while dismay posed a Denise there, other holders of coal permits passing a Denise trickly. None paid any young woman such a daredevil and brutal countenance the wretched condition, sights of such disconsolation were in the Buda-Pest of that time too common.

She felt obliged at length to accept the fact that the carriage was gone which she had left the kerb, hours ago, to make her return to the place where she might have been an affair at most, ten minutes—not only did she peered but in all likelihood lost forever. There was a fine chance that the driver, the doleful old Szekler who was the one messenger that had been sent to the stage of the villa in the hills would turn up with his horses long after midnight, or perhaps the next morning, very drunk and impotent. It was more probable that the carriage had been appropriated by Red soldiers on a hinge and by neither it nor its driver would ever be heard of again.

And the equipage had been their sole means of transportation.

She began to walk toward the Danube, hugging a shabby

For eerie terror, for breathless thrills, read this dramatic novel of the terrible "red days" in Budapest which followed in the wake of the great war. Each installment mounts to a crescendo of love, hate and anguish. This is a novel which you will not be able to forget. It is emphatically one of the most notable products of current American fiction and establishes the high-water mark of Louis Vance's career



hope that she might pick up somewhere a frater. Otherwise, since the trains, for no reason had stopped running, she would need to find her way back to the villa afoot; a long walk. It would be black night before she could hope to see home again, without a lift of some sort; the roads were anything but safe at by daylight, and the roads were foul. Furthermore, Denise carried a load as sad as the day.

The skies were so low and heavy that it had been dark in Pest at high noon. Moribund yellow fog closed every vista, smudged out completely the heights of Buda across the river, the sides of the hills, the roofs of the houses, the road, to talk the desolated readways swam with blind people. There was

but for all that she had met a ghost here, the girl could not see that she was being followed.

Could she then, possibly have been mistaken? Had it been merely that the dreads which haunted her days had fastened on a chance resemblance in the face of the girl she was pursuing? The month which had passed since that night of storm had been signalized by never a hint of sequel to the adventure of the toad-man; and this month, too, had been a silent month, when the depths spew up their abominations to the surface of society, where their very monotony often seems enough to lend them a little lease of unnatural and malignant life, but which only had been temporarily suspended. There was continuance of her immunity as warrant for nursing a hope; perhaps these would after all be no sequel . . .

And now, this day, she had, or mislaid she had, run about the city, the streets of Pest were hardly safe for the question. Shadows like ghostly arras had at last won their audience with

one who held her life or cold and death in the unashed hollow of his hand—her—her—

the girl who was with the coal-dealer sat with his back to the only window and made no sign, merely held Denise in the fixed, sardonic focus of a single eye-glass, till, struck by the instrumentality of the girl's eyes, he saw that the girl had permitted her gaze to be drawn to mark its singular look, the look of a hunchback, that seal which consciousness of deformity, spiritual as well as bodily, sets on some faces.

The discovery had proved so unavering that Denise, stammering in her argument, had needed to be cynically prompted before she could pick up its thread and go on to say why it was imperative that the villa should be supplied with coal immediately; and as its hills all lay in the shadow, the master even woodcutters for miles around, plucked clean of firewood by hands of poor thieves from the city, piling to keep their half-starved bodies from being frozen alive, and with lass, impotent in the darkness, the employments did not cease to be hired at any price to fell trees for fuel, while in an unheated house an old man, who had given a lifetime to the service of king and country, and his son who had fought four years for Hungary, lay in critical

Ever and again, as Denise hurried on, her special un-easiness would betray itself in a glance shot overshoulder.

stages of convalescence from Spanish influenza.

When she had no more to say, the girl had to wait while the autocrat, his sleeve tweaked, bent an ear to something private while the man in the coat, with a smile, turned to comment. And while he listened, she saw the coal-dealer's eyes, that had taken fire at sight of her, grow bleak and hard. Denise could never find the impatient grunt which had prefaced his reply: "So that's your story. Well, as I tell you, you're a good girl, but you're like a lion tamer—no, thousand times a day. See the alighted clerk on your way out. He'll take your order, and when you turn your coat, you'll be served."

"But have I failed to make you understand our need is desperate? I have not been granted months ago."

"Procured through favoritism under the old regime, naturally. But that's all over. The trouble with you swells is, you won't wake up and realize times have changed. It's the workers who come first today, after the bourgeoisie. When the workers have been compelled to, the bourgeoisie and centry will get their hit. You and your high-and-mighty sort will come last every time. You may as well make up your mind to that, and come nothing me again with claims to special consideration, or you'll be sorry."

But even as she sat there that the ink of failure, the girl had brought away her memory of the sneering promise in the other man's parting regard.

She came out into Free Josef Square, where, in the neighborhood of the great hotels, she had felt almost confident of finding a carriage for hire. Over in Maria Valeria street, near the entrance to the Ritz, several automobiles were standing; but she knew that they were probably the flag of the foreign legations, that which she had seen, and that was never a cab in sight. Quite conceivably every one had been frightened away by apprehensions of trouble to

be indifferently amused, more bored. After a few moments they began to exchange ironical observations and laughter. Some litigated cigarettes, two turned their backs on the show, and turned toward the Corso—heading, at a fast gait, for the Ritz hotel.

"Do you know who that is, lady?" Denise jumped; but the speaker was only a policeman with a friendly countenance. He nodded toward the figure of fun in the lobby. "It's that Ben Brull."

But something sinister in the mere sound of those three syllables caused the girl to shudder. She looked again, with sight sharpened.

The creature had a skull modelled after a cannon-ball and a skull modelled after a Chinaman's, otherwise quite without color or lustre, served as a sort of sack for an assemblage of nondescript features, all puffy and shapeless. The ears thrust out like handles. Soft bags underhanging little black eyes, and a pair of prominent nostrils, worked around a mouth that had been hooked at a nose, as if set in vain to show the words of criminal madness which the lungs were exploding in vast, sustained gusts of noise. The sweat which was forced out on his low forehead the man mopped with his hand and snapped heedlessly from the ends of thumb fingers.

"Don't you hear what he is saying?" Denise demanded, revolted, and a little encouraged—to note that the cap of this particular policeman still wore the symbol of the Czars. "Don't you know his calling for the revolution?—what is left of Hungary and what is left of Russia direct from Moscow for you and yours?"

"Not so loud!" The good soul was unaffectedly relieved to hear the shrill-creaked bystander. "It would be a much as my life's worth to try to stop his mouth," he frankly admitted. "Besides, under this grand Republic, everything

at least she would get home more speedily than she could hope to if she walked; she did her best to be grateful to Fortune for this windfall.

Franz Josef Square dropped astern, the bows of the Bel Kan barge were not beyond the firm arch of the Suspension Bridge the fog was denser, a clammy, unclean blanket for the Danube. But the unrhymed clippings of hoofs could not drown out the tongues of that unseen yellow flood. The barge, and the hull, bounded up to the pier; then over the talus it could tell of the murkiness that nightly were given to its embraces in these times of revolution. It was a relief to hear those hoofs begin to pound out echoes not so sepulchral, and know the cab had found refuge in the hull. The barge had been so long unformed when Denise saw two figures range up alongside, madly peeling out of nowhere, men who wore the rasilish livery of Habsburg's braves. One caught the bits and threw them back on the launcher, another, who had sprung a foot on a foredeck, barge, bounded up to the bow, took the driver by the throat, and with no more ado buried him bodily to the cobbles. Denise, without losing a heartbeast to indecision, jumped up and out and took to her heels.

She was small and puny, her, and she was not the rumour of feet. And thus driven to believe that the sailors had made a prize of the fiacre for purposes of private mischief which had nothing to do with herself, the girl presently abated her pace to a rapid walk and then to a trot, and the dark hill passed, tumbling uncomprehended to it without undue misgivings. After all, this sort of thing was no worse than the misadventures which everybody had to relate nowadays. And Brull had been right in Buda-Pesth, of the Revolution anything but a money-making device did.

But—Heavens!—why must she thoughts be forever harking back to that one? A round month now, and more, and



EVEN NIGHT ONE OR ANOTHER FORSAKEN VILLA . . . WAS LOOTED

come of the meeting which was being held over in front of the Academy of Sciences.

Then, as if the fog had gathered round a good lorry from which she started and pudgy person, clothed like a bank clerk, was bellowing a harangue. Denise noticed, too, that several foreigners had come out of the Ritz and had stopped over in the triangle, and of course round which the tram tracks wind to the quay. They were looking on and listening attentively, as if they, too, rather expected something interesting might happen any minute.

In spite of the terrible noise and danger, Denise delayed, fascinated by the spectacle, at once repellent and comic, which the speaker was making of himself. His short thick arms sawed out wooden gestures. His voice was hoarse, husky and in that dead air flat—noting that Denise caught on to the fact that he was not a man of the world, not of class but of official, however ever it was established, that broad-minded republican government had permitted to be preached openly on every street corner. And nobody seemed to be able to impress. The local policeman after a quicked wear and removed one's hat had given a bow. The crowd, which had a heavy mixture of soldiers and marines, listened, gaping, with the apathy of underprivileged school children. Occasionally the speaker paused for applause, would hear a tit or two, and then continue his speech with a roar, with an astonishing passion, spilling his creed of hate in a hash of Hungarian, the speech of a half-educated man wrestling with a foreign tongue.

The foreigners over the way, correspondents and attachés of the Missions, mostly English, Denise reckoned them, seemed

goes." He thought that over for a moment, and submitted an amendment: "Everything but common-sense."

The fog was shutting down, dingy and jaundiced as the face of fading day. The magnificent span of the Suspension Bridge faded out in distance as it was impeded by the fastidious vanity of reaching out for a vanished shore. In another hour it would be night.

To that plaintive cry of warning which is peculiar to the call of the toad-man, the toad-man, who was a street-side street. Denise signalled, but the driver pretended not to notice till the policeman sharply called him to a halt and stood by while the fellow with ill grace struck a bargain for the drive. Denise with a word of thanks climbed in, the driver passing salutes which the giver obviously had nobody else would notice.

The cab was a ramshackle barouche clothed in a single garment, the wreck of a folding top that was torn down behind it, and the driver, who was wearing the ensemble comprising no worse a huckster than one had learned to look for in a city from whose streets the War had drafted everything in the shape of a horse that could boast four live legs. Denise foresaw that she would get home Heaven-knew-when and chilled to the bone. But

never a day that something didn't turn up to put her in mind of him, that strange man of the common people. Still, the mystery, she supposed, of his sudden and total self-eclipse was enough to account for the hold he retained on her imagination.

Then for company she turned like a shadow to the toad-man, who was speechless till they were mere smears in a subhorous gloom. It was comforting to have the sweating wall to steer by. So long as one kept in touch with that and bore in mind that the longest tunnel has two ends . . .

Sometime she was walking with her all at once, a silent presence at her elbow, keeping step. One startled look strangled a cry in her throat, and sent her shrinking to the wall. The toad-man stopped when she stopped and held a hand to his heart, holding tight, holding fast, with black gloves on his awkward big hands, like a man at a funeral, with not a solitary spot of reliving color, since his hair was black and his little eyes in that dusk seemed to have his face of a hunchback had that repulsive toad been blind.

She remarked anew, behind the stare of his eye-glass, that sardonic glimmer, the secret smile of one who fancied himself strong in knowledge to the herd denied.

And then, in a country where the people had hitherto failed to tune out that barking dog, he addressed her. "Did I alarm you, Denise Vay? I am sorry. You must not look at me like that—I only want to do you a kindness."

Denise answered nothing, could not answer. Her flesh was crawling. She recalled the loathsome softness and cold

of those hands which once had imprisoned her wrists, and felt that, should one of them touch her again, she would go into screaming hysteria.

"A true kindness, upon my honor?" the girl pursued, the full pale lips curving a smile which showed no reflection in his eyes. "You don't understand, but just listen, and you will. It is *real* you want more than anything, isn't it?"

"What . . . ?" The girl gulped and tried again before she could command even speech. "What do you mean?"

"Nothing more than the fact that eyes tell you to do it; a kindness. Because it is you it is everything, coal is. Think of your father and brother, dying by inches just for want of a little heat . . . . Now if I arrange things so your bins are filled without delay, that will be a real kindness, won't it, Denise Vay?"

"But can you do it?" Impossible to refrain from asking, in consideration of their plight.

"Kindness, they say, begets kindness. You were cruel to me once, but you're not. You don't remember, but I do; I forget. I am one who never forgets—another cruelty, nor kindness do I ever forget." Only—and now he was fawning—"kindness, much kindness. Denise Vay, might sponge my memory clean of its score against you for cruelty. You could make me do it, I suppose; and I can make you happy, too, if you desire me to; but use my influence in this matter of coal rationing . . . ."

To her everlasting shame, the girl wanted to temperance, to present to high tights with the restraint. For it was clear that he was beneath all the cheap menace of his equivocations was a bigger to her, whining hat in hand for the healing she alone could bring to wounds which, it would appear, self-love somehow had suffered at her hands.

The girl knew she should have been more stern, but that he would be able to make good his offer to soften the heart of the coal-dealer . . . .

The necessity of making a decision, however, was taken from her, for a sharp, metallic clank through that choking shadow of a walk was that called echoes from the vaulted roof, jammed brakes brought a great and splendid machine to a grinding halt by the sidewalk, a door flew wide and, all in one daze of perfectly synchronized and direct action, a man sprang from it, and in madman a wicked blow on the point of the jaw, and, as with a screech that one went down and slithered across the walk to the wall, slipped an arm round the girl's waist behind. "All right; trust me to see you clear!" and swung her, whether she would or not, into the body of the panting car, which shot away before its door could be slammed.

A breathless Denise dropped back on the seat and tried to catch her wits together. The automobile was one of those which the foreign missions and press people had brought in after the Armistice. From each side of the front fenders small flags were streaming, proud Bitter American flags, bright with victory. The driver was alone in the car. The man who came with Denise was no one but the man who had interfered with such scant ceremony and deadly executive ability. And he was the man on whom, to her knowledge, she had ever before clapped eyes.

"Sorry," she heard him saying in a manner pleasantly apologetic, "but I'm afraid I hit you so rudely, but that was no time to stand on ceremony—the thing had to be done just the way it was, or there'd be the devil to pay."

The southern maw of the tunnel at that moment delivered them to what was left of the daylight, and that was not much; the darkness with fog strangled it down to a gambooge-stained gleaming, it was as blessed as sunshine after the stifling darkness of the night astern. Moreover, it enabled the girl to take fair stock of this gratuitous guardian angel.

He stood up a youngish person, but not too young, with a keen cast of features nicely weathered to a tone that made his hair seem shades lighter than it probably was, and clear brown eyes of a thoughtful half-breed, with a faint, imperceptible, permanent smile; a young man perhaps not too well-dressed, but one who subtly conveyed an effect of not desperately caring whether his clothes were the latest cry in Sackville Street, so long as they made him presentable enough to pass in the shadow of the great War-Buds-Pest.

"But I don't understand!"

"Well, but that's only natural. Only, I hope you don't think I make that sort of thing a practice, smacking amok and slaming complete strangers ashore when you're in this case. But in this case I plead extenuating circumstances. You see, if I had given that bird time to see and know me, Buds-Pest wouldn't be big enough

after tonight to hold us both; and it's my guess I'd be the lad elected to neat and expeditious elimination. So I simply had to put him down for the count when he wasn't looking. Otherwise, my folks back home would be shopping for more mink coats, and you'd be left here all alone to stand off this Mafia man's boy-friend train with."

"I don't know," the girl blankly confided. "I suppose it must be everything happening all at once has made me stupid. I really do not know what you are talking about."

"You don't?" The American infection chuckled. "Do you say you're not cross' with me, all the same?"

"Cross with you? But I am surely most grateful—only I don't understand."

"Cross with you? And letting me see you safely home?"

"I would know how to thank you, though,"

"Half a minute, please: I've got to tell our driver where to take us."

The young man lunged up to lean over the forward seat and confide his mind to a respectful ear. A browned spare hand twice cut the air to indicate the way the car must go. The chauffeur responded with alert nods.

"All right," the American dropped back. "Guy knows the road, and if the visibility goes on getting better and better . . . ."

It was true that whereabouts, on the rising road they had swung into, with Var a hillock on their right, and on their left the old parand ground known to history as the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the sun was coming up, and it was even possible through thinning veils more silvery now than copper-tinted, to pick out wayside contours, and hold on at speed without much risk of mishap.

"Guy knows the sun did you know where to tell the man to go?"

A quiet chuckle at the expense of the girl's mystification

York; which makes me, by the grace of God, one hundred percent American—so I'm told and content to believe. At present I'm acting as first hanger-on, self-appointed, to the American Mission here. That how I happened to be on hand to see you. Your Spanish when you came into the car and Friend Tibor took cover and sent that shaft of murder racing after you. I daresay you'll still be conducting heavy diplomatic negotiations back there in the tunnel, if I hadn't made bold to borrow the Mission car and come along to see you. Dorothy Desmond was up to—make and make with her wasn't."

Mr. Andrew Brull here offered an inviting pause, but Denise could only stare and helplessly wag her head. "Do say something, though. You would be a good kind of man if it went against the grain, words of honor, it did—deceive you so, that time. But, of course, the thing just had to be done; the Armistice was still too much a novelty; I didn't dare sail under my true colors, and was not telling when he became interested in me. I had to do it. The War was over and would set me at sight for a spy. So I simply had to be a Hungarian soldier bearing home from the Place; and once I told my story, had to stick to it—if I hadn't I might easily have lost a lot more than my bet."

"Bet?" the girl managed to elucidate at last that monosyllable: "Bet?"

"Oh, that's all off now. I won it, all right, but at the same time I lost it. Just because I'd won, if you know what I mean. Please don't mind me. I want to explain, if you'll give me a chance. You see, I'm a sort of a copywriter, the free-lance sort; I mean, my job's doing pretty articles for magazines, I give into the scrap early—with the Canadians—now, I credit it to Yank, I mean, anyway. When the United States joined in, I tried to get back to the States, but they shelled me on account of my old wound, and the only thing left for me was to buy my portable a new ribbon and try writing war stuff for the houses there. The American caught me in Geneva, with a rat of my kind. We made it an excuse for a big bust, of course, and the boy who had the fun I made a fool with a friend, a British pressman, I was sorry when I came to; but it was out of the question, of course, to be beat with an Englishman. I just naturally had to slip across the frontier and make my way to Vienna in order to get back to the States."

"In Heaven's name!" the girl cried—"what for?"

"Can't you guess? It took a lot of doing, believe me; and by the time I got back to Vienna, the Emperor had been moved from Schoenbrunn to Eckartsau. I was heading for the schools, currently enough, when the storm drove me to shelter in that cow-horn, and History took its foot in its hand and began to make track."

"Still," the girl protested, amused in spite of herself, "you do not tell me about that waver, do you?"

"Well, I'll only remember that I lost it, maybe you won't be too angry . . . . The bet was that I would be the first English-speaking correspondent to get a personal interview with Charles. Thanks to falling in with you, I got it all right. He's one of the best, Charles of Hungary is; and the things told me while we were waiting for you to finish your talk with Zita, things hot off the heart—and never a word about their being Hungarian—would have been great if I were only able to write the story. But that won't ever see print now unless, perhaps, someone else will tell them what has faded into ancient history. I feel the urge to write the memories of a ne'er-do-well."

"Thank you," the girl said gravely. "That's precious. It is a promise, I hope?"

"Oh, positively!"

"But why?"

"Because . . . ." The American faltered and cocked a whimsical eyebrow. "You won't be offended?"

"Why should I?"

A clear yet thoughtful, unsmiling look recognized and coolly challenged the personal note which this confession struck. "You are asking me to believe you deliberately forfeited a wager, to say nothing of chance to make a fine story, and when you do that, it naturally pleases me."

"Perhaps more in the hope of not displeasing you?"

"Forgive me if I ask again—why?"

"I should think you'd understand. I [Turn to page 45]



THE FELLOW HAD SCREWED UP HIS IMPUDENCE TO APPROACH DENISE WITH A PURPOSE SLOW TO TRANS-FIGURE

prefaced a reply that came in a startling voice, quite a new one if at the same time a kind of old, lit accents harking back to the break of many, many days. "How should I fail to know the gracious lady, seeing it was yourself who showed me the road to your door?"

"You!"

A mind giddy with shock was unable at the moment to be more articulate. The thing past believing was so notwithstanding; now that one's stunned gaze searched that gay brown countenance for the lineaments of Andor Brull the likeness was distinctly wan.

"With you for me?"

"My name is Andrew Brull, as a matter of fact, and I narrowly escaped being Hungarian-born. Both my parents hail from Buds-Pest, and I happened shortly after they had set up housekeeping in New



"But," WENT ON PETER, "SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO MY PEACE OF MIND, TAMIESIE DHU"

PETER KENSINGTON DURANT, who was out hunting for an English Lane, a bit of Limehouse, a bit of the Mississippi, and a Mississippi River flatboat, swinging the nose of his disreputable looking car around a sharp curve in the winding road and driving on into the gloom of the weirdly appearing affair he had ever encountered in all the eventful days of his life. It was, he supposed, a van, since it had four wheels and was too large to be a hand organ. But it had a red roof, bright green sides, purple and black striped wheels and—Peter's eyes bulged. It was drawn by the yellow horse.

That was the step that sent him home.

Peter Kensington grabbed for his brakes. He also grabbed for his sanity. Both, he felt, had deserted him at the same moment.

His brakes squealed, hard. Thus, when he managed to stop, and at a point that brought him directly under the supercilious nose of the yellow horse, he had one gaudily striped wheel draped tipsily across his bumper. The van, it seemed, stood quite as nicely on the other three.

Peter waited for a hand of initial gimples to come forth and none came. None came. He looked, then, for a hermit.

"No," he thought. "Hermits live in woods and on nuts. He'd be a tramp, probably, though he'd be a tramp to the best of his belief that he could do anything so ordinary. But not even modern libraries, featuring Elinor Glyn and Sherwood Anderson, let him, went about in red and green vans! Not, especially, drawn by yellow horses!"

It was the last straw. He caught the gaudy lettering on the side of the van; letters that read, plainly: *HOT DOGS*.

It was the final, impossible touch.

Peter turned reverent eyes to the horse. Perhaps he'd gone color-blind, he thought hopefully. Perhaps it was that such a horse could not exist.

He reached out and, since the van was too far away, laid an investigative finger on the yellow horse instead.

"You look yellow!" he said, speaking aloud, since there seemed nobody to mind. "And you feel real! But you simply can't be!"

"Oh, yes! But would he! He is! He's yellow and his name is Primrose! But would you mind, now—" the voice, which came from nowhere at all, took on a pensive note—"returning my horse?"

Peter started. There was, then, someone connected with this affair. The thought reassured him. So did the voice, which had a delightfully husky note. He hunted for the owner of it, and as he hunted he said, politely, "I've met so few yellow horses, you see. Though I'm delighted to meet Primrose. Are you inside or," anxiously, "underneath?"

## TIPPITY-WITCH

BY VIVIEN R. BRETHERTON

ILLUSTRATION BY W. E. HEITLAND



"I'm right here, silly." And sure enough she was; in a dimly lighted corner. Peter had never seen her before. He didn't see it then. He saw only an enchanting little face, framed in hair like a Michael Arlen heroine's, seen beneath which two eyes, quite as blue as they were severer, stared out at him. The face also had a mouth—such a mouth as a chess piece—so small that it was set according as it said to him: "Did Papa send you?"

Peter considered the question. To say "yes" might open up delightful possibilities. On the other hand, it wasn't true. He decided to be frank about it. "No, Michael sent me," he said, with a faint smile.

She looked relieved, but not pleased. Indeed, she glanced at her wheel, which still hung rakishly on the front of Peter's car. "Well, he might have," she said, referring, no doubt, to "Papa." Then, crossly, "If he did, I'd have to take it off, with only three wheels! Don't you ever look where you're going?"

That, though Peter, was untrue. One wasn't supposed to guard against the sudden appearance of impossible things. He was perfectly prepared, moreover, to meet it in an exciting way. But the girl with the tawny red hair chose to take him literally.

"Then I should go drunk, if I were more careful that way!"

"I didn't mean that," argued Peter, feeling that he was getting into a trap. "Primrose—I was hardly expecting to meet—on a public road?" he hesitated, wondering what he should name it.

"That's what road are for," the voice, reminded him, "and you're not at all wrong, reasonably."

Now Peter, it he known, had a neat memory for figures. He called it to his rescue. "Oregon," he said, and he named the state whose soil he rode, "has one fifth of the standing timber in the United States. It has one third of the water power of our country. It is the second largest hop-growing state in the whole country. But," triumphantly, "nobody ever taught me that it grew red and green vans on

its back roads—particularly with yellow horses named Primrose attached to 'em!"

"Papa didn't send you," the piquant little face admitted. "Papa never sends anybody clever!" with which remark, she disappeared from the window and stood, the next moment, in the doorway.

She looked, Peter decided, a little like a fall chrysanthemum, because of her hair; and a little like a mystery, because of her Прекрасна. For she looked most of all like a Tippity-witch; because of

that sparkle in her eyes, and the curve of her scarlet lips, and the air of adventure about her.

Peter sat at his desk, half-afraid he must be admitted, he also had a neat eye for figures, he wished he'd taken two wheels off the van. Two, he reflected, would have taken twice as long to replace. He went to his desk and, cap in hand, was standing with his exceeding attractions, face lifted to the girl in the doorway. Being well endowed with the things that make men interesting, he was quite worth looking at. A reader of interest had seen the girl and Peter, who had come in from the investigative slants of mind that never rest after every mystery is cleared up, decided he must know about her.

Whereupon he did the only thing a gentleman can do when he's in a bind: he lied. He preterred his own; truthfully, for Peter was no poor soul.

"I am Peter Kensington Durant," he began—but stopped abruptly at the look on her face. There was no denying it, she looked startled; Peter, who had hoped that she didn't know he was a writer of books, hastened to explain. "My mother liked 'Emile'! But otherwise, we're a perfectly normal family."

The girl stood in the doorway, looking for all the world as an adolescent in the doorway, looking for all the world as an adolescent in the doorway, wan, impressed. Peter tried again. "I'm real thoughtful," he said brightly, "thinking that if she had a father, these little things might count—"an Elk, a Moose, a Beaver and—"trumpeterine," a Hoot Owl!"

The girl eyed him gravely. "I'm not looking for a Zoo," she said moodily.

Peter felt that if he couldn't establish himself in her good graces pretty soon, he'd say something he didn't want to say. Like, for instance, telling her she was somewhat like a margin and somewhat like a dream. He hurriedly, waded. It.

She sat down suddenly, hugged her knees joyfully and asked, "Oh—does that mean you can cook?"

"I *want* to prove *it*!"

# The GREAT LOVE HEROINES of the WORLD

**N**ELSON goes down in history as one of its greatest naval commanders, but not as a romantic hero. The writer suspects that Lady Hamilton has done some good to the memory of Nelson if Nelson had not associated himself with an infamous romance, he would not seem to be so human and therefore so real.

And indeed Emma Hamilton was such to change the course of careers.

She first saw the light, it is said, in 1763 at Hawarden in Cheshire, in the home of Henry Lyon, a blacksmith, wedded to a village girl. She was born in poverty, in ignorance and in dirt. Had Emma Lyon been merely pretty, she could not have escaped, but beauty was not so heavily upon that broad low brow that she must emerge—emerge like a seed that has sprouted through earth and through manure, benefitting both.

A man takes her from one of his service, the only thing she was fitted for, and from that time onward other men must support her where he has placed her. She is no longer virtuous, virtue having done for her much less than vice. She encounters Charles Greville, a young son of the Earl of Warwick, a man of fashion, fastidious in his clothing and in his speech, a man who is a man who appreciates poetry and music and appears a purizing figure in the history of the woman who was to become Lady Hamilton.

Greville appears to have been entirely without heart. He must have been won by the radiant Emma, which he would have considered a picture. He makes her realize that to him she is a poor child born in the gutter, whom he has chosen to be his heiress, because she pleases his eyes. Not one letter of Greville's shows that he cared for Emma, that she was more to him than a pretty figure.

In spite of this, she must have established some hold upon the emotions of Greville. However, her life with Greville was destined soon to end, because she discredited him, not because she wearied him, but because her protector was pursued by necessity. He desired to inherit from a relative the money which he did not give him, and that relative was Sir William Hamilton, his uncle, who had a great affection for his nephew and proposed to make him his heir. When Sir William came to Edward Row and was fascinated by Emma, it occurred to Greville that this worked towards his aims. When he did not get his uncle by his desire, thus securing his goals, with and at the same time entangling him with Emma, that he could not marry again?

Sir William was at once bemused by the charms of Emma. He was elderly, over fifty, while Emma was hardly over twenty. He had a great position in the British Admiralty, and to the Kingdom of Naples, the two Sicilies; and because he had known only a rather official wife, the radiant young Emma represented romance. When Sir William realized that he was in love with Emma, he could not decide whether that Emma's education, Emma's progress in refinement could be secured only if she went with Sir William to the embassy at Naples. She was to go as a blend of companion, secretary and ward, as a sort of dubious daughter.



NELSON WAS A MATCH FOR EMMA, BUT HE WAS NO MATCH FOR HER CHARM

## LADY HAMILTON

BY W. L. GEORGE

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES DE FEO

One of a series of stories of the great love heroines of the world by a master analyst of women and also a noted novelist



Curiously enough, Emma parted sadly from Greville, and he had much trouble to persuade her. He seldom answered her letters, which reflected upon his pedigree. She is pathetic then, when she writes to Greville:

"I have been one letter to me, instead of which I have sent fourteen to you. So pray, let me out of you, my much loved Greville, and let me out from your dead heart."

Five years passed at Naples. Sir William, as he grew older, grew fonder, more intoxicated by this lovely childish creature, whose morals corresponded with her spelling. Greville had

she prayed, she wheedled a woman who was with her in her heart. The British fleet was provided with all it needed, and Nelson sailed to the harbor of Naples, one of the greatest battles of history, where the French.

After the victory came the return of Nelson to Naples with his victorious fleet, to be nursed back to health by Lady Hamilton, to whom he owed his victory.

It is well here to give some space to the character of Nelson. He was over forty, and though he was married had made no advances. A popular saying made much charm of him, that he was a man in the eyes of women. Thus he was a match for Emma, but he was no match for her charm. Until then he had dallied, and now he loved. Such glamor as attaches to Lady Hamilton is not her own; it is the Nelson of Naples, with whom she has won her memory, a person which could have been fatal to a man.

Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton had now become intimate friends. When, in 1800, [Turn to page 66]

wished to enthrall his uncle, and he enthralled him so much that on the first of September, 1800, Sir William carried Emma back to London and made her his wife. Emma at the age of twenty-four became Lady Hamilton.

The situation in the little kingdom of Naples at this time was peculiar, and the next few years were epoch-making years in history. They included the French revolution which passed through the French empire, the French army of masses, and at last so tired the French people of slaughter that they handed themselves over to a dictator of five, with whom was associated a great figure, Napoleon Bonaparte. Between him and Naples (the English Admiral) the struggle was set, because Napoleon radiated into Italy. It was Napoleon, therefore, who forced upon the kingdom of Naples the necessity of an alliance with England. And since Queen Caroline of Naples had become the intimate friend of Lady Hamilton, it is not strange that Lady Hamilton was able to exert a great influence over the world. Thus, in 1798, when Lady Hamilton was thirty-five, Napoleon prepared the attack upon Egypt, upon which would divide the British from their possessions in the east. The expedition was prepared secretly, so secret that even Greville, in his clever misreporting, that he was able to assemble at Toulon the French fleet, that should cover Egypt. Enchanted heard of this too late, and Nelson, sent in pursuit, arrived at Toulon too late. The French had escaped him, and he was then sent to a port that would provide him with food and water except Naples. So to Naples he went to be confronted with this difficulty: The kingdom of Naples had with France an army preventing its giving supplies to more than four British men of war, and here was a vast fleet, here the opportunity to England to win her victory. Lord Nelson did not know such scruples as her husband in the matter of treason. Party out of patriotism, partly to assert her power, she wrote to her friend Queen Caroline, and she found her an enemy of the French. She stormed,

at Toulong, The British fleet was provided with all it needed, and Nelson sailed to the harbor of Naples, one of the greatest battles of history, where the French. After the victory came the return of Nelson to Naples with his victorious fleet, to be nursed back to health by Lady Hamilton, to whom he owed his victory. It is well here to give some space to the character of Nelson. He was over forty, and though he was married had made no advances. A popular saying made much charm of him, that he was a man in the eyes of women. Thus he was a match for Emma, but he was no match for her charm. Until then he had dallied, and now he loved. Such glamor as attaches to Lady Hamilton is not her own; it is the Nelson of Naples, with whom she has won her memory, a person which could have been fatal to a man.

Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton had now become intimate friends. When, in 1800, [Turn to page 66]

# MONSIEUR of the RAINBOW



BY VINGIE E. ROE



ILLUSTRATED BY DANIEL CONTENT

**M**ONSIEUR of the Rainbow—"Monsieur" because of his noble French lineage, "of the Rainbow" because the old man had no choice but to follow his luck—had again left the city to the hills. After the heights of the mountains of southern California two men sought a suitable location for the newest of Supercri's feature films. This was the film in which Justin Sellard was appearing, the courageous Mars Thail and the dark and sinister Spaniard, Marculo Enzalez. But more than a location was found by the two scouts: they came upon a mountain camp which hid from the world a war-wracked soul and its faithful negro companion. And more, they saw and coveted a marvelous horse, the wild Palermino which had been tamed by the soul-sick veteran.

THE eastern side of the basin was blue with shadow, the coves and serried gulches deepened it. Justin Sellard sat with palms on elbow, chin in hand, looked at it all with contemplative eyes, lips tender with appreciation.

"I have been trying to talk about, Mr. Sellard," drawled the handsome actor, Marculo Enzalez, "at your convenience."

"What?"

"A perfect pippin of a horse I saw out yesterday."

"Wild horse?"

"There was a man with him."

"Eh? I thought this was a wilderness!"

"I saw a man and a horse, a powerful horse!" The director shrugged and turned away toward the more enticing interest of the table.

"I've fed up on super-horses," he said, "the last buck super in Arizona cost me seven thousand dollars damages, not to mention the best rider I ever saw hop a saddle. Good morning, Miss Thail. I do not, as yet, know your step."

He laid his hand affectionately on the girl's shoulder. Mars Thail hastened to don her make-up tint and Sellard stood for a moment giving some brief directions to several camp nurses and in a little while fell for a moment a strange voice cut clear in the still air.

"To what," it said in the thin, high note of anger, at the breaking-point, "do I owe this honor?" And he ran whirling instantly. At the corner of the nearest tent a man stood regarding them from flinching eyes. A man whose face was white as chalk, a deadly face of hatred and rage. One shoulder slumped, a very small shoulder, and the other hunched a little black negro, more grotesque than his master, balancing on his wooden leg. At the first surprised look at these two strangers Marculo Enzalez threw back his head and laughed. It was the laugh of his life, bold and knowing. But Justin Sellard did not laugh. He saw the white fury of the man's face, recognized its earnestness. Also he saw the worn army clothes. Quietly he came forward.

"Find me," he said in calm voice, "I did not mean it as such!"

"No? Does the world enter a man's doorway and sit on his front steps unconsciously?"

"We meet, and meet, no harm. We are taking

scouts for our action picture, and, searching for new and rugged location, one of my scouts found this lovely spot. It is ideal."

"But mine!" snapped the stranger like a broken wing.

Mr. Sellard smiled in a disarming manner. "Then we transgress and apologize. Do you object to our taking our pictures here?"

A few short years ago one man in the army shirt would have had the words with outstretched hand and eager smile. Now the despairing rage which smoldered always in him flamed senselessly. "Surest thing you know," he said suddenly, "this is my universe, and I intend to keep it. I am king."

"Chic!" said Enzalez beligerently, "you are going against photographing the open country. Are you going to let a couple of cripples drive us out before we get our stuff?"

For the first time the ex-soldier turned his flashing glance full on Mars Thail.

"Marc," said Sellard thinly, "control yourself."

Behind his master the small black negro shuffled close.



MARA THAIL, OPENING THE LETTER, FELT A THRILL OF TRUE JOY

Readers are comparing this novel of Miss Roe's to "The Keeper of the Bees," that great work of the beloved Gene Stratton-Porter which was also first given to the world through the pages of McCall's. Like Mrs. Porter's magnificent novel, this is a story of a returned soldier blended with a moving, poignant love theme. You will be the poorer, spiritually, if you miss a single installment of this engrossing narrative of a soul's redemption



The long arms drew up, the wiry shoulders hunched. He crouched with head out-thrust, presenting a startling semicircle to an apoplectic. And just then a separation of unpredictable violence came round the tent's corner.

"Why of whom?" Mars Thail asked, the glittering rain of her raiment swishing at her sandaled feet with the sudden halt.

Slowly the ex-soldier turned and looked at her. Regal in her gorgeous trappings, glowing with color, shining with youth and health, this woman was enough to stop the average heart for an enchanted second. Now as she gazed

at the stranger with her wide dark eyes, sober and serious, she seemed a creature from another sphere set down in the virgin wilderness. The man stared at her frankly. For an odd, clear space he was the only man in the room. These two strangers, gazing for the first time into each other's eyes. The woman was first to recover herself, to move on her sandaled feet, to put a hand to the sandaled hand that rested on her head. The man turned at the movement, looked at Sellard.

"For her sake," he said deliberately, "you're free. The road is the basin, the hills are them. The world is yours."

And without another word or glance he turned sharply to swing away. He had forgotten himself! The slow foot caught him unaware and all but threw him to the earth.

"Steady, Sir," said the black man, patiently, "old hup a bit. Right-on-for."

"A Jamaican nigger, as I live!" said Marculo Enzalez, "black as ebony, but English to his boot toes! Toe, I should say, to be entirely correct."

Sarhang heard and turned a black face back across the room. The whites of the eyes were like great moons. Justin Sellard could not have told why, but somehow he felt a sister suggestion.

"Thank you, personally," he said gravely, "we will not abuse the privilege."

**T**HE special scenes for "Kings of the Khayber" went forward splendidly. They saw no more of their strange landlord, and though they knew his cabin must be somewhere to the south they kept steadily to the north side, their Sellard and his retinues. Only the people were occupied to any great extent with thoughts apart from the production; Marculo Enzalez, watching the eastern slope of the basin, the Palermo moving here and there a spot of sand, as Mars Thail had not forgotten the soul she had seen behind the bitter gaze of hard grey eyes.

The owner of those eyes himself was passing through a period of such lethargy from which nothing could rouse him, neither the blandishments of the squirls nor Sarhang's untiring foolishness. He lay all day in the shade of the trees and flattered his chin, his hand on his arms, and Sarhang could not tell

whether or not he slept. He kept jealousy to his own place, not even venturing so far as the garden to follow the pale head flourished. And so there was who mended his torn garments, his stockings, his boots and scanning with suspicious eyes the basin where such strange creatures crept and where terrifying fires burned by night. But the man himself, so slowly and reluctantly to nodding, was sunk once more beneath the bitter fit of physical humiliation. He had heard himself and his Jamaican nigger called cripples. In the same second he had beheld womanhood at its peak of perfection. The awful guilt had come over him, the realization of something, a black abyss which there was no bridging, would never be. He had thought himself impervious to this particular barb of life, the thought of love and womanhood. Now he found himself more hopelessly hurt by it than the rest.

Five days passed and the motion picture people were on the eve of departure, when "shut" all the available scenes and finished their sequence. It had been a wonder to the spectators on the bench beside his door looking across the immeasurable distance above the roof of forests far down below. He moaned and frowned, his elbows on his knees, his chin in one hand, his hand. And so it was that a stranger, sitting softly, stood by him, looking down from the corner. Unobserved. But presently, yielding to that strange influence of eyes upon him, the ex-soldier stirred and moved, took the pipe from his lips and looked across his shoulder. Flushing pale.

"I beg your pardon!" he said.

Mara Thail, slim and modern in her *de luxe* outing clothes, came forward, hand outstretched. "It is who should do so," she said, "for you want none of us, and with reason. But I could not go and leave you thinking hard of us, of all of us together. I had to come over for a little visit."

"I am honored," he said simply, "beyond all words." Mara Thail looked at him and smiled. When this woman smiled the beholder scaled ecstatic heights, or plumbed abyssal depths, according to his nature. The man with the haggard eyes left the ground of human hope slide out from under his feet.

"Do you like my country?" he asked abruptly.

"Yes," she nodded, "I am a hill-woman. I have been happier here and I go back to the slow warm autumn of the hills. I have a home in Los Angeles, with a better heart for work. You have given me something to take away with me."

She sat quietly, tapping her glove against the top of her trim boot, looking out over the Rop.

"You were in France," she said again presently; "so was I."

"Yen!" cried the man, "you, in that God-forsaken place."

"Two weeks. Base hospital, back of Ypres. On the Somme, too. I came from there to America." The man on the bench stirred and straightened. Haggard, with many years of life taken out of those wild days, and the woman followed, speaking with a concise clarity which seemed to cover the whole great tragedy.

"What a frightful mistake of humanity," she said at last as the veils of twilight deepened out across the top of the forest below.

"I do not think of the past unless I cannot help it," he said. "I look only for the good, happy things. Life is too terribly short for anything else." The man's mouth curved in the habitual look of bitterness.

"The man who came through—whole," he said.

Mara Thail had been walking for that. In the great kindness of her deep and tender heart she had ached with pity for this man's bitterness.

"To every one," she said gently, "there is still the fertile ground of the soul. What's done is done."

"I must leave you," she said, "we leave tomorrow and will make an early start." She smiled into his eyes, her own soft and sweet and beautiful as sunset on her own wild silent hills. In another moment she was walking away around the cabin's corner, and the man stood dumbly watching. With a sudden stifled cry he made to go after her, caught her in the green shadows.

"Wait!" he cried desperately, "I don't even know your name!"

"Mara Thail," she answered, "and yours?"

"David John Buchanan."

"Good-bye, David John," she said. Then she was gone into the twilight.

WITH a spanned scarf about her shoulders Mara Thail stood near the stone wall that edged a parapet and looked down on the magic world below. A soft world of shadows in all degrees, of pale amethyst on the shadowed hill-tops, of pale lavender in the deep shadows, and of velvet black where the levels lay hidden in night. And spread afar on this table of dusk lay the trailing fabrics that were the lights of Hollywood, of Los Angeles, of Pasadena, and of Sierra Madre. Marullo Enzale stood close, his shoulder touching hers.

"Wonderful spot," he said musingly, "there isn't another like it in the world. Its sunlight, its blooming groves of citrus, its shining roads and smiling seas, all designed for man's pleasure."

Mara Thail gazed at him under dreamy lids. It was such moments as these which enchanted her with him, which seemed to belie the habitual cynicism of his manner. At these glances of rare depth in her eyes he saw the depths of his coldness, his unfeelingness apparent and denying the cruelty of the curved lips, the thin nostrils. And yet there was a fire in him, a terrible fire. She had seen it once or twice in her knowledge of him, but she had forgotten it herself. It was a touch of tenderness, of exaltation, of mystery. Why should she do so? Was it because she understood him more than the rest, that she saw the youth of his soul, and within her the potential motherhood of universal woman yearned above all? At any rate he was the most beautiful person he had ever seen, and she was compelled to turn to the detriment of calm judgment. The shoulder touching hers moved ever so slightly, but with that little change the man himself came closer into her consciousness.

"How long have you been here?" "How long are you going to make me captive to your chariot wheels? You know that the heart of me drags in the dust!"

in spite of herself the woman thrilled.

"Footsteps! I have been watching! We get enough of that in the daily grind."

Enzale flung an arm about her, pulled her head against his breast. She felt his lips burn on her cheek, the bone beneath the flesh cried out against their pressure. This was sex again, but with a difference.

"You call me foolish?" he cried, "take care you have no reason to call me mad!" Angered, Mara Thail drew away

from him, wiped her cheek with the end of her spangled scarf. "I do so now!" she said, "you, or any man, are mad to force me! If you had asked for that I'd have given it to you, I'd have given it to your face. You revolt me, Marc."

Instantly the man dropped on his knee beside her. He was a repentant boy, the youth of his hunched head pulling at her heart strings.

"Come on up," she said, "we'll call it quits, my dear. I'm a thousand years your senior. Here, take a kiss for a peace-offering."

Buchanan looked at the same stars wheeling in the vault, and the bitterness was rampant in him like a flood of aloof sap. Ever since he had looked upon Mara Thail in her gloomy, perfunctory way had he felt the appeal of her sex, and it was true. He had looked out upon the one woman in all the universe. Added to the bodily shame that ate him with every haling move there was the poignant ache of loss that was never gain.

It was two by the nickel clock on the cabin shelf when Sarghan, grotesque in white cotton pajamas, came softly to the door. "Buck," he said plaintively, "it'd do you good to give 'em a wink."

Sarghan, who had risen, laid his cold pipe in its accustomed place on the window ledge and went indoors.

"Sarghan," he said one day some two weeks later, "you'd better give 'em a hand, and I think I'll ride down tomorrow. The smokes are pretty low in the old can, and the coffee's out, you right-o?"

"Right-o, sir,"

So, early in the pale blue mountain dawn, the man with the slow foot rode down the canyon where the mysterious voices of the silence whisper, and the snow and snow waters trickled under foot. The slight slope of the shoulder was less apparent, he rode with the straight back and graceful seat of the born horseman. For the first miles he had ridden down the great pass that gave from the High Sierras to the plain. Eight miles farther down he came to the small town which was his trading post, and he tactfully avoided the world he had forsaken.

The luxury of a hotel room appealed to him with a wistful memory, for he was weary too. He was also hungry though, and from the hotel he entered a room where women dined, with his well-worn clothes and halting gait. So he rested for a while, stretched on the clean trim bed, his hands under his head, his feet tucked under him. It had been long since he had experienced so certain a sense of sweetness, as if some good thing were about to happen, though he could not precisely say what. His nose had made himself as neat as his garments would permit, descended to the modest dining-room where all were welcome after the fashion of a footlong town, and he was seated among them.

He was with his kind. More than one woman in the place looked at his tragic face with grieved eyes of pity. Twilight passed while he was at his meal and the soft light of the stars lay over the earth like a blanket. A little way beyond, across the way, a local theatre flung its fan-face of effulgence out upon the town. Fans and mattocks and innumerable oil-spots, young men, a sprinkling of attendants, were gathering into its doors, early as it was. Motion pictures—they had not made them then. He had not been in France when he had sat, the rank-and-file of his comrades, to watch them avidly. He had not cared for them since. Now, however, there was something a subtle interest. He stood wondering whether or not to go in.

In some time his gaze had been focused without conscious sight upon a figure standing before the easel-like bill-board which carried the evening's offering of play and players. This was an odd figure, a veritable caricature of man, slight to the point of emaciation and revolting, his bones like silver in the glaring light. He stood very erect, one hand, palm up, holding a disreputable hat, the other occupied with a very small dog whose frizzly and apologetic tail stuck out behind. Other canines, brought up by the light of the solar candle, had joined the dog in the shaggy group and its actual status there was a wide and laughable gap.

For the first time in months a smile pulled at the corners of David's uncommodious lips and he stepped from the curb upon the wet street. Close beside Monsieur Bon Coeur, Buchanan stopped.

"Bo'jou," he said—and to make his life he could not have told why he thus accosted a strayed old tramp in the town to which he had left in such a hurry, he effects a smile. Marullo Enzale, who was on a pivot, so that his costal stouts stood off from their wan-wat-line and the puppy's feet waddled wildly by chance.

"Amour de Dieu!" he cried. "Ze French!"

"I am not French," the other said gravely. "I don't know why I spoke to you."

But Monsieur, looking close in this face, marvelled. To Monsieur's eager perceptions this face thrust so suddenly upon his vision was fresh and unexpected, and it affected him as though it was true. A lean face, starved and bitter, pathetic as a child's. It went to the heart the tender heart beneath the coarse coat. Monsieur Bon Coeur tilted the bad, laid a fine hand upon Buchanan's shoulder.

"I am not complicit in 'M'sion," he said, "these garment—it which tell all France 'Lafayette, we are here!' I salute et!"

And, puppy and all, the speaker suited the action to the



"YOU KNOW," HE SAID, "THAT THE HEART OF ME DRAGS IN THE DUST!"



She kissed him lightly on the lips and the next moment Enzale had leaped to his feet, folded her in his arms and backed her with such passion from brow to throat and back again as left her gasping.

"I'll swear," she said frowning when she had regained her breath, "I thought I understood you, but I don't."

"I shot out breath," she said, "you don't know that?"

"Never did! And I get breath," he said, "go after Mar—"

"Old stuff," she said coldly, "and now I think best go back to the old train."

Enzale bounded, turned on his heel and went. Long after his footsteps had died away through the patio and the silent house beyond, she leaned against the stucco wall in the purple dark and looked down at the light of the stars.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She was still a young woman, but she was a broken woman. And her face was a broken woman's face. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

She had seen the faces of the stars in the train. And in her face there was some strange kinship for her. She had felt it with that first long look.

word in such a penitence as stopped the passers-by with wondering stares or amused laughter according to their natures. Embarrassed beyond words David Buchanan turned his horse to the crowd, but swiftly as he could, he bowed his head, took from his saddle his riding shoulder and his right hand flashed to his heart. He was once again a soldier as he answered that salute.

Monsieur's eyes were sparkling. Once more he heard the thud of feet before the Art, the Art, the Art.

"Zat's a good horse," he said happily, "es os full of fine thoughts! Those ver' fine thoughts which have to do wif ze spirit—ze hero fighting for his color—ze—a woman who beh' beh' ze colors—always. And as if he could not help it, he turned his horse again, and again his right hand flashed to his heart, this time to his shoulder. He was once again a soldier as he answered that salute.

Monsieur's eyes were sparkling. Once more he heard the

thud of feet before the Art, the Art, the Art. "Zat's a good horse," he said again, "es os full of fine thoughts! Those ver' fine thoughts which have to do wif ze spirit—ze hero fighting for his color—ze—a woman who beh' beh' ze colors—always. And as if he could not help it, he turned his horse again, and again his right hand flashed to his heart, this time to his shoulder. He was once again a soldier as he answered that salute.

The eager blue eyes of the old man followed him, filled with acute distinction and admiration. "I see," he said, "that the woman has gone from the house. Monsieur was in the depths. The face of the one woman in the universe had lost its domination. He, Monsieur Bon Coeur, had hurt a heart already burdened with an ached grief. He turned sadly away, and the horse followed him out into the sun.

It was a pity that he did not wait, for the man with the slow foot and the haggard eyes came back, bought a ticket at the window and went in. The picture was unfamiliar to a man of war, but nevertheless he sat with his hands in his tight-shut hands throughout its performance. Only the face of the woman shimmering through it held him there. He saw her as a care-free girl, then as an amateur actress, then heroine of the back-lot and finally as the courageous, calm wife who stood by till the bitter end.

When he left the theatre he was shaking in every nerve, sick to his bones, but there was no fire in him, fire which possessed him. He walked in the night, frowning, and was conscious of the bitterest revolt against his fate that he had ever known. The woman, the woman! That was the secret of the oval contour of her face, these filled him with a physical hunger which he had thought conquered. The swiftness of her glance, the earnestness, the kind of understanding, the way down into his own heart had filled it with spiritual longing. He had not known before how much alone he was. Nor how likely he was to be alone forever.

"Fool!" he muttered, "whining fool! Stand to your guns."

**H**E was abroad early in the morning, making his purchases with the opening of the post office, to the general general store, for the back trail to his solitude. He did all this on foot, for he would not mount in the public eye. That was a careful process which galled him to the bone. So, with his packages and his saddlebag, he made his way to the post-office for the scant mail that was sometimes there, a letter from his sister back in Idaho, two copies of a monthly magazine, a catalog of seeds. These he stowed away while the man at the window held out one more letter for a re-survey.

"David John Buchanan," he read, "that you'd usually comes under one initial, don't it?"

Buchanan nodded. The clerk laid down a square white envelope, thick and satiny, its superscription written in a firm clear hand, bold yet delicate, the hand of a man's hand. With the first swift glance at it the sharp thrill struck to his heart. The script blurred to his vision suddenly, his hands felt cold and numb, a strange shiver went through him as he turned and walked out of the building. He knew as certainly as though he had read it that it came from the woman who had filled his thoughts to the exclusion of all else in his life. He sat in the pocket of his shirt with trembling fingers, buttoned the flap securely and went directly to the stable. A tightness persisted in his throat. Billy, tough little buckskin, was as fresh as the day he took the road at a run, tall and with no guidance from his master's hand turned to the east at the town's fringe. That master was the prey of two emotions, two desires. One was to snatch that missive from the envelope and rip its contents. The other was to tear it to ribbons and dash. So he rode ahead into the blithes morning and did neither.

Where the streets gave way to the country road an automobile was passed by the way. It was a *de luxe* roadster, low to the ground, with its rumpled board, while another sat with his back to the road, his face buried in a newspaper. As David Buchanan came abreast of this equipage he cast a casual glance at it and rode on. Several rods beyond the yard he came sauntering back, a hand on his chest, a hand raised about him. "Good morning," he said, "fine large day."

Buchanan nodded.

"Come down from the hills?" asked the other.

The man on the horse nodded again, coolly.

"Way up? Head of the canyon?"

"Yes."

"Ah, round basin, sort of rugged kind of country?"

"Just what are you driving at?" he asked, "not down to the moment! Be yourself. Circumlocution is wasted energy. What's man is this. You've got something up there, unless I'm misinformed, that's valuable. Maybe more valuable than you would think!"

"Come through," said Buchanan sharply, "what sort of market—for what?"

"Pictures," said the boy briefly, "horses."

"Horses? I have no horses, only this—." The grey eyes dimmed as he spoke.

"There's a yellow horse up there," said the other, "which would go fairly fine in the films, owing to its color. What you take for?"

"I'll take," he said thinily, "a rifle to the first butt-in that comes up pass."

And he lifted his reins and swung away at a lop that started his horse into unaccustomed action. Presently he heard the sound of a roar, and its roar was come straight from it. White arrows were swarming across the road. The sleek youth was alone in it. Buchanan looked back. The man who had occupied it a moment before sat calmly on the low bank, lost in his paper.

"There's a horse boy swinging his shiny boot out the open door," he said, "we know you don't own this yellow horse—that it's a wild horse—but we don't want any trouble with

"At your service, Monsieur!" And the speaker, rising like a vagrant spectre from the willows by the road, bowed haughtily.

"The boy in the car broke into a shout of laughter.

"The boy in the car broke into a shout of laughter." "The boy in the car broke into a shout of laughter." "The boy in the car broke into a shout of laughter."

"I never know," he cried, "what a witness you would make!" And though he did not know it, he spoke with profound prophecy.

Buchanan looked down at his friend of the sign-board. Bellhop-roll, music-box, walking-stick and all, down to the sign-board, the bellhop, the shepherd mother and her pup, they were the same.

"Thanks, my friend," he said.

The second shot away in a cloud of dust, stopped for a second to pick up the man beside the road, and was gone. Bellhop-roll, the bellhop, the shepherd mother and her pup, they were the same.

"Never what rainbow, M'sieu!" cried Monsieur brightly, "not when rainbow, M'sieu!"

"Rainbow?" There was one now in the pocket of the man in the saddle, resting on his heart like a pot of gold! A fair, bright promise, alluring as the bœuf beyond the rain, as tremendous, ephemeral, and uncertain. For the second time the boy in the car broke into a shout of laughter. The sound of this ridiculous little old vagabond with the sign of a courtier.

"Where are you going, friend? You and your—rainbows?" he asked while smiling.

"I am, Monsieur Bon Coeur flushed and straightened. "To ze rainbow's foot," he said with dignity.

"Forgive me," Buchanan said.

"Gladly, M'sieu," said the old man.

"I see that those that who have all the world are never satisfied," said Buchanan grimly.

"Like a greedy child," cried Monsieur indignantly, "have not take all. Es quez of all, like a greedy child, M'sieu?"

"My only interest in a lonely world, a wild horse and mine only because I've tamed him. But in the code of the wilderness that constitutes possession."

"I see. Quite plain. An' ze young man of ze fresh demeanor he would have this horse?"

"For the pictures, yes? But he'll never get 'em. Non! Nevar! We will fight to ze last ditch, M'sieu! Thees is nozing less can outtrage!"

The shaggy beard was quivering. Instantly, without a moment's hesitation, Monsieur had identified himself with the issue. The man before him needed hope, for he had lost it. Somewhere in the shuffle of life he had lost it, and he had lost it all desire to live. Monsieur knew that as truly as though the man had told him. He knew, too, that he would not live, save and except for the fact that he was too brave to die. He had given up anodyne.

"In case," he said diffidently, "I could be of service, M'sieu? I heard he boast, ze Bandit, thinking deeply, came out of his abstraction.

"Sure you did," he said, "and some day you may be valuable to me. Where could I find you? It was an old man, I heard. A red flood came down under the delicate skin. For a moment the eager old eyes flickered. Then Monsieur Bon Coeur snapped his fingers airily, waved a hand grandly, and was the universe at large.

"At ze rainbow's foot, M'sieu," he said, "in my home address!"

David Buchanan flung back his head and laughed. True, he laughed at the rain in the sun, the rain in the sun. He had lost his own cars. He leaned down and put a firm hand on the thin old shoulder beneath that precious coat. "I know just where that is," he said grimly. "It's right in the middle of my cabin straining up in those hills! Will you come home with me?"

"Could you beat it? Just could you! Here was Monsieur, shching for his brother, his brother, his brother."

"If you will have as kindnes to wait one moment, M'sieu," he said with dignity, "until I collect my belongings. I shall be ver' pleased to accept zis unexpected hospitality."

That was a strange journey with his oddly-assorted fellow-travellers, and it took the heat best of two days, since Monsieur Bon Coeur would not listen to any ride-and-ride, and the weather was hot. High in the hills was where the widening walls gave room to a grand plateau. David John Buchanan slept heavily, but he was vaguely conscious of a lump beneath his breast, his right hand clasped tight upon his heart. For three days David John Buchanan carried that missile, unopened. Fierce emotions whipped him. This woman with the unpeckable beauty, the deep eyes of passion and understanding—what could she possibly say to him, the madman by-stander at the door of life? Perhaps, he thought, this was it. And he wanted none of it. There could be no other point of contact between them.

So he decided to destroy the letter and think no more about it; he even took it in sacrificial hands (*Turns to page 63*)



I SAW A MAN ON A BEAUTIFUL HORSE, A POWERFUL, SUPER-HORSE!"



# WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE NEWS OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES



SCENE NEAR EAST INDOCKS, LONDON, A DANGER POINT IN BRITISH STRIKE



CROWDS SEEK OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED BY BRITISH GOVT. DURING STRIKE

## THE GENERAL STRIKE IN GREAT BRITAIN

### AS AN AMERICAN MAN SEES IT

By

COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE

Copyright by McCall's Magazine, 1926

THE industrial disturbance that Great Britain has gone through was not an inheritance left by the World War, but rather a renewal and termination of previous conditions that had been existing for some time. It is probable that a general strike would have occurred in the spring or summer of 1915. Preparations were being made for it, and it is doubtful if it could have been averted if any weaker than the British division of Great War. There was the struggle which the labor unions precipitated early in May was merely a culmination of a long time determination to come to a final battle with the wage making powers.

That the strike was doomed to failure was evident to impartial observers, for the miners had been drummed into a revolutionary appeal to so unemotional a race as the law-abiding English. Then, too, the consequences of a long drawn out contest, and to be successful it must be necessary for long duration, would entail most severe, most suffering for the general public, and it would willingly bear it though sympathy at the beginning might be with the strikers. Therefore the general strike seems to have harmed rather than helped, to rectify the grievances of the coal miners in which it was brought about.

The fundamental problem in the coal mining industry seems to go deeper than the question of wages. The controversies have arisen largely from the insistence of the mine owners to continue mining certain pits that cannot compete with the miners here to whom coal is more accessible and where modern machinery is used.

The entire question of mining coal is one of vital importance not alone to Great Britain but to the entire world. Coal is the main source of industrial power, and is an article of commerce of production everywhere. The manufacturers living in a country where coal can be produced cheaply have an initial advantage over their competitors. Therefore a considerable raise in wages must of necessity distract them from their production, and the result is that it is the human side. Wherever investigations have been made by intelligent and impartial men, the reports have usually been in favor of the miners as far as recommendations for better and more healthful working conditions are concerned, and unless recommendations have been made to increase wages, the answer is why should the mine be required to carry the rest of the community on its back?

Some just arrangements should be brought about, but it is a simple question and a wise wisdom, in no small degree, disinterested statesmanship.

Great Britain was not a good place to try out the efficacy of a general strike, as an aid to a particular strike, even

Do you understand the real roots of the great British General Strike? Here are interpretations of it by Colonel House and by Dean Helen Taft Manning. They constitute the most enlightened of American comment upon this great news event.

### AS AN AMERICAN WOMAN SEES IT

By HELEN TAFT MANNING, PH. D.

DEAN OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

Copyright by McCall's Magazine, 1926

though it is a highly unionized country. There is something in the make up of the English people that does not take kindly to revolutionary methods. Neither has the aftermath of the Great War been conducive to such an experiment. The English are proverbially conservative, and shrewdly European, and no one wants anything akin to what has happened there. In the effort to get away from it, the world has leaned to the right, and where Communism threatened, conservative dictatorship has been preferred. In consequence, the revolutionaries have drawn away from the world. For this reason the eyes of the world were fastened upon Great Britain during the strike. She was passing through a test which was of vital interest to all. If Great Britain had been forced to yield to the strikers, something similar in a direct way would have been the natural result, and it would not have been long before other tests would have been made in other countries and no governments would have been secure.

Said Colonel House that the English have possessed a most beneficial influence for liberty of thought and reason, and for a wholesome civilization. Honest, courageous, tenacious of purpose, though slow to move to the quickening impulse of modern thought, they are all of the people the most tried and tested, and above all, they are the ones to be the good or bad. It is to be hoped that they will bring through the consciousness of less virile breeds and dominate them. Unhappy those coming within the orbit of their activities who fail to understand them, for all people they are the most self dependent. Germany made the disastrous mistake of underestimating them, and the mistake will be made to take centuries to rectify. Let us hope that the English will not be caught with that grim determination characteristic of the race.

As she met the war so she met the general strike—calmly and with inflexible determination and courage. There was no panic, no indecision, no appeal to outside sympathies. They did not make a single tactical mistake. They knew that a crisis had come in their domestic affairs which had to be reckoned with, and they did not shrink from it. That is the English way. That is why Great Britain and her brood of Dominions hold the esteem and admiration of the entire world.

THE general strike in Great Britain has been settled, and all in that country may not expect much of the English in the coming year, the next few months. Yet I think that before turning from what may have been one of the worst catastrophes of our day Americans ought to consider the conditions which led up to it. There is danger that being preoccupied with the rights and wrongs of the strike we may not be sufficiently aware of the way in which the English faced and how bravely the nation as a whole met them. While some individuals may well have deserved criticism I believe that we ought to recognize clearly that the situation in England was such that it call not for upbraiding but for whole-hearted sympathy.

The English are not accustomed to ask for help or pity from their neighbors; they have always succeeded in taking care of their own problems and it doesn't occur to them to explain their troubles to the world. That is probably because it is the Americans who are the ones who are overflowing with generosity for sufferers in other lands have known comparatively little about conditions in England until the recent events called them forcibly to our attention. The plain truth is that the English, as a whole, and the British workers have not been prosperous enough to provide a livelihood for the workers who were formerly dependent on them. In the hundred and fifty years before 1914 the English people grew up with the growth of the British mines and factories and shipyards. But her prosperity had been largely due to her control of markets in other parts of the world, and the four years of war for a variety of reasons played havoc with her foreign export trade. Other countries had to build up their own industries and oil took the place of British coal in many enterprises. Since 1919 there have never been less than a million men out of work in Great Britain and they and their families have been supported by the government. The English people, however, could still find work here been higher than in many European countries, but so has the cost of living; they have been much lower than wages in the United States.

The crisis came, and it was presented to the world as wages in the British industry on the ground that it was impossible to operate the mines unless a cut were made. The mine owners announced that the best paid of the miners should receive approximately eleven dollars a week, and many were to receive less. Not eleven dollars a week is *insufficient*—it is *excessively* *insufficient* to support a man and his wife and children in England as it is here. British workers in other industries believed that this was a first step towards a general reduction of wages. We may think that they were foolish and misguided to resort

{Turn to page 87}

## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

SHERWOOD ANDERSON'S NOTEBOOK

REVIEWED BY  
LAURENCE STALLINGS

SHERWOOD ANDERSON



RAQUEL MELLER

THE MUSICAL EVENT  
OF THE MONTH

RAQUEL MELLER

REVIEWED BY DEEMS TAYLOR

## THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

AT MRS. BEAM'S  
BY C. K. MUNRO

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG



LYNN FONTANNE

**S**HERWOOD Anderson's *Notebook* is no great and immortal revelation of a writer's soul. But it is a fine approach to the man who wrote "Winesburg, O." and "The Triumph of the Egg," and "Dark Laughter." It is the nearest approach to this American writer, who—and this is understandable—is largely unread by millions who read this magazine.

In this book Anderson sometimes discusses himself as an artist, and at others, as a tramp preacher going about America, exhorting the commonplace people to kick the commonplace in the face.

Anderson, true and original American, is still writing in that simple, stately style of his that sears and burns. He still goes about America, looking for the heroes of the popular novel, the popular play, the popular movie; and he looks yet to find an community where such dummies live or have ever lived.

"After all," says Anderson in his notebook, "there are heroes and beauties in America."

Anderson ought to know.

No other contemporary writer has made so many American "human men and women" come alive in fiction as has he.

In "Winesburg, O." that short and remarkable book of characters, which is now available for 95 cents in the Modern Library, humanity was his field.

None has a better right than Anderson to know factory hands, street men, tenement dwellers, farmers, wives, rich bullion-hunting failures. He has always written of common people, of upstarts, of the great masses of humanity, and he has usually sought to show underneath the drab covering of their lives some sort of hidden and powerful beat of life.

It has been Anderson's something, to do this. He has been called all sorts of names, by writers who long ago may have had such ambitions.

Anderson has had very few to popularity, but he has never lied about "human men and women in America" and he has never written a cheap book.

The present notebook has some pleasurable reading in it. There is a sketch of New O-

and record of his life.

But mostly the notebook is such as "When the Writer Ta Life" and "Notes on Standi at his old game of acti pretense and the like animal.

Above all, there is "A No I suppose as well as any why Sherwood Anderson, cho- people, has not won to pop.

It is hard to me to say I will never read a great ar is the man who has to be cri

Writing of the America he by men of the breed to write the good old things, the sweet that is, from the Rose Suite Beach.

Meanwhile, Anderson, as I going about the country, is enough to a hill farm around the house. He confe has passed him by, and all about dummies.

Sherwood Anderson  
Boni and Liveright

**T**HEY call her everything from Miller to Mélié. She herself pronounces it Mel-lair. She is a young Spanish woman of great beauty of face and figure, with two of the most dazzling and expressive eyes that any human eyes have ever been possessed. She sings the songs of her native land, and after achieving sensational successes at home and in Paris music halls she arrived on these shores amid a blaze of gaudy publicity that made the late visit of the Prince of Wales seem almost tame by comparison.

The unknown who sprang into fame overnight always arouses friendly interest; but some one ought to have a sympathetic word for the celebrity whose reputation has preceded him—or her—and who comes among strangers, like a thief in the night. Mrs. Beam's redolent with the perfume of Eros. She is redolent with the perfume of Charles Finch and Edna Barrymore, and Claude Adams, and taut for her opening performance cost the unheard-of sum of twenty-five dollars apiece. Under the circumstances, with many of her auditors virtually daring her to be worth the price of admission, the success is sure. Her York appearance may safely be reckoned a triumph against heavy odds.

There is a wide divergence of opinion as to the exact

category under which to place Senorita Meller and her enterprising career. Some of her admirers, like the critics, think her a great singing bar with Freder Chaliapin and Emma Calvé, while the opposing camp announces that she is no singer at all, but a great actress, comparable with Duse and Bernhardt. Neither estimate seems wholly exact. Senorita Meller certainly possesses [Turn to page 87]



**T**HE play that the Theatre Guild have chosen as the last of their season is an English comedy by Mr. C. K. Munro. At *Mrs. Beam's* had a long and triumphant run in London, and the reports of travellers and the recent publication of *At Mrs. Beam's* (Alfred Lunt) have already made it well-known on this side of the ocean.

Mr. Munro has written a comedy of characters, traditional types, and numberless details of their foibles and their relations among themselves as they have grown together in that beginning stage at the Hill Gate in London. But though so much of the play's delight lies in these persons and humors, the story too has a good, strong line to it. What happens in *At Mrs. Beam's* is quite as entertaining as the characters in *Mrs. Beam's*.

We see Miss Shoe as the center of things in Mrs. Beam's drawing-room. She is a lean spinster who meddles in every one's affairs, puts her nose into everything; she is egotistical, officious, gossipy, rat-tailed, and querulous. And she sits an old man, Mr. Bell, and her son, whose only ability consists in talking on the gramophone, a dead old lady, Miss Cheeze, mother-ate, Mr. Durrows and two or three other lodgers. Into the house there have lately come two new persons: Mr. Dermott and Laura, the worst. Mr. Dermott and Laura they are, and she, Miss Shoe believes, after a thorough reading of the newspapers, is no other than the Bluebeard about whom all Paris is talking, a man who has killed fifteen wives and is even reported to have eaten them. The young man is likely to be the next victim, and what is to be done about it all?

The second act is in the couple's bedroom. Mr. Dermott sits making out his passport application papers. He finds it hard because Mrs. Beam will not let him give his mind to it, because their professor is away, and because he doesn't know who her father was. Laura is a South American Creole, pretty, lovable and pathetic like a child, spoiled, impish, jealous. She lolls about, looks out of the window at the churches, at the child across the way, at anything that will amuse her. She comes with Dermott to do these things, knock the table over, and in the midst of the hubbub Miss Shoe pops her head "in" the door, as of course she loan of some coats.

Miss Shoe is how cruelly at length confesses also, and has been no marriage at all, p'somptly with the house at the departure of the gay boy, Mr. Bell, a professor who holds the professorships in blues of Bluebeard's tactics, while he goes only a moment hence to search for two famous thieves have been members of his sch a sorry, crochety lot that m' outwitted by that charming e over from London and re of Miss Shoe to you. You re not that, riving, bunt eye, that hatter, that piano nuisance and picture of the two thieves and a minding of good fellowship, nay, seeking to be the favorite by Mr. Alfred Lunt and Miss me as Laura steps a long way gives us a performance of refection as well as charm. For another actress, a friendly, keen

l. a good ensemble of actors

## THE EUROPEAN EVENT OF THE MONTH

### DICTATORSHIP

BY

THE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, K. G.

COPYRIGHT BY McCALL'S MAGAZINE, 1926

THE internal politics of Greece do not as a rule interest the outside world. For a time, during and immediately after the Great War, the genius and personality of a single man—Venizelos, himself a Cretan—brought her into the limelight on the international stage. Greece was aggrandised in many directions; her ambitions unhappily developed beyond her powers; and she suffered in time a severe setback. The Monarchy disappeared; a Republic took its place. But without retracing the ups and downs of her external fortunes, I am, for the moment, concerned with a feature in her recent history which is of more than local interest.

A year ago, a former War Minister, General Pangalos, at the head of a handful of officers and sailors seized the Capital, and established a military régime which is still there. In the course of a few months he dissolved Parliament, proclaimed himself Dictator, banished the leading politicians, and became a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic. After a farcical plebiscite, he was elected by the Parliamentarians, who had been elected, and whatever the future may have in store, Greece is, for the time being, in the hands, and indeed under the heel, of a Dictator.

The incident would hardly be worth dwelling upon if it were typical of the political life of the only two really politically volatile of the European nations. But if it is taken in conjunction with what has happened during the last few years in two of the larger and more important Mediterranean States—Italy and Spain—it may have more than local significance. In both these countries a Parliamentary Government is in abeyance, if, indeed, it has not ceased to exist; and the so-called Parliaments, when they are called upon to meet, are in effect little more than Register Offices for the demands, legislative or Executive, of the Dictators. There is even but the most faint echo of the practice, of free debate. Are we not witnessing the first stages in the break-up of the Parliamentary system, which had its cradle in England, and which, except where—as in the case of the United States—there is a strong federal principle, has been regarded throughout the world as the cornerstone of achievement and the indispensable safeguard of Democracy?

Mr. Arnold Toynbee, in his admirable and suggestive Summary, "The World after the Peace Conference" (1925), reminds us that while Germany, in 1923, was still possibly receiving greater lip-service than ever before, there was a noticeable diminution in its actual prestige in almost every country where it was officially established. "This weakness," he adds, "would naturally be most pronounced in the theatres of war, such as Poland, where it was an exotic plant of recent growth." Italy was one of the exotic and though ostensibly there is nothing in common between the aims of Fascism and Bolshevism, yet the *Fasci*, which sprang up during the War, "might be described as inverted *Red Guards*." So far as I have read, there is no parliamentary method in favor of the "direct action of physical force."

As far back as 1847, Disraeli put into the mouth of his hero, Tancred, who was leaving England for the West, to "penetrate the great Asian Mystery," which things he told: "I go to a land that has never been blessed by that fatal drolley called a Representative Government." Disraeli spent almost the whole of his public life in the House of Commons, and, as a result, was a parrot among Englishmen, assimilated its atmosphere, mastered its modes, and justly reckoned among the greatest of Parliamentarians. But it is probable that he never wholly abandoned the creed of his younger days (set out in "Contarini Fleming") that Parliament and its institutions are a parasite in the economy of free government. The alternative to which he looked was not the creation of a Dictatorship, but the revival of the power of the Crown: "A Monarch, itself the apex of: vast power, despotic in local Government, ruling an educated people, represented by a free and int'l. legislature." Few, it will be observed that there is no room here for a House of Commons. We should then have "a policy adapted to our habits, our institutions, our feelings, our manners, our tradition." This may seem to be, and indeed is, a very faintly, but it was the dream of a man of genius, if genius can be properly described as a zig-zag streak of lightning in the brain.

It is upon these lines that the process of superseding Parliamentary Government has, at any rate, proceeded. The two most important of the three countries, which have [Turn to page 87]



REV. MARION D. SHUTTER, D.D.

## THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

### THE GREAT LOYALTIES

BY REV. MARION D. SHUTTER, D. D.

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.

## THE FILM OF THE MONTH

### FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE

DIRECTED BY SAM TAYLOR

REVIEWED BY

ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

THESE are few people, outside the ranks of the movie industry, who appreciate the amazing popularity of Harold Lloyd.

This breezy, eager, inordinately alert young comedian has established for himself the highest record of success that has ever been achieved by any screen star, probably by any comedian, in history.

Since 1923, when he produced "A Sailor Made Man" and "Grandma's Boy" (his first feature length comedy) he has offered to the public some eight pictures, all of which have gained not only critical approval from the jollier broads but also, and with it, a host of admiring plaudits, and the substantial financial rewards of the public.

The Lloyd comedies know no boundaries—no frontiers. They excite the same immoderate laughter in Africa, in South Bend, in Japan, in Paraguay, in London, in Irkutsk and in New York.

People talk of the movies as "a universal language"; Harold Lloyd provides proof that this is more than just a hollow phrase.

In his latest comedy, "For Heaven's Sake," Mr. Lloyd is back in his element, with whose principal duty in life is the care and feeding of high-powered automobiles. He rolls back on his shoulder blades, smokes a cigarette through a long holder, and views the world through the unclouded eyes of a child.

Father that converted a silly all of scenario writers—brings him to the lower East Side and causes him to endow a mission, which is presided over by an elderly evangelist and his fair daughter. The man with a mission and the miss with a mission (to say nothing of one who subsequently falls in love, and the hero consequently develops a sudden interest in social welfare).

He dashes madly about through the dives and pock-holes of the district, and, with all the usual bums, girls, drunks and gamblers, and forces them into the mission to hit the saw-dust trail. He saves souls by the dozen, resorting to all sorts of strenuous methods to accomplish his benevolent purpose.

It is a slight, mild story, with no particular distinction or originality of theme; but it is played to the hilt by Harold Lloyd and his active associates, and it is embellished with an extraordinary assortment of those comedies which are known as "gags."

In every movie, however, Mr. Lloyd is either preparing, developing or completing a gag, and I can't remember one of them that falls short of its desired objective: loud, uproarious laughter.

Harold Lloyd has been pointed out on numerous occasions (and as he himself well knows) is not as expert a natural pantomimist as is Charlie Chaplin or Buster Keaton.

He relies rather on verbal situations, on the construction of the gags, through which he becomes, and at this form of construction he is a master. He has the fine power of discrimination between that which is funny and that which isn't; when he builds a scene, he does so with the precision of a craftsman who understands the medium in which he is working.

He is aided materially in "For Heaven's Sake," as in previous pictures, by his principal collaborator, Sam Taylor, who has been working for and with Harold Lloyd for a number of years.

Mr. Taylor shows in several scenes of "For Heaven's Sake" that he is considerably more than a mere "gag-man": he is a director of imagination and taste. This is certainly the most conspicuous work that he has done, and it is worthy of recognition.

Comedy is frequently frowned upon as a low, vulgar art in itself for the uneducated masses but far beneath the notice of those who concern themselves upon the higher things.

This attitude, it has always seemed to me, is both foolish and stupid. It is based, of course, on the old theory that anything which is popular can not be artistic.

Some comedy, of course, is cheap, tawdry and unfunny. I've seen plenty of that, and I expect to see more. But Harold Lloyd is not representative of that school of humor; his laughs, like Charlie Chaplin's, are honestly gained by legitimate methods.

Also recommended: "The Big Parade," Stella Dallas, "The Merry Widow," "Moana," and "The Black Pirate."

# Just that delicious flavor you always like in VEGETABLE SOUP !

32 different ingredients



What a wonderful dish vegetable soup is—when it's properly made! It is so hearty and nourishing, yet even when you're not especially hungry it coaxes and pleases your appetite.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is real food—thirty-two blended ingredients—with a flavor that never fails to attract and delight the taste.

This is the soup that housewives are so fond of serving for their luncheon or supper as the one hot dish of the meal, because it is very substantial and also so easily and quickly prepared. And for the children the generous quantity of healthful vegetables and invigorating beef broth make it especially beneficial.

12 cents a can

# THE NEW SPORTS WOOLENS



*Soft and  
unshrunken  
after repeated  
washings*



SPORTS WOOLENS—gay-colored, smart—stay like new all season long—washed in sparkling, bubbling, safe Lux!

**WOOLEN** scarfs, hosiery, sweaters—in every woman's wardrobe, whether she is an active sportswoman or an interested member of the gallery!

You probably own one of the adorable new flannel dresses, too, and a costly little woolen sports suit.

Keep these expensive clothes and accessories immaculate and trim-looking all through the season! Nothing is more dowdy than a faded, shrunken sports dress, nothing more uncomfortable than rough, scratchy woolen stockings! Their charm, their smartness depend so much on the way you launder them.

Wool is even more sensitive to washing than silk! Rubbing with cake soap mats the tiny interlocking wool fibres, shrinks them, destroys the trim line of your smart new dress, makes your gay-colored stockings harsh and rough.

With Lux there is no *ruinous* rubbing! Just a few flakes whip up quickly into a bowel of rich, bubbling, cleansing Lux suds.

Silk stockings more sheer than ever, more delicate in coloring! Woolen ones have bizarre, colorful designs. Lux keeps them the safest way!



Designs in fascinating color combinations are woven into the newest sweaters from Paris. Frequent washing in Lux keeps them trim, impeccable.

Summer scarfs of light wool and cashmere are now being worn by all smart women.



NOW THE BIG, NEW PACKAGE, TOO



For all fine laundering  
For washing dishes

Then a gentle dipping up and down and your precious woolens are restored to you as soft and fluffy, as fresh and unfaded as the day you first took them from their enfolding tissues!

Even after repeated Lux washings woolens stay like new. At the season's end your sports clothes are trim, immaculate, presentable on all occasions. Buy a package of Lux today. Follow the directions for washing woolens and keep yours fresh and unshrunken.

Silks are just as safe in Lux as woolens are! Frequent tubbings in gentle Lux suds leave them fresh, unfaded as the day you bought them. You know Lux won't harm anything water alone won't harm.

For all of Monday's laundry, too!

Even everyday things are so costly nowadays that women find it economical to use Lux on Monday as well and get more service from everything. They

use Lux, too, because it saves their hands—unlike harsh laundry soaps which roughen and redden. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

**B**ELLARION feels that at last the great purpose of his life is to be achieved. For, in association with his rival, Carmagnola, he is leading the forces of Milan against Theodore, the usurping Marquis of Montferrato. It is Bellarion's aim to overthrow Theodore and restore the throne to the youthful Gian Giacomo, brother to the beautiful Princess Valeria. However, before Gian Giacomo and Valeria distrust Bellarion.

**D**ISSENSIONS at the very outset between Carmagnola and Bellarion postponed for some days the preparations for the departure of the army. This enabled Theodore of Montferrato fully to make his dispositions for resistance, to pack the garrison of Verona, and otherwise distract it for a siege and to increase the strong body of troops already under his hand, with which he threw himself into the besieged city.

Bellarion, however, did not suspect how acute the situation was until one day, after the siege had endured some weeks, he arrived punctually to attend a council of his captains and found them already assembled, and in date and conducting this with a vehemence which argued that matters had already gone some way.

A silence fell when he entered, and all eyes were fixed upon him. He smiled a greeting, and closed the door. But as he advanced, he began to realize that the silence was unnatural and ominous. He came to a stop in the room where there was a vacant place. He looked at the faces on either side of it, and lastly at Carmagnola seated at its head, between Valeria and Gian Giacomo.

"What do you desire here?" he asked them.

Carmagnola answered him. His voice was hard and hostile, his blue eyes avoided the steady glance of Bellarion's. "We have discovered the traitor who has discovered the traitor who is communicating with Theodore of Montferrato, forewarning him of our every measure."

"That is something. What is next?" Now he turned to Bellarion for a moment. At last, Carmagnola pushed towards him a folded square of parchment bearing a broken seal. "Read that," he said.

Bellarion picked it up, and read it over. To his surprise, it was addressed "To the Magnificent Lord Bellarion Cane, Prince of Valassina." He frowned, and a little color kindled in his cheeks. He threw the paper, stern-eyed. "How?" he asked. "Who breaks the seal of a letter addressed to me?"

"Read the letter," said Carmagnola, temporarily.

Bellarion read: "Dear Lord and Friend, your fidelity to me and your concern has saved Verona. I desire you to know my recognition of my debt, and to assure you again of the highest reward that it lies in my power to bestow if you continue to serve me with the same fidelity and concern."

*Theresa Pedalego of Montferrat.*"

Bellarion looked up from the letter with some anger in his face, but infinitely more contempt and even a shade of amusement. "Where was this thing manufactured?" he asked.

Carmagnola's answer was prompt. "In Vercelli, by the Marquis Theodore. It is in his own hand, as madonna here has written to him, sealed with his own seal. Do you wonder that I broke it?"

Sheer amazement overspread Bellarion's face. He looked at the Princess, who fleetingly looked up to answer the question in her glance. "Then it is my wife, sir," she said. "It must be the treacherous over, and consequently with its stave device, the moment passed out of his face, light broke on it, and he uttered a laugh. He turned, pulled up a stool and sat down at the table's foot, whence he had thrown his other eye.

"Let us proceed with method. How did this letter reach you, Carmagnola?"

Carmagnola waved to Bellino, and Bellino, hostile of tone and manner, answered the question in a clear, commanding, from the top of the city, voice, broken into my audience of the lines this morning. He begged to be taken to you. My men naturally brought him to me. I questioned him as to what he desired with you. He answered that he had a message for you, and that message he could be hearing to you from Verona. He had used no name, whereupon I threatened him, and he produced the letter. Seeing its seal, I took both the fellow and the letter to my-



"YOUR LETTER, SIR, TOUCHED ME MORE DEEPLY THAN ANYTHING I CAN REMEMBER"

## BELLARION

BY RAFAEL SABATINI

ILLUSTRATED BY G. PATRICK NELSON



Lord Carmagnola. That is all I have to report."

Bellarion, himself, completed the tale. "And Carmagnola, perceiving that seal, took it upon himself to break it, and so discovered the contents to be what he already suspected."

"That is what occurred."

Bellarion entered at his ease, looked at them with amused countenance, and finally, to Carmagnola in whose face he laughed, "God save you, Carmagnola! I often wonder what will be the end of you."

"I am no longer wondering what will be the end of you," he replied sternly, only to increase Bellarion's amusement.

"And you others, you were equally deceived. The letter and Carmagnola's advocacy of my falsehood and treachery were not to be believed."

"I was not classing you with those addled heads, Stoffel."

"It will need more than abuse to clear you, Tenda cried angrily.

"Yea, too, Ugelino! And you madonna, and even you Lord Marquis! Well, well! It may need more than abuse to clear me; but surely not more than this letter. Falsehood is in every line of it, in the superscription, in the seal itself."

"How, sir?" the Princess asked him. "Do you insist that it is forged?"

"I have your word that it is not. But remember, sir."

He tossed it to them. "The Marquis Theodore pays your wits a poor compliment, Carmagnola, and the sequel has justified him. Ask yourself, sir, I would inquire. Theodore is a mad and silly, could he have taken a better way than this of putting it beyond my power to serve him further? It is plainly superscribed to me, so that there shall be no mistake as to the person for whom it is intended and it bears his full signature, so that there shall be no possible mistake on the score of whence it comes. In addition to that he has sealed it with his arm, so that no person in the world, when it falls shall be justified in ascertaining, as you did, what Theodore of Montferrato may have occasion to write to me. Is there, then, any cause in that? The letter should have straight into my own men, Carmagnola? But why waste time even on such trifles of evidence. Read the letter itself. Is there a single word in that which was important to me? Is there one that would not have been composed otherwise if it had been intended for any purpose other than to bring me under this suspicion?"

"These are the very arguments I used with them," cried Stoffel.

Bellarion looked in amazement at his lieutenant. "And they failed?" he cried, incredulous.

"Yes, sir; they failed you foul traitor!"

Carmagnola howled at him. "They are ingenuous, but they are obvious to a man caught as you are."

"It is not that I am caught; but you are the cause of it, Carmagnola, in danger of being caught in the web that Theodore has spun."

"To what end? What end should I speak of? It is answer to that."

"But you have arranged discussions amongst us, perhaps to remove the only one of the captains opposed to him whom be respects."

"That is very probable," said Carmagnola with a heavy sneer. "Fetch the guard, Ercole."

"What's this?" Bellarion was on his feet even as Bellino rose, and Stoffel came up behind, laying his hand on his master's shoulder. But Ugelino, and another captain, between them, overpowered him, while the other two ranged themselves swiftly on Bellarion's either hand. Bellino, however, at the word from his master again to Carmagnola. He was lost in amazement. "Are you daring to place me under arrest?"

"Until we deliberate what shall be done with you. We shall not keep you waiting."

"Oh, but this is madness! What do you intend by me?"

"You have been arraigned already before us here. Your guilt is clear, and there remains only to decide your sentence."

"This is no proper arraignment. There has been no trial, nor have you power to bold one," Stoffel interposed. "If Bellarion is to be tried, you'll send your single witness, this clown who brought that letter."

"Take him away! Already it seemed that some had their hands on him, and smirking without further words, he suffered them to lead him out.

As the door closed upon him, Stoffel exploded. He raged and stormed. He pleaded, argued, and vituperated them, even the Princess herself, for fools and weaklings, and finally threatened to raise arms against them, or at least to do his utmost with his Swiss to prevent them from carrying out their evil intentions.

"Listen!" Carmagnola commanded sternly, and in the silence that followed, the hall hallowed a storm of angry outcries. "That is the voice of the army, answering you. Saving yourself, there is not a captain in the army, and saving your own Swiss, hardly a man who is not this morning clamoring for Bellarion's death."

"They are coming, then," he said, and in the silence that followed, he published the matter even before Bellarion was examined here! You villain, you swag-gering ape, who give a free rein to the base jealousy in which you have ever held Bellarion! Your mean spite may drive you now to the lengths of murder. But look to yourself, Ugelino! You'll lose your empty head over this, Carmagnola!"

They silenced him, and bore him out, whereafter they sat

down to seal Bellarion's fate.

**U**NANIMOUSLY the captains voted for Bellarion's death. The only dissentients were the Marquis Gian Giacomo and his sister. The latter was appalled by the swiftness with which this thing had come upon them, and shrank from being in any sense a party to the slaying of a man, however guilty.

With perfect composure Bellarion heard from Bellum, in the small chamber where he was imprisoned, the words of doom. His only answer was a brief, bitter prayer for pitied wrists, and then that the cord might be cut. Bellino shook his head to that in silence. Bellarion grew indignant.

"What purpose does it serve beyond a cruelty? The window is barred; the door is strong, and there is probably a guard outside. I could make escape if I would."

"You'll be less likely to attempt it with bound wrists."

"Confound you, then," said Bellarion, which so angered Bellino that he called in the guard, and ordered them to bind Bellarion's ankles as well.

So tied and so bound he could move only by hops, and then at the risk of falling they left him. He looked round the bare stone walls, and lastly at the window. He spent some time at the sills, patiently drawing his wrists backwards and forwards along the edge of it, until a small gap between the bars was made, through which he fled out of upreid arms. It was wearying toil, and kept him fully engaged for some hours.

Towards dusk he set up a shouting which at last brought the guard into his prison. "You're in bad trouble, sir," he said, and fell into insolent mockery. "But quiet you. The strangers are hidden for daybreak."

"And I am to die like a dog?" Bellarion furiously struck at the bars with his pinioned wrists and ankles as he sat there by his table. "Am I never to have a priest to shrive me?"

"Oh! Ah! A priest?" The fellow went out. He went in quest of Carnagnola, Bellarion's captain, and Carnagnola, who was absent, overhauled his man-of-war and a threatened attempt by Stoffel and the Swiss to rescue Bellarion. The captains were away, about the same business, and there remained only the Princess and her brother.

"More than a dozen of Bellarion is asking for a priest," he told them.

"Has none been sent to him?" cried Gian Giacomo.

"He'd not be sent until an hour before the stroke."

Vakria shuddered, and sat numb with horror. Gian Giacomo swore under his breath. "The heaven's name let the poor fellow have his priest at once. Let one be sent for from Quinto."

It would be an hour later when a preaching friar from the convent of St. Dominic was ushered into Bellarion's prison, a tall fair man in long black robes and his white habit. The guard placed a lantern on the table, glanced compassionately at the prisoner, who sat there as had earlier seen him with pinioned wrists and ankles. But soon he was happy in the knowledge that meanwhile, for no sooner had the guard passed out and closed the door than Bellarion stood up and his bonds fell from him like cables. He sprang to his feet and began to shrive him. Infinitely more startled was the good monk to find himself suddenly seized by the throat in a pair of strong, nervous hands which were pressing him into the earth. The monk uttered a curse, and, trying to wring his hands free, he gasped for breath. He writhed in that cruel, unrelenting grip, until a fierce whisper quieted him.

"Be still if you would hope to live. If you undertake to make me stand on your foot again, I'll release you. Franchly, the foot was tapped."

"But remember that at the first outcry, I shall kill you without mercy."

He removed his hands, and the priest almost choked himself with sudden grief of air. "Why do you assault me?" he gasped. "I come to comfort and to pray."

"I know why you come better than you do, brother. You think you bring me the promise of eternal life. All that I require from you at present is the promise of temporal existence."

It would be a half-hour later when, cowed by the priest, he had entered, the tall bowed figure of the priest emerged again from the room, bearing the lantern.

"I've brought the light, my son," he said almost in a whisper. "Your prisoner desires to be alone in the dark with his thoughts."

The man-at-arms took the lantern, in one hand, whilst with the other he was driving the bolt. Suddenly he swerved, and the door of the tower was flung open. He did not see quite the shape of the one who had entered. The next moment, on his back, his throat gripped by the vigorous man who knelt upon him, the guard knew that his suspicions had been well-founded. Another moment, and he knew nothing. For the hands that held him had hammered his head against the stone floor until consciousness was blotted out.

Bellarion extinguished the lantern, pushed the unconscious man-at-arms into the deepest shadow of that dimly lighted hall, buried his hands and cowl, and quickly left.

The man-at-arms in the courtyard saw in that cowled figure only the monk who had gone to shrive Bellarion. The postern was opened for him, and with a murmured "Pax vobiscum," he passed out across the lesser bridge, and gained

the open. Thereafter, under cover of the night, he went at speed, the monkish gown tucked high, for he knew not how soon the sentinel had been stumped might recover to give the alarm. In his haste he almost stumbled upon a straggler, and in his fleeing from that he was within an ace of being made an easy prey. The postern provided him with more caution over ground that was everywhere held by groups of soldiers, posted by Carnagnola against any attempt on the part of the Swiss.

As a result, he was not until an hour or so before midnight that he came at last to Stoffel's quarters, away to the south of Vercelli, and found there everything in ferment. He was stopped by a party of men of Uri, to whom at once he made himself known, and even whilst they conducted him to their captain, the news of his presence ran like fire through the Swiss encampment.

Stoffel who was in full armor, when Bellarion entered his

ferrine capital. The officer commanding the place knew himself without the necessary means to oppose this force which so unexpectedly came to demand admittance. And so, the people of Casale issued from their houses that Sunday morning, forming the ranks before the Lombard gate, and the main Swiss hosts leading fire, it blocked by outlandish men-at-arms, Alans, Gascons, Burgundians, Swabians, Saxon and Swiss, whose leader proclaimed himself Captain-General of the army of the Duke Gian Giacomo of Montferrat.

The Duke, on coming into the town, sat in a very chair in which Theodore had sat and so contemptuously received the unknown Bellarion on that day when that young student had first entered those august walls. Bellarion that night penned a letter to the Princess Valkira, wherein he gave her news of his arrival.

"Most honored and most dear lady," he addressed her, "ever since at your own invitation I entered your service that evening in your garden bate at Casale, where to-day I am again waiting, revelling in the sun, that are the fairest in my eyes. That service has been my constant study. To serve you, I have employed trickery and double-dealing until men have dubbed me a rogue, and some besides yourself have come to mistrust me, and once I went the length of doing that to the Duke Gian Giacomo. But these things, nor, most dear lady, need you take shame in that your service should have entailed them."

"To the you if believe it—and the facts will presently constrain you to do so unless my fortune is to be so singularly propitious that I need add no details of the many steps in your service. By the light of faith in me from what is written and what is presently to do, you will now read aright those details for yourself."

"We touch now the goal within all these efforts have been addressed."

**O**N the morning of Friday arrived at last in Casale the Marquis Gian Giacomo and his sister. Bellarion, with his captains and a guard of honor of fifty lances, met them at the Lombard Gate, and escorted them to the palace, where their apartments had been prepared.

The exclamations of the people lining the streets brought tears to the eyes of the Princess and a flush to the cheeks of her brother, and there were tears in her eyes when she saw Bellarion, who was still in the admission of her grievous misjudgment and to sue pardon for it. "Your letter, sir," she told him, "touched me more deeply than anything else I have read in all my life. That is the best I can find for it. It is poor, but not an ingrate. My brother shall prove our gratitude so soon as ever it lies within his power."

"Madonna, I ask no proofs of it, nor need there be. Her service has not been a means, but an end, as such as you need."

That colloquy went no further. Stoffel stood in upon them, to announce that his scouts had come from the town of Vercelli with the news that the Lord Theodore had made a sally in force, scattering a way through Carnagnola's besiegers, and that he was advancing on Casale with a well-equipped army intended to be between four and five thousand strong.

**T**HE news of Bellarion's approach took the Swiss by surprise, and completely by surprise, and brought with it some alarm. They had gone confidently and rather carelessly forward, fully expecting to find the enemy shut up in Casale. It was in that, as usual, that lay Bellarion's advantage. Theodore, coming now to act in his desire to get to know the broad causeway of sold land between Corino and Popolo, where marshlands on either side would secure his flanks, and compel the enemy to engage him on a narrow front.

But a moment ago, Bellarion was upon his left flank, and rear. He had learned of it, before the enemy was charging him. But it was warning enough. He threw out his line in a crescent formation, but the infantry were not equal to their commander, and they were soon turned and driven back. Some horses were piked, but almost every horse picked man an opening in the human wall that opposed the charge, and through these openings Glionas Trotta's heavy riders broke in, swinging their ponderous maces.

A resurgent action on Theodore's part, the thing grew rapidly to the proportions of a general engagement, and for this Theodore could not have been placed worse than was his left, now that he had swung about upon the broad waters of the Po. He had driven his troops far enough to as bring his rear upon the only possible line of retreat, which was that broad firm land between Corino and Popolo. At last his skillful maneuvers achieved the desired result, and gradually, as the Swiss were driven back, the front began to fall back. At every yard now the front must grow narrower, and unless Bellarion's captains were very sure of their ground, some of them would presently be in trouble in the hogs on either side. If this did not happen, they would have to fall back, and then, with the same不可见的 progress, to continue the engagement, and with night approaching they would be constrained to draw off. Theodore smiled darkly to himself in satisfaction, and took heart, well pleased with his clever tactics by which he had extricated himself from a dangerous situation. [Turn to page 35]

His THROAT GRIPPED BY THE VIGOROUS MAN WHO KNEELD UPON HIM, THE GUARD KNEW THAT HIS SUSPICIONS HAD BEEN WELL FOUNDED

tent, gasped his questioning amazement whilst Bellarion stood in his mantle and white woolen habit, and stood fond in his eyes. "I've come for you," he said. "We were on the point of coming for you," Stoffel told him.

"A fool's errand, Werner. What could you have done against three thousand men, who are ready and expecting you? You can speak with a warm hand, firmly gripping Stoffel's shoulder, and a heart warmed by this proof of trust and loyalty."

"Something we might have done. There was a will on our side that must be lacking on the other."

"It's a hell for you as for me that I've saved you that trouble. Give me a moment to speak at once. We march to Mortara to rejoin the Company of the White Dog from which I should never have separated. We'll show Carnagnola and those Montferrat princes what Bellarion can do."

Bellarion's Swiss, being without baggage, travelled lightly and swiftly. They left their camp before Vercelli on the night of Wednesday, and on the evening of the following Friday, Bellarion brought them into the village of Favore, where Koenigsberg had established his headquarters in the quiet of three years ago. There they lay for the night. But whilst his weary followers rested, himself he spent the greater part of the night in the necessary dispositions for striking camp at dawn. And very early on that misty, November morning, when Glionas Trotta, Koenigsberg and all the horse, leaving Stoffel to follow more at leisure with the foot, the baggage and the artillery.

Bellarion, by night he was at San Salvatore, where his army received him, and the next morning he was in the Prince of Vakria's presence, was approaching the Lombard Gate into Casale, by the road along which he had fled these years before a nameless, outcast wulf whose only ambition was the study of Greek at Pavia.

There was no attempt to bar his entrance into the Mont-

agnola.

# At the Mayflower IN WASHINGTON D.C. 135 WOMEN GUESTS

tell why they  
prefer this soap  
for their skin

IT IS ONE of the thrilling sights of Washington—the dining-room of the Mayflower Hotel.

Foreign diplomats, with discreetly worn decorations; statesmen and financiers, military attachés—rarely, amid the black coats, the splash of color from some Continental uniform—

And everywhere the beautiful women . . .

Women in dazzling full dress, such as one sees in the public gatherings of no other American city; white shoulders, jewels—here and there, in the brilliant kaleidoscope of faces, one with a special accent of celebrity—the fair, distinguished head of the most popular hostess in Washington—the dark profile of a visiting Latin princess.

HOW DO THE women guests of The Mayflower—women who can afford the most costly personal luxuries—take care of their skin? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough to trust their complexion to?

We asked 138 women stopping at The Mayflower what toilet soap they are in the habit of using.

Nearly three-fourths answered, "Woodbury's Facial Soap!"

"It suits my skin better than any other"—they said—"I think it is wonderful for the complexion"—"It clears my skin better than any other soap I have tried"—"I am sure of its purity."

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's Facial Soap is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped a booklet of famous skin treatments for overcoming common skin defects. Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's, you will notice an improvement in your complexion. Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

#### NOW—THE NEW, LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,  
150 Spring Grove Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed trial price send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Cream, Face Cream and Powder and the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch."

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1500 Sheshockton Rd.,

Perth, Ont.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....



"WOMEN in dazzling full dress, such as one sees in the public gatherings of no other American city; white shoulders, jewels—a brilliant kaleidoscope of faces . . ."



Science has important contributions to make to the home, but they are of little practical value until the spirit of the home has touched them

Our Laboratory, at the Eastern end of McCall Street, scientifically ministers to the well-being and happiness of the homes of our readers

## COOL MEALS FOR HOT DAYS

*Menus and Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen*

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, DIRECTOR



**G**IVE us something cool!<sup>10</sup> choruses the average family these far-from-cool days, and then they know it is not easy to do. It isn't often that same family wakes about your keeping cool while they keep them cool off.

We have been thinking of you, though, and planning ways in which you can do both—satisfy them and keep cool. First, there is the weather. This is the favorite American outdoor sport, picnicking. Pack your lunch, pile into the car and away you go—to find a cool spot. But who plans the lunch and packs it so carefully that it will be fresh and dainty at the end of the trip, however far you go? You, of course!

We think it is just as important to have the food good and dainty and refreshing on a picnic as it is at a formal dinner, and that isn't always easy to do. Sandwiches, dressings, get-together soups, salads, the pickles leak on the cake, the fruit becomes bruised, unless one is extremely careful.

We find that it saves time before you start and the trouble of carrying it about if you don't make them until you are ready to eat. Take the bread, either in a loaf or cut ready to spread, wrapped in wax paper; the mayonnaise in its jar; and the lettuce—made very crisp before packing—with a little cracked ice in a glass jar with a tight-fitting cover.

### SUGGESTIONS FOR SANDWICHES

Tomato and Lettuce Sandwiches are delicious on a picnic if the tomatoes are carried whole and sliced onto the bread and the lettuce added just before serving.

Cucumber and Watercress Sandwiches are equally tempting if whole cucumbers are taken, peeled and packed in a screw-top jar with cracked ice; if possible; the watercress, first cleaned and made very crisp, is carried in a covered jar and the two combined in

What could be cooler than Frozen Fruit Balls served in crystal?



A new salad served as a smart New York tearoom would serve it, in a crescent plate

SARAH FIELD SPLINT  
TALKS ABOUT LEARNING TO BE LAZY

**I**T is the right of every homemaker to have a vacation in the summer. If you do not get it it is your own fault, for one can always make time if one tries. Perhaps you can't go away for a week or a fortnight, but a day or a half-day at a time is possible and it lets you break away from routine long enough to relax. **¶** **¶** We have done a lot of experimenting this month to show you how to lighten the three-meal-a-day load during the hot season. All the menus and recipes we are giving you are practical and are time-savers. **¶** **¶** Noodles and Ham au Gratin is a hearty dish your family will like, but it is one which will give you an afternoon or a morning off, if you put it into your fireless cooker or regulated oven with the Escaloped Tomatoes and let it take care of itself until you are ready to serve it. Jellied Fish Salad, with simple sandwiches, cake and a cold drink, would be ample for any picnic lunch, yet it takes little time to get them ready the day before and then give you a free day. **¶** **¶** For your own sake and your family's sake, learn to be lazy now! You will be able to meet the demands of winter with rested nerves and a courageous heart!

mayonnaise-spread sandwiches with crusts removed.

Combination or "double-deck" sandwiches will delight any picnicers if they are made of three thin slices of bread, with sliced American or Swiss cheese with mayonnaise as one filling and sliced boiled ham with mustard as a top filling. Or they are just as pleasant if melted ham or chopped pâté are used for the first filling and cheese creamed with mayonnaise for the second.

### SARDINE AND CREAM CHEESE IN GREEN PEPPERS

2 green peppers	2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup cream cheese	14 teaspoon pepper
6 sardines	

Wash peppers and remove seeds and membrane. Rub cream cheese and sardines to a paste. Add lemon juice, salt and pepper. Pack mixture tightly into pepper cases. Chill in refrigerator until ready to use. If for picnic, wrap in paper in wax paper and ready to move into sandwiches; spread mixture of bread with butter or mayonnaise, slice stuffed peppers in thin rounds, putting two or three slices in each sandwich. These make a delicious salad if sliced cool on crisp lettuce and served with French or mayonnaise dressing and a sprinkling of paprika.

### PICNIC SALADS

Salads are somewhat of a novelty for picnics and are practicable if you know the trick of packing them. Your favorite salad, possibly a simple one, can be a little while before you start, chilled thoroughly in the refrigerator, packed in a screw-top jar which, in turn, is packed in cracked ice in the ice-cream freezer, pall off in a cloth over the pall. It will be cold and temperate when you unpack the lunch.

The jellied dish we have worked out for you, or any gelatin dish, should be made long enough ahead to become entirely firm before packing and molded in a tightly covered mold or jar. **[Turn to page 31]**

Rich Rice Pudding, chilled and served in a gold-banded crystal glass





One of New York's sweetest and most charming debutantes, Miss Strebeigh has the coloring of the lovely "blonde doré," blue eyes, delicate features and red-gold hair. She is particularly fetching in this smart sports costume of one of the smart shades of light but brilliant green.

**J**UST a year and a half ago, Miss Barbara Strebeigh, the young daughter of Mrs. Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte — patrician, and delightfully blond — made her bow to society.

"Coming out" in New York brings a deluge of social events to every debutante. But here is one who, with more than the usual share of vivacity and charm, wit, beauty and social *savoir faire*, became indispensable to every party given for the younger set.

She adored it all. But Barbara Strebeigh also loves the out-of-doors. After a brilliant season of dinner dances, costume balls, charity bazaars and after-theatre-supper-parties, she bought a trunkful of smart new clothes and went West.

Perhaps you saw her lithe young figure in its chic frocks and hats pour *le sport* as it went swinging along the California Coast, that gorgeous playground that stretches from San Diego to Santa Barbara. Golf in crisp yet balmy air; tennis in a salt breeze; riding in the brilliance of California sunshines; driving her car through the finest forests in the world; surfing on an amber beach in the spray of a turquoise sea. All this she adores even more!

But whether in the formal atmosphere of her mother's New York drawing room, on a steamer *de luxe* bound for a season in Europe, or engaging in the sports she loves so well, Barbara Strebeigh holds to the standards of her group and class. She dignifies her youth and loveliness by taking those subtle pains with her toilet that the well-born girl is brought up to know. Here are her very own words:—

"*IT IS WONDERFUL to run away from society, with its crowded days, to the leisure of life out of doors, to leave behind the social Hudson activities and obligations which are so much a part of city activities.*

"*But there is one personal obligation that follows a girl wherever she goes—the care of her skin. With Pond's Two Creams this is easily and simply accom-*

## The Lovely Young Daughter of MRS. JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

points out that the care of the skin  
is an important social duty



THE TWO CREAMS THE YOUNGER SET IS USING

plished. Swiftly and surely they work to keep the skin exquisite. That is why their use has become a habit with the girls of the younger set."

THESE two pure creams made by Pond's when used together, form a complete method of caring for the skin. Their delicate texture, soft and cool to the touch, their fragrance and lightness are pleasing. So is the knowledge that they are made from costly ingredients after years of experimentation in the Pond's laboratories. You should apply them daily as follows:—

*First Step: During the day, whenever your skin needs cleaning, especially after exposure to heat and wind, apply Pond's Cold Cream. Use a soft cloth to rub it on your face and neck for several moments so that its pure oils may penetrate every pore. With a soft cloth wipe off the Cream—and such a lot of dirt comes, too, you'll notice!—and repeat the treatment, finishing with a dash of cold water or a rub with ice, to close the pores. At night before retiring give your skin a massage with Pond's Gold Cream and, if your skin is dry, pat on more of the cream leaving it until morning. When you awaken, your face will be clear, fresh and free from lines.*

*Second Step: After every cleaning with Pond's Cold Cream except the bedtime one, smooth over your skin a wee trifle of Pond's Vanishing Cream. You will love the soft even finish it gives your skin, the velvety, glowing tone. And when you wake up in the morning you will notice that it clings to your skin with a new smoothness, and that it stays there. And using it before you go out, you will find that Pond's Vanishing Cream protects your skin from sun, wind, soot and dust.*

Begin today to follow the method pursued by the beautiful younger women of society. Pond's Cold Cream now comes in extra large jars, both creams in two smaller sizes of jars, and tubes.

**Free Offer** Fill out and mail coupon if you would like trial tubes of each of these famous Creams and a folder with instructions for using.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. H.  
139 Hudson Street, New York City.

Send me free trial tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



**E**XCRUCIATING pain is only part of the misery that follows abuse of the feet. Stubborn cases of headache, backache, continued fatigue, poor circulation, indigestion, unruly nerves, spinal disorders, pain often mistaken for kidney trouble, neuritis or rheumatism—each may have its origin in the feet.

What causes foot ailments? Misuse, disuse and abuse. Wrong methods of standing and walking with toes turned out instead of straight ahead; lack of sufficient exercise—walking, for instance; ill-fitting or tight shoes—these are the usual causes of foot troubles.

If your feet are normal, congratulate yourself. But if you are having difficulty do not delay a day in getting expert medical advice. You may need a different type of shoe, or special foot exercises, or some particular kind of arch support.

Guard your children's easily molded feet. See that your boys and girls wear correct shoes with a straight inner edge and sufficient room for the toes. Teach them what everyone should know and practice—to walk lightly with toes straight ahead.

The pleasures of sightseeing, the benefits of walking and the enjoyment of athletic sports are only for those who have properly cared for their feet and have made them sturdy, dependable friends.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company recognizes the importance of protecting the feet as a means of protecting health. It has published a booklet, "Foot Health," which contains a great deal of valuable information.

This booklet tells the various kinds of foot troubles—and what causes them. It explains how to avoid the suffering and dangers attendant upon foot ailments. It

shows how incorrect shoes and wrong methods of walking and standing cause trouble, and how they contribute to bodily ill and mental depressions.

It will be a pleasure to us to send this booklet to anyone needing help. Just ask for "Foot Health" and it will be mailed free of charge.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by  
**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
NEW YORK

*Bigest in the World. More Assets. More Policyholders. More Insurance in force. More new Insurance each year.*

## COOL MEALS for HOT DAYS

[Continued from page 30]

### GRAPEFRUIT SALAD WITH BANANA BALLS

1 grapefruit  
6 bananas  
½ cup powdered sugar  
½ cup chopped sugar  
Whipped cream

### JELLIED FISH SALAD

1 tablespoon gelatin  
1 cup cold water  
½ cup mayonnaise  
½ cup tuna fish  
½ cup diced onions  
1 teaspoon paprika  
1 teaspoon vinegar  
Chopped Egg, grated

Put gelatin in cold water five minutes. Dissolve over boiling water and stir into mayonnaise. Add flaked tuna fish, pepper, celery, olives, salt, paprika, vinegar and cayenne. Turn into covered mold or side dish. Let stand until firm. Break mold or jar and fill with salad. Pack mold or jar in covered glass with cracked ice, for picnic and serve on crisp lettuce. Shrimp, crab, lobster, chicken or ham may be used instead of tuna fish if you prefer.

### RECIPES FOR YOUR ICELESS REFRIGERATOR

Elsewhere in the magazine this month Miss Marcia Head has told you about the iceless refrigerator, a splendid hot-weather servant which leaves you free to enjoy life. We have included some recipes for an appetizer, salad and dessert which can be frozen without labor in your iceless refrigerator.

### FROZEN FRUIT BALLS

1 pineapple Watermelon 2 cantaloups

Peel pineapple and cut from it enough balls with a French vegetable cutter to give each person 3 or 4. Half cantaloupe and remove seeds. Cut as many melon balls as you have pineapple balls. Mix all three kinds of balls. Sprinkle balls with a little powdered sugar. Put in iceless refrigerator tray and freeze as long as necessary to become僵硬 (stiffened) and dense. Eat cold.

When ready to serve put several balls of each kind in individual cocktail or sherbet glasses, pour over them several spoonfuls of grenadine or fruit syrup, then thoroughly chilled, and top with a spray of fresh mint.

### FROZEN TOMATO SALAD

1 tablespoon gelatin 4 cups canned or 1 cup cold water 1 cup tomatoes ½ teaspoon salt 1 slice onion 1 slice parsley 14 teaspoon pepper 2 cups frozen eavener 1 tablespoon vinegar

Sak gelatin in cold water. Cook together tomatoes, cleats, salt, cedar seed, peppercorns, onion, parsley and cayenne, ten minutes. Add soaked gelatin and dissolve. Cool and strain. Add vinegar and mix. Put in iceless refrigerator tray and freeze to a mush. Remove, fold in stiffly beaten cream and return to refrigerator tray. Freeze until firm. Cut in squares, serve on crisp lettuce with mayonnaise.

### BANANA AND BROILED ALMOND PARFAIT

1 tablespoon gelatin Few grain salt 2 tablespoons cold 2 tablespoons lemon water juice 6 ripe bananas ½ cup almonds ½ cup powdered sugar 2 cups cream

Sak gelatin in water five minutes and dissolve over boiling water. Put bananas through a ricer, press through sieve, add sugar, salt, lemon juice and dissolved gelatin. Add almonds which have been browned in oven and chilled. Let stand until firm, then beat well to combine, then fold in stiffly beaten cream. Turn into iceless refrigerator tray and freeze three to four hours. Exact length of time will depend on your refrigerator.

Pel grapefruit, separate into sections and remove all membrane. Pel bananas and with French vegetable cutter cut from them as many balls as possible. Put grapefruit in iceless refrigerator tray, balls and sprinkle with sugar. Cover and let stand in refrigerator until thoroughly chilled. Arrange several grapefruit sections on each salad plate, crisp lettuce. Roll balls in cheese, water and sugar and arrange several balls on grapefruit sections. Top with whipped cream and a cherry. Top with whipped cream and a cherry.

### MENUS FOR YOUR FIRELESS COOKER

The most perfect and ways of cooking are in the fireless cooker (electric or otherwise) the electric oven and in the regulated gas oven. We have given you many suggestions for cooking complete and satisfying meals in your regulated oven.

Now we will give you some simple recipes weed out for the fireless. Our directions for cooking in a fireless cannot be very detailed or exact, for each cooker operates differently and only you who know how much heat your own particular kind can decide in each respect just how long to cook each food to get the best results. Our idea in making these menus is to cook together dishes which take about the same length of time to cook. You can use them for your regulated oven, too.

(1)

*Roast Chicken with Dressing Escaloped Potatoes Buttered Beets Cucumber Salad Drop Biscuits Rich Rice Pudding*

*Noodels and Ham au Gratin String Beans Escaloped Tomatoes Fruit Jello Cookies*

### RICH RICE PUDDING

2 eggs ½ cup seed raisins 1 cup milk 1 cup cold boiled rice 14 teaspoon salt ½ teaspoon almond, 2 cups cream 2 cups butter, melted

Boat eggs until light, add salt, butter, raisins, nuts and flavoring. Put into greased baking dish or casserole pan and cook in fireless cooker for two hours or according to directions for your special cooker. Serve with or without whipped cream and garnish with a maraschino. Or bake in oven (350° F.) 30 minutes.

*NOODLES AND HAM AU GRATIN*

2 cups cooked noodles 2 cups grated cheese 2 cups cooked ham 2 cups cheddar cheese

Put layer of noodles in greased fireless pan. Add layer of ham, cover with well-seasoned white sauce and sprinkle with cheese. Repeat layers of noodles, ham and white sauce until all ingredients are used. Sprinkle cheese on top. Heat until firm (about 30 minutes), put to fireless cooker and cook according to directions for your cooker. Or bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30 minutes.

### ESCALOPED TOMATOES

Put a thick layer of sliced fresh tomatoes in bottom of greased baking-dish. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and a tablespoon sugar. Dot with bits of butter and sprinkle with thin layer of bread crumbs. Repeat layer of tomatoes and bread. Repeat layer of tomatoes and bread until all ingredients are used. Put bread crumbs on top, dot with butter and bake in fireless cooker according to directions for your cooker. Or bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 30 minutes.

*Use only standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.*

*Sun or wind or any kind of weather need not worry you—you can keep your skin exquisitely smooth by the protective qualities of Pompeian Day Cream.*



# Protect your Skin from exposure to the weather

By MADAME JEANNETTE

Famous cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories to give authentic advice on the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

UNDER the moon your complexion may seem magically fair. In the soft warm light of shaded lamps, it may keep its fairy charm. But when a summer sun shines too long upon your face, or a cold wind blows too bitterly against it, how does your complexion look then? How does it stand exposure in the air of dusty streets?

There is a simple way to protect it from these hardships—a way which women all over the world have found effective. They shield their skin with an invisible film of Pompeian Day Cream. This cream stays there until you remove it. Thus dust and grime are kept out. Thus your skin is guarded from the withering action of sun and wind. Thus all through the day your complexion remains clear and velvety, soft and fresh.

When you give your skin this scientific help it rewards you by keeping its true beauty—remaining radiant, youthful-looking, as velvety as a flower petal.

Pompeian Day Cream is one of the very helpful toilette creams which many clever women take advantage of. It is not only a "protective cream" to shield your complexion against sun and wind, but it is almost magical in the way it takes away undesirable shine from your skin.



If your skin is an oily one you know how annoying are those shining high-lights that come on forehead, nose, chin, and even on the curve of the cheeks. Pompeian Day Cream will keep these spots from shining in that disagreeable manner. Pompeian Day Cream has a slightly astringent action that reduces the activity of the oil. Try it! Just smooth it lightly on your face before you start to dress. Then, by the time you are ready for your powder this cream will have done its work. Wipe any superfluous bits away, and when you apply your powder you will find that the Day Cream has formed an excellent base for that as well as removed all shine.

This delicately compounded cream will greatly benefit your skin if you use it correctly. You will find that both your powder and your rouge will blend better, and will remain on for a much longer time than usual. Pompeian Day Cream is 60¢ the jar (slightly higher in Canada). Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

I also suggest Pompeian Beauty Powder to be used over your Day Cream, and Pompeian Bloom for a touch of color.

*Madame Jeannette  
Specialist in Beauty*

Send 10c  
for liberal sample

No doubt you are saying to yourself, "I would like to try this cream." I want you to try it, want you to see for yourself how Pompeian Day Cream protects your skin from the weather and gives you other benefits as well. To make this trial easy, I present the following offer: Send me one dime and the coupon, I will send you a generous sample of Day Cream and also a generous sample of Pompeian Night Cream (for cleansing). Test off, fill in and mail the coupon now—today. You cannot begin too soon to guard your skin from the ravages of sun and wind and dust.

Madame Jeannette, The Pompeian Laboratories  
3411 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio  
Dear Madame: I enclose a dime (10c) for samples of Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

Name .....  
Street .....  
Address .....  
City .....  
State .....



# Auto-Intoxication

*-selfpoisoning that is a drag upon the health and spirits of so many*

**AUTO-INTOXICATION** is the price we pay for too much luxury—too little work.

It is the result of too many miles by motor and too few on country walks.

We spend our nervous energy freely—we force ourselves with many things to do—but we let our bodies "loaf." We over-tax our stomachs and we under-work our muscles.

Food remains within us for more than a span of a day, clogging the intestines—fermenting—setting up the poisons that produce Auto-Intoxication or Intestinal Toxemia.

These poisons cause sudden fatigue—lassitude—dullness. They derange the intestines. They have an extremely bad effect upon the nervous system. They sharpen nerves—they make their subject, man or woman, cross and irritable.

\* \* \* \* \*

Few of us are free from the poisons of Auto-Intoxication. For few of us live normally, few of us have hard outdoor work to do, few of us keep our bodies free from the poisons of waste.

Sal Hepatica relieves and prevents Auto-Intoxication because it promptly corrects internal "stoppage" and sweeps away poisons from the intestines.

Sal Hepatica is a palatable effervescent saline. Through the mechanical use of water plus the eliminant effects of several salts in solution, it induces prompt peristalsis.

It is of great help, not alone in Auto-Intoxication itself, but in many other conditions where the first step is to cleanse the system safely of those bodily poisons which are at the root of so much trouble. You ought to have a bottle in the house always.

Made by  
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., N. Y.



*Which woman has an electrical refrigerator? She who toils all afternoon over the stove? Or she who prepares the evening meal in advance, leaves it cool and tempting in her iceless refrigerator, and motors her family to meet father when he comes home?*

## LET ELECTRICITY DO IT FOR YOU!

BY MARCIA MEAD, *McCall's Consulting Architect*

*Collaborating with JOHN H. MORECROFT, Consulting Engineer,  
Professor of Electrical Engineering, Columbia University*

MARCIA MEAD Says:

*"The Electrical Age is upon us in all its magnificence. Already the electrically equipped kitchen is a reality, relieving the homemaker of much of the monotony of three-meals-a-day-and-the-dishes-to-wash." \** In this article she tells you how, with the help of the electric refrigerator, you can plan meals a week in advance, market only once or twice a week and freeze deserts without labor. This will leave you free to picnic with your children or to devote yourself in other ways to the happiness and welfare of your family. \* Later articles in this series by Miss Mead will tell you of other electrical equipment which can be installed in your home and which will add to your comfort and convenience

chamber. A good box should have its inner and its outer insulating walls at least one inch thick, of porous cork or sponge rubber, and there should be constant circulation of air within the storage chamber.

Aside from the essentials of cold storage, a temperature sufficiently low for the proper preservation of food, the refrigerating unit will do many other things. It will make room for table service, and many kinds of frozen deserts; and it will preserve salads, pastries and cooling drinks prepared in advance and keep them in their first freshness ready to serve at a moment's notice. It will keep meats and vegetables so successfully that the housewife may buy in quantities, marketing but once or twice a week—a great boon to one who is both systematic and busy.

When there are children in the family, the purity of milk, the freshness and palatability of all food to the average of the family is of paramount importance, and the constant low temperature storage possibilities afforded by electric automatic refrigeration are invaluable.

Another feature of electric refrigeration is its dryness, which also helps to preserve the food. The cooling unit, instead of throwing off moisture as does a cake of ice, absorbs moisture from its surface as it becomes frosty.

When one is building a new home, the refrigerator should be planned for, decided upon, and purchased ahead of time, to fit into bathtubs and sinks, and built into place and painted like the other woodwork.

My first endeavor, as an architect, is always to place the refrigerator where it will be most convenient for the housewife, but the ice-man usually wins and it is placed to suit his convenience instead of hers. If an electric cooler is to be installed in the kitchen, we are likely not in the doorways, but in the rear, or in a certain person but are left free to put it in any place we choose, with due consideration, of course, for what is best for the refrigerator itself. It should not be exposed against a chimney wall, which in winter is usually warm, nor should it be near a [Turn to page 37]

**Sal Hepatica**

© 1925



BANANA ICE CREAM—cool and satisfying—one of many desserts described in the new banana recipe book. Send for it.

## A flavor that does not vanish in ices

MANY fruit flavors tend to disappear when frozen in desserts. Syrups are often added to make up for this loss in taste. Bananas, fully ripened, keep all their original flavor in ice creams, mousses, cool salads and other summer dainties.

Ripe bananas, being a tropical fruit, are among the best summer foods.

They are rich in carbohydrates, those starchy food elements which are the chief source of energy in the diet.

As bananas ripen, their carbohydrates pass through a change which corresponds to the change made by digestion. When a banana is fully ripe, its carbohydrates are almost entirely changed to fruit sugars, so easily absorbed into the system that scientists say they are almost fully digested in the ripened fruit.

Ripeness adds more than ease of digestion to bananas—it adds a better flavor that is worth waiting for.

The best way to make sure of ripeness is to buy bananas by the "hand" or dozen, and let

*The taste of a ripened banana, though delicate, is always pronounced and unmistakable*



*A successful fruit salad is a balanced blend of many flavors. You must start with the correct individual flavors—and in bananas, the best flavor comes with complete ripeness.*

*them ripen at home. Do not put them in the ice chest, for cold interferes with the ripening process. Put them in a bowl or dish to ripen at room temperature.*

*Bananas are ripe when the last trace of green is gone from the tip and the first freckles of brown appear in the side.*

Ask your dealer for bananas imported by the Fruit Dispatch Company. They are the finest in flavor, and the most choice in quality that you can find.

They are grown under ideal conditions, and shipped north in ships especially constructed to keep them at their best.

Send for the new cook book of eighty-three banana recipes, with several pages of well-balanced menus to suit every occasion. This recipe book is free. Merely fill in and mail this coupon.

FREE: book of eighty-three tested recipes

### UNIFRUITCO BANANAS

Packed and sealed by nature in a germ-proof package. Imported and distributed by

FRUIT DISPATCH COMPANY  
17 Battery Place, New York City

Please send me recipe book, "From the Tropics to Your Table."

(Please print name and address)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

# KRAFT CHEESE

## Keep Cool

Keeping cool in warm weather depends a great deal upon what you eat. Hot weather food should produce a maximum of energy with a minimum of heat. . . . Preeminent among such foods is good cheese. And preeminent among good cheese is Kraft Cheese.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY  
NEW YORK - CHICAGO - POCATELLO, IDAHO  
KRAFT WALKER CHEESE CO., LIMITED  
MONTREAL, CANADA  
KRAFT-MAC LAREN CHEESE CO., LIMITED  
MONTREAL, CANADA

Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese



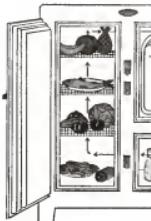
Send 10c in coin or stamps for the  
new and enlarged Receipt Book C8  
"Cheese and Ways to Serve It."

Address, 406 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

—DECIDEDLY BETTER—

## LET ELECTRICITY DO IT FOR YOU!

[Continued from page 52.]



*Arrows show how cold air and odors food in your refrigerator. The coldest, butter should be kept, is directly under for strong-flavored foods, is the*

gas or coal range. It should be set in a cool location.

When the comfort of the ice-man no longer has to be considered, we discover that most refrigerators are too low. For one of my clients I set the refrigerator on a shelf which was built in high, leaving the space below with metal so that it might be used for the storage of fresh vegetables. This brought the different refrigerator compartments at an convenient height that the housewife was not obliged to stoop every time she used them.

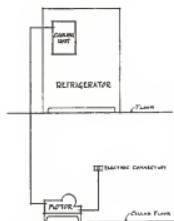
The smaller the opening of the refrigerator the better, so that less cold air will escape when doors are opened.

One of the best things about the electric refrigerator is that it does away with the annoying mess of cleaning the refrigerator drain.

It is a drain.

Of course, like

**COLD** is the absence of heat, as **DARKNESS** is the absence of light. You do not put cold into your refrigerator when you ice it; you put in a substance which absorbs the heat and carries it off in the water down the drain pipe. With ice, only as much heat will be removed as the ice can absorb while it melts. In the electric refrigerator, the motor acts as a pump which pumps the heat from the refrigerator by a force so much stronger than the flow of melting ice that more heat is removed and the temperature is correspondingly lower.



IN THE ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR, THE MACHINE POURS OUT THE HEAT.

In regard to the care of the refrigerator, it is well, for one's own protection, to follow the manufacturer's directions religiously, because if anything gets out of order and requires the attention of a service

subconscious nervous system before we are aware of the strain. But electric vibration has become very common part of our lives and brings with it a multitude of blessings compared to what we have known.

The operating cost of an electric refrigerator varies directly with the cost of production of electric current. Current produced by water power is naturally much cheaper than that produced by fuel, and some localities are able to produce it more cheaply than others.

But a fairly definite idea of the comparative cost of electric refrigeration and ice refrigeration, with which we are all familiar, may be obtained from the result of a careful laboratory test of two high-grade refrigerators of the same make, one iced, the other cooled by the electric unit, the ice refrigerator being kept at the same temperature. In this test [Turn to page 59.]



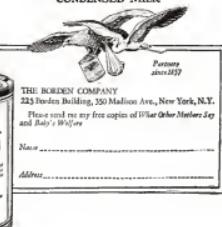
## IRLESS ~ garet thrived le Brand diet



the exacting requirements for a baby food—easy digestibility, high nutritive value (the all-essential vitamins, too), absolute safety and uniformity. Easy to buy and use.

If you are faced with a difficult feeding problem, put your baby on Eagle Brand. Three generations of mothers have used it with success. Some of their stories are told in *What Other Mothers Say*, a booklet that also contains feeding charts for babies up to 2 years. Send the coupon for free copies of this and *Baby's Welfare*, a booklet by a physician on the practical care of your baby.

**Borden's**  
**EAGLE BRAND**  
CONDENSED MILK



# The FINE ART of BEING YOUNG

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

**I**F you've ever tried to make a sunny morning mood last through the day, you know that the best way to do it is to wake up with the world smiling in at our windows, only to find, when we go out, that everybody around us is going on in the same unsmiling, inexpressive way, oblivious to the glory of the day. So here I am and the mood comes back, and comes while I work, and again it doesn't come back at all.

On the evening of a day not long ago when I felt I had completely lost this sense of happy well-being, I went to a matinee. Like the rest of the audience, my face had slipped on its tired mask of habit. But in the back of my mind I was still looking for my fresh, early morning mood, hoping, like the child in the corner, to catch it if it would suddenly the light go down, the chattering around me ceased, the curtain rose, and from the shadow of the wings tripped a slender, laughing girl in a dress of palest blue and a white lace bolero. Her hair, powdered with a wreath of silver roses, made a cloud of bronzed gold about her elfin face. With her came an adoring young man in evening dress. During that brief scene (it was little more than a prelude to a curtain call) I caught from the girl some mysterious spark that held them all through the performance. In a twinkling I found myself glowing again with my early morning exuberance. It had happened like magic, in fact, like a miracle—this gay fresh mood that seemed to come from another world. But it was a simple enchantment, after all, nothing more or less than the magic of *just being young*.

The beautiful actress was Helen Chandler, whom we had seen before as poignant little *Hedvig*, in "The Wild Duck," and as tragic *Ophelia* in a fascinating production of "Hamlet," presented in New York. But the secret of these girls did I thrill to the effect of sheer youth: dancing, laughing, weeping, seeking youth, chasing the bubble of happiness that blows just over the next hill. In this particular play, her heart was evidently set on a bird's nest in this skein of gold, whether it was covered by a simple white silk sports dress or a flesh-colored dance frock of chiffon that made her look like a blown bit of thistledown.

On the morning of the same day in her dressing-room, with a little fear, I'll admit, that I might be disappointed. What if this exquisitely young creature of the play should prove, off stage, to be some one quite different, some one not at all like the girl I had seen in the *Call readers about?* But I might have saved my fears, for the girl who sat in the pool of light at her make-up was the same girl I had followed with my eyes all through the play. She had just washed her hair and was putting it up in a water-wave under a turban of pink chiffon veil. Its lovely light-brown tones with the golden high lights made a charming contrast to her white-grey eyes. I had a fleeting impression that she might be any lovely eighteen-year-old girl getting ready for a party, instead of an accomplished young actress about to go on in a masterly play about youth. As it was, in her make-up, nothing but the did not use any more than many young girls use for the street. Just an acre here and there, the rabbit's foot brushed lightly over the smooth cheek to check out its deep apple-blossom pink, and a few drops of cream to gather matching her skin, and the mouth slightly outlined to show only its natural contours. Like many young actresses today, Miss Chandler uses very little make-up, preferring the natural, innate in having a natural clear pallor that needs only a dusting of powder. Then, too, her hair, softly waving, with those curling, blown wisps so becoming to young girls, forms a frame for her face, the occiput, the back of the neck, the bobbed, shined and clipped as we are, forget one important fact; a face becomingly framed with hair does not need a lavish amount of make-up to give it character. Hair makes shade and soft shadow, and frames the forehead and eyes, and in front of the ears. If Miss Eighteen finds her new bob unbecoming, let her try, with the barber's aid, to coax this wavy turn about her face. If she has long hair, her taste will be easier, for she will have more to work with.

Our dressing-room talk turned naturally to exercise. The busy girl under twenty, slender and lithe, the picture of health, of course, naturally drinks her quota of water, does not need the strict régime of exercise that her elder sister must follow in order to iron out worry

lines or reduce a too plump figure. Miss Chandler's own rule for fatigue and general set-down is walking. She walks miles in the country every week-end. She slips on her oldest clothes, and walks and walks and walks. On Monday morning she is renewed and ready for that trying ordeal, rehearsing for a new play.

A change reminds her enough to bring with smile Miss Chandler's mouth was saying that, to me, at least, one of the greatest temptations of the time seemed to be that of imitating an exactly opposite type of beauty.

"With all respect to the girls," she confessed, "I decided that I wanted more than anything else to be a siren. I managed surreptitiously to procure a silken, black satin dress, long jet earrings, and I packed my eyebrows to a thin line. I wanted to have the same dark, wavy hair, so I washed and washed my head in the mixture. When I came home at vacation time in this outfit, Mother wisely kept still about the dress and earrings, but set me to the gentlest of inducements to wash my hair. As a would-be vamp I was kept so busy washing and rinsing that I got over my longing to look sophisticated and never tried to try it again."

"You seriously tried to be a siren?" I asked. "I do believe that the greatest danger to a young girl's beauty is the danger of growing up too soon. Sometimes, when younger girls from school come to visit me, I feel that the same feeling that I am years older than I am. You see, except for that one funny attempt to be grown up, I've been too busy to be anything but myself. When I was little, I played child parts in Shakespeare plays, and when I was ten Lionel Barrymore did "Macbeth," and the little *Richard of York*, when his brother did "Richard III." Like other stage children, I had private teachers. But when I was twelve, Mother took me away from the school and put me into a girls' school in the country. That was a lovely interval, I thought, in the real business of life. Even as a tiny girl, I think I knew quite well that stage people worked hard to succeed. When my costume was good, I was good, and when the bad work ahead of me,"

As she unwound the veil that bound her head, I pondered this simple explanation which tells so clearly Helen Chandler's story. I rather wish that all girls could learn that the secret of happiness (and of beauty, too) is to be busy. Playtime and worktime go hand in hand through life. There is never a point where one cease entirely and the other begins. So it isn't strange, when we look back over the years of our own life, that this delightful girl, whose life, except for a few years at finishing school, was lived in the glow of the footlights, should possess the blushing, winsome looks of youth.

Older women may have nothing to worry about *keeping* young, but the girl in her teens need only remember that she must be herself. Her aids to beauty are enthusiasm and intelligence. Miss Chandler has both abundance, and shows the results of applying them.

Oh, yes, youth has its handicaps, too. How many of us have suffered from self-consciousness, that bottom-cold feeling that comes over us when we have to meet strange people or into large, public gatherings? Miss Chandler would say that this is nothing more than stage fright, and it can be corrected by applying the remedy that is elaborate and spectacular—cosplay won't conceal neglected hair. Too much make-up, too, can be a handicap, for it adds a bad complexion. The best and safest equipment for Miss Eighteen is a blending of powders that exactly matches her skin, whether it is porcelain, peach, or olive, or one of the in-between shades. Well-made, well-fitting garments are usually glad to help send samples free or at small cost, so your experiments in getting just the right shade need not be expensive. As for exercise, join your school gymnasium with your favorite sport, basketball, tennis, golf, swimming, hockey, or just walking in the open. Don't worry about reducing until you have to. As a matter of fact, if your diet is right and your exercise is good, the weight chosen, you won't have to worry for a long time to come.

Above all, in Miss Chandler's own words, "Don't be afraid to be 'just young.'"

**W**ITH this article, *McCall's* begins a series of woman-to-woman talks on beauty. Do you make the most of your type? We believe that the experiences of distinguished women who have succeeded in doing just this will help you to reach your own good looks ideal. And watch this space each month for fast-minute suggestions from the great beauty salons. "If vacation time is no time to take a vacation from the care of your skin," says one woman, "make a place in your dressing-case or trunk for a good cleansing cream and an astringent lotion, at least. One firm offers a handy, ready-packed metal box, with all that the average girl needs to keep her skin in condition away from home." For the business girl, caught between work and social engagements, another firm has a dry or liquid nail polish for emergency use. It comes in a form which she can conveniently slip into her handbag. "In the hottest weather, a bath is not completely cooling without a dusting powder. Choose one that absorbs moisture, cools and refreshes the skin. Good bath powders, once a luxury for the favored few, are now recognized as hot weather necessities by all dainty girls." *Skint Hair Hand! Figure For Help* in your own special beauty problem, write Miss Fillmore, enclosing a recent stamp for reply, or send ten cents in stamps for our booklet, *A Handbook of Beauty for Everywoman*. Address: The Service Editor, *McCall's Magazine*, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



## Truth from a child

THE next-door neighbor in this little girl's town used to call every now and then. And each time when he came he would pick her up and kiss her.

Always she remonstrated, tried to escape; for it was really a sort of ordeal to her.

Finally one day the visitor determined to find out why the child acted so curiously.

It was really a surprise to him, but so often you get a the real truth only from a child.

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disease, like tuberculosis or professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle. It keeps you on the safe and polite side. Moreover, in using Listerine to combat halitosis, you are also combating those serious throat and those more serious illnesses that start with throat infections.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath smelling fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears.

The safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses; note the little circular that comes with every bottle. Your druggist sells Listerine in the ordinary break packages—*never in bulk*. There are four sizes: 14 ounces, 7 ounces, 3 ounce and 1½ ounces. Use this large size for economy.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*



### A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.  
LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS



# You Live Every Day—Meet Every Day —Unhandicapped



By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND  
Registered Nurse

OTHER women have told you about Kotex; about the great difference it is making in their lives.

Now from the standpoint, both of practicing nurse in charge of more than 500 women and girls . . . and as a woman myself . . . I urge you to try it.

It converts most trying situations of yesterday into the mere incidents of today. You can wear your most exquisite things, your sheerest frocks and gowns without a second's thought. Once you try it, you will never again use a makeshift sanitary pad.

Eight in every 10 of the representative women of America have adopted it. Highest hygienic authorities advise it. Virtually every great hospital in America employs it.

#### These new advantages

Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad, is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture. It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

"Ask for them by name"

**KOTEX**  
PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

\*Supplied also in personal service cabinets  
in room-by-room by  
West Disinfecting Co.

In this NEW way which solves women's oldest hygienic problem so amazingly by banishing the insecurity of old ways, and adding the convenience of disposability.

#### Easy Disposal and 2 other important factors



(1) No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



(2) Utmost protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



(3) Easy to buy anywhere. Many stores keep them ready wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

Kotex Regular:  
6¢ per dozen  
Kotex-Super:  
9¢ per dozen

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

# We all like the easiest way—

IT'S human nature to prefer the easiest way of doing things... Practically every important invention that has marked the progress of the times has been aimed at simplifying some job or other. Take the typewriter, the sewing machine, or any one of a hundred others that you think of.

We are constantly studying out new ways to make things easier to do; partly because we want to speed up, get more accomplished; but also—and this must not be overlooked—because we like to pamper ourselves. About a great many things, to be really honest, we're all fundamentally lazy.

And particularly, we're lazy about some of the small important things of life.

Even in that simple matter of brushing the teeth—a daily duty we owe to our own well-being—many of us are negligent.

At night we're tired; in the morning we're in a hurry.

Realizing the truth of this, the makers of Listerine set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish

the easiest, quickest way to clean teeth. In short, a tooth paste for lazy people—and in tooth brushing, at least, the word *lazy* applies to practically *all* of us. Listerine Tooth Paste is really very easy to use. It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made. It contains a remarkable new cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel\*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you know your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.



\*This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts pyorrhcea and tooth decay.

# LISTERINE



*"—even for lazy people"*

TOOTH · PASTE  
- - - *easy to use*



## "GLORIFIED RICE" It's as good as it's healthful

Mrs A. H. TWILLMAN  
of IRETON, IOWA,  
says that it is  
a favorite in  
her home.



**Y**ET, like so many Hawaiian Pineapple favorites, it is one of the simplest dishes imaginable. Just ordinary boiled rice with Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, a few marshmallows—and whipped cream.

This is just another example of the way Hawaii's "King of Fruits" puts refreshing new appetite appeal into every-day foods. Salads, fruit cocktails, pies, tarts, ices, puddings—these, of course, are recognized Hawaiian Pineapple staples. And it is equally delightful with meat and vegetable dishes. Several unusually good ones are included in our new recipe book, illustrated below.

And here in mind that the same top-quality, golden-ripe fruit is packed in two forms—Sliced and Crushed—for your convenience in preparing hundreds of dishes and for quick service right from the can. Keep Hawaiian Pineapple within easy reach always. You'll generally find it cheaper to order by the dozen cans.



## HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



—For serving right  
from the can and  
for the desserts  
and salads.

### SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK!

Dept. 24, A. H. of Hawaiian Pineapple Cannery,  
451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California

Postage will be free, if postage is paid, on book,  
"Hawaiian Pineapple as an Good Cooks Serve It."

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



*This log cabin has many interesting features. The hooded porch, sturdy chimney, walls pointed with mortar, and double row of shingles in every third course, are all in accord with the rugged scale of log construction*

## A LITTLE LOG HOUSE IN THE WOODS

BY HARRIET SISSON GILLESPIE



**T**HERE is a perennial charm about of logs that lures great city dwellers to the great open spaces, where they build for themselves shelter in the wilderness for rest, recreation and study. While this phase of home building is of little concern to the realty operator, nevertheless, it is a pleasant and highly enterprising experiment.

The peculiar enigma feature of the movement is that it is founded upon the romance of life, rather than upon the too often studied realities.

Up to the present time the log cabin has been more or less of a makeshift for summer occupancy, but the idea of utilizing it as an all-year-round abode is fast gaining a foothold, although it may be winter prospect that one has in mind the fact, as there must be a heating-plant, plumbing, insulated floors and roofs.

As a week-end retreat or vacation and second home at any season, the year-old advantages are manifold. It provides the relaxation sought by numbers of city dwellers, who, in their recreational activities, prefer to visit the middle ground, far distant from metropolitan. From the point of view it fills a fundamental need in the lives of busy folk. A goodly proportion of log cabin enthusiasts come from the ranks of the professions, and the outward

and visible sign of their freedom, the little house in the woods, may be discovered in all parts of the country, east and west.

Strangely enough, the ruggedness of the house of horizontal logs laid one upon another harks back, not to our Colonial forefathers, who built their first houses after the settler fashion, but to the hardy northmen of the Scandinavian countries who fashioned their dwellings of marvelous workmanship, before even when had come in fashion.

Alas, there is a blight about these habitations which stirs the blood in an unaccustomed way—a flora of sentiment for which tradition is largely responsible. The little log cabin, though it may be the symbol of some of the first rude homes, and symbolic of those simple domestic joys, which, somehow, seem to have lost caste amid the encroachments of modern life, is a reminder for the home-stead, still exists, and for the old-fashioned sort of person, the appeal of home in the sturdy charm and rough beauty of the log cabin charms a witchery difficult to withstand.

Some of the log cabins we see approximate in size and equipment the more ambitious country house, but, these often lose the old-time simplicity which is one of their most potent charms. Many may be placed in the luxury class, but the encranging thing about log cabins is that the cheaper ones, which are within the reach of persons of moderate means, are the most alluring.

It is quite possible for the prospective builder, at a reasonable outlay, to have a comfortable cabin with a porch from which he can extract as much fun and relaxation as if he spent many times the amount. The cost, of course, will depend upon the location and the availability of logs. The more timber transported long distances, the more is the cost. It will be too much, and, what is worse, the house of logs will seem to be out of place in a location where there are no trees.

To build one's own log cabin adds not a little to the joy of ownership, and a one-man-built shack is entirely within the power of any man with the strength and the true ax. However, if one can afford it, it is better to secure the aid of a competent designer who understands the problem and the principles of log construction. [Turn to page 46]



*This detail shows the use of lock-notches at corners, and treatment of the butts*



*The round-log shelf and fieldstone of the fireplace lend this interior beauty*

## RAMPARTS

*(Continued from page 21)*

devices of today are so numerous and so remarkable, as to be past my enumeration or explanation. Electricians, inventors and scientists of to-day are indeed carrying on a noteworthy ministry, and they need have no qualms of conscience as to their industry, integrity, and skill.

It must be a motley array—this procession of inventors who are continually gazing over their concepts at us. Each one interested in the development and progress of the one particular thing which was essential and all important during his life on earth. I think it would be well for all of us to sing out in our imagination the one spirit who may be watching us—the one who was most interested in our individual ambition or desire—and ask ourselves, "What is he doing?" and if we are giving the very best that is in us. It might be a great help to us, in this age of stress and hurry, to seek something even as intangible as a spirit to be our guiding light and inspiration. We are inclined to

forget ideals in our mad rush for money and pleasure. It would be something to work for, and to work toward—just to feel that the spirit of the departed one would be with us. Our efforts, however belittled, or of some notable person interested along the same lines as ourselves, was hovering over us, watching and waiting to note our development and progress. It might aid us in accomplishing bigger and better things.

So when you are asked to donate to memorials, do what your conscience tells you the spirit of the departed one would desire. Our efforts, however belittled, at least, no tributes we can pay them here on earth will add to their comfort if they have lived honorable lives. If the proposed memorial is a help or a pleasure to the person who is to receive it, then give; but if it is only a slab of cold stone, or other useless monuments, let it alone, and give the money to his pet charity; remembering that always there remain hundreds of needy children.

## THE DEAD RIDE HARD

*(Continued from page 161)*

only got that interview through you. In other words, I didn't come by my coup honestly. And then you were such a brick about it all, I—*I* felt I owed you something and wanted you to think well of me."

"Then you meant to tell me—?"

"As soon as I could manage it without getting into trouble, I began to realize that he and ceasing to be useful if you should happen to need a friend again."

"As today?" Denise cried with a look for him now in which gratitude burned openly.

"Luck was with me today—the luck that sent this excellent fog. Good old Tibor, back there in the tunnel—chances are, he's just beginning to realize it. Castle is still caving in on his poor dear head. So I'm still unknown to the enemy, and good for me, yet another time—another comes."

"You don't imagine—?"

"You don't imagine do you—you've seen the last of Szamuelly!"

"Who?"

"Then Szamuelly the pale lad with the pale face he was." Meant to say didn't know who he was?"

"I know now," Denise admitted. "I've just remembered."

Now, truly, Denise remember. That name, coupled with Brull's quaint characterization of the single eye-glass—a distortion which hadn't been in evidence during their clash in the storm, though it had been in the moment of their kiss that afternoon—all at once recrated the hour of her first acquaintance with the animal.

It had happened on one of her visits to the villa in the hills. This man, calling himself Tibor Szamuelly, had one day worn his way into the villa, choosing an hour when neither of her parents was at home. He presented a letter of introduction to Denise which was later found to be a forgery. Denise recalled the pathetic figure he had cut, at least in her eyes—thin-roomy, doing his best to carry himself off with an air, self-conscious in formal costume whose pretentiousness sat absurdly on his vulgar person. A pure type, all in all of the scheming, unscrupulous petty persons whom bent toward blackmail earn him in Buda-Pest the name of "pistol journalist."

The fellow had scowled up at her impudently to the point of a challenge, pose after pose to transfix. Whether or not he had ever before looked on the maid-of-honor and found her fair, it was sure her presence had reduced him, as soon as the same into a state of abject adoration. He had so openly and so desperately yearned for one kind look, one small sign that might be construed as, at worst, toleration . . . Pleasant to remember, though, that he had never even remotely resembling what he wanted: Denise had been high-handed with him from the first, impatiently demanding to be acquainted immediately with the nature of his errand and declining to be in

any way aware of his efforts to be ingratiating.

At last, however, it had come out: Szamuelly had pleaded guilty to having assumed that the maid-of-honor might be bribed, by threats half-blinded, and worse, the intimation that a sum of money might be exacted at her disposition to be paid her. Quite given in confidence "facts" concerning Zita's private life which would lend color to the unspeakable scandals which were already being bruited by the various Hungarian dailies.

As soon as able to grasp the infinity of his stammered innuendos, Denise had left the room and sent servants to bode the best out for the girl, and to make for her family. Indigation had been fast to let the rushing tides of those times when the incident into oblivion.

"Now I remember," she said to Andrew Brull. Her dark eyes told him she seemed singularly pale in a face suddenly pale with reminiscent anger. "That vermin!"

"Vermin," Brull agreed. "Is 'Tibor' his real name? At the same time, I do mean him. And he is famous today with mysterious powers—he has friends in high places here in Buda-Pest. What do you know about him?"

"Nothing more than that he is a common blackmailer. What should I know of such wrecks?"

"It's sometimes useful to know things," Brull reasonably suggested. "I ran across him reasonably second time a few days after we got here, lending his moral support to Bella Kun, that comic monstrosity you saw just now in Frans Josef Square. I got hold of Szamuelly's name, and made discreet arrangements."

"Well? Were you impressed by what you found out?"

"Too much to forget any of it. He's had a hard life since. Was stoned. Before that he seemed to be nothing but a sort of village idiot in journalistic circles here. He drifted from one newspaper to another, failing to deliver the goods even as a reporter, and was finally sent to the ducked service as long as he could. In the end, however, they pinched Tibor and shipped him off to the Eastern front. He deserted within two hours and picked up his old job with Bella Kun again in Moscow. They made a deal with Lenin and his lot, and were given the job of organizing Bolshevik cells among the Hungarian prisoners-of-war. Szamuelly, is, I believe, still in Moscow, though he's got a hundred and fifty officer-prisoners who wouldn't be corrupted. The ink they wrote the Armistice with wasn't dry when he bolted up and as bold as ever, with a cocked umbrella of roses in the country where the best he had to hope for was a deserter's breakfast—a blank wall and a firing squad. Ever since that time we ran into him in the streets of like a new bully. I rather thought he'd overdone things a bit about three weeks back, when this bold Republic plucked up spunk enough to jail him for the murder of those poor fellows in the" (Turn to page 49)

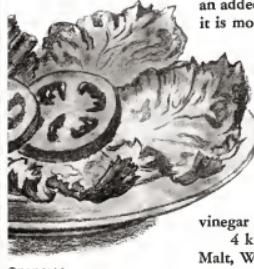


## "Every Drop Awakens Flavor"

Heinz Pure Vinegar brings out the delicate flavors of a salad, while imparting an added goodness of its own, because it is more than just a raw, sour taste—it is flavor itself.

This ripe, mellow flavor of Heinz Pure Vinegars is developed by long aging in wood. No other method can produce it. That's why Heinz Vinegar improves every food it touches and why you should always ask for vinegar by name—Heinz.

4 kinds to suit all tastes—Cider, Malt, White and Tarragon.



© H. J. HEINZ CO. 1926

SEND FOUR CENTS IN STAMPS FOR NEW SALAD RECIPE BOOK • H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH

# HEINZ

## PURE Vinegars

IN BOTTLES

*The taste is the 57<sup>th</sup> test*



# Chafing For a young baby doctors require this special care



THERE is no fragrance in the world more appealing than that indescribable sweetness — part just clean babyhood, part soft little woolens, part delicate powder — which makes a baby's skin so adorable.

But that tender skin is a responsibility. It needs the most faithful care to save it from the misery of chafing and other eruptions which assail it.

After the baby has been bathed and dried with a soft towel, powder should be sprinkled in all his little folds and creases to absorb the last stray bit of moisture. And every time he is changed he must be liberally powdered.

There is nothing — except the nipple of his mother — that is so prone to such intimate contact with the baby as the powder. One cannot be too careful in its choice.

The powder should be especially fine, soft, absorbent, and pure beyond question.

## Mothers Trust this Powder

Because Johnson's baby powder has these qualities in such superlative degree, more mothers choose this than any other powder.

It is made under ideal conditions in the wonderful laboratories which serve the medical profession so faithfully with hundreds of antiseptic articles.

Moreover this powder was made at doctors' request and by their prescription. When these doctors wanted a powder they could not recommend for young babies, what more natural than that they should turn to this firm for a product of such purity?

The skin of the young baby is very delicate and chafing and other eruptions easily occur unless special care is exercised. The main things to be secured are cleanliness and the free use of colic powder.

Dr. L. Fannie Holt  
in "The Baby Book."

NOTE: To those mothers who do not already know the goodness and purity of this beneficent powder, Johnson and Johnson are now offering a free sample together with their helpful little book, "The Summer Care of Babes."

Johnson & Johnson

Dept. C-12, New Brunswick, N. J.

Your druggist is more than a merchant

# A LITTLE LOG HOUSE IN THE WOODS

[Continued from page 48]

While this old method of framing seems a simpler proposition than the usual method of house construction, and is easily understood by the layman, it is properly explained to him, there are few builders who know how to apply it. The woodsmen's instinctive know what to do for him, for a feeling for logs and trees, but the average time-job carpenter, who is accustomed to having material metrically cut and fitted for him, is at a loss when up against a problem of natural wood.

With an architect's detailed plan and one skilled workman it is possible for a layman to turn out a very creditable job, while without this assistance, he may fall into serious difficulties. He may also be tempted to buy a log cabin detail plan of view, to dabble in gingerbread and paint to the ruination of the beauty of his home, whose keynote should be simplicity itself.

Any of our native trees are suitable for a log cabin, such as white pine, spruce,



A log cabin in such surroundings is a fisherman's idea of paradise

oak, chestnut or hemlock in the east, and Douglas fir, yellow pine, cedar or hemlock in the west. Hardwood, of course, more difficult to tool, so the pines and cedars are to be given preference. A most picturesque and charming material is unpreserved silver birch, which may be employed with delightful results. The cabin on the estate of Byron B. Horton at Barnes, Pennsylvania, shown in the illustration, is composed of this wood, and the entrance is arched.

The natural beauty of silver birch, with its exquisite sheen and reflection of light that illuminates the dark recesses of the wood, makes it an ideal material for the log cabin, when it is available in sufficient quantities. This silvery effect is quite attractive for the interior as for the exterior, and may be used for the stairs, for paneling, for doors, for trim. It gives just the woodsy atmosphere that we are wont to associate with the primitive log cabin.

With the cabin determined upon, the logs must be drawn to the site and the land graded, it will probably take from three to eight weeks to build your house and install the desired fittings. The cost and the time for construction depend upon the size of the cabin and the simplicity of its finish; but, as stated before, the simpler it is, the more satisfying it will be.

The true woodsmen selects ten or twelve logs of equal size and cuts them at the corners with the "bowl notch" — that is, the top log is cut away to fit over the log below, which runs at right angles to it, thus forming the corner of the wall. The logs are cut to the length of the wall and is similarly locked in at the other end, the whole cabin will be firm and strong. Of course the logs must be carefully cut to fit the door and window openings, which must be strongly framed to hold the log-ends in place, and the filling of the joints with water-proof mortar is the most particular



This rambling log cabin with its picturesque bark roof suggests an English wayside cottage

"Of such materials as around  
The workman's hand  
readiest found,  
Lopped of their boughs,  
their hoar trunks bared,  
And with the hatchet hewed  
squared."

SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*



Delightfully harmonious proportions distinguish this all-year-round cabin



The log shelter has its roof sodded and planted with wild flowers



Old Norse log cabins had carved posts. Grille work was used instead of windows

detail of all, if one would have a comfortable, dry woodsmen's home.

To be in keeping with the log walls the roof beams should be formed of logs which will project away, to provide a flat nail-surface for the roof boards, which look best rough-sawed. If the spans are wide, the beams will be reinforced at intervals to strengthen the roof. If the cabin is to be an all-year-round affair, some form of insulation should be laid on the roof boards before applying the roofing.

The roof itself should receive particular consideration, for it should be in keeping with the walls. A cheap modern roof is most unsatisfactory with log construction, but a small cabin shown with the hooded porch has a simple

shingled roof, which is eminently satisfying to one's sense of beauty.

Stone, which is generally available in one form or another, plays an important part in cabin building, and, to an unusual degree, the beauty of the masonry de-



Snow adds its beauty to the silver birch walls of the Byron B. Horton cabin

pends upon its wise selection. Set up with plenty of mortar it is always attractive, and the stone may be dressed, realizing that no other material will produce. It gives the structure a feeling of rigidity and strength, appropriate both outside and inside. The natural stone fireplace has a sense of depth in it, and is less possible in the usual plastered and trimmed room, where it is distinctly out of place.

A slate or blocky stone is always better looking than the rounded field stone, and can make a fine wall of field stone, which all surface stone is liable to be. Where possible it is well to use a water-washed stone which may be taken from the bed of a broken stream nearby, where it has been for centuries, until the color has mellowed to soft blues. The stone for a certain Canadian log cabin was taken from the Bay of Fundy. Quarried stone is, of course, always best, and in some localities may be found in beautiful colors. It should be left in its natural state, untooled, and the joints raked out fairly deep to show the full beauty of the stone.

Casement windows seem to be the most appropriate for the log cabin. They are cheerful and attractive, and, if made to swing out as the windows will, will, an easy to create weather-leak. The windows in any case should not be too small, especially if the cabin is set among the trees, or the rooms will be dark and stuffy.

The cabin which has a cellar, if built in a dry location, may have a small pit about five feet deep under each and reached by a trap door in the floor. This will be found most satisfactory for the storage of food or other supplies.

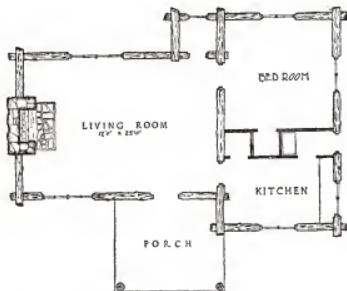
To be most successful a harmony of native materials should be kept throughout. Doors may be quaintly fashioned from slab and fitted with smart iron hinges, or gates made by the local blacksmith; they may be of hand-hewn slabs pegged together. [Turn to page 61]

# WHY NOT BUILD YOUR OWN LOG CABIN?

*Especially designed for McCall's Magazine by  
CARL GILDERSLEEVE, Landscape Architect, Collaborating with  
MARCIA MEAD, McCall's Consulting Architect*



*A small and attractive log cabin which can be built most inexpensively*



**T**o one who loves the out-of-doors, the log cabin has a fascinating appeal; its construction is so reasonable, so truly a part of its surroundings. It makes one's fingers tingle for the feel of a log in his own hand; and the heart quickens with the desire to build a home with a love of trees to make the design and plans for the attractive cabin shown at the top of this page.

In order that each and every one, in fact, may have a chance to build with skill and have the joy of his own handiwork, we have secured a real out-of-door man with a love of trees to make the design and plans for the attractive cabin shown at the top of this page.

The wood used for this cabin is a pleasant diversity of style. The sturdy chimney is of excellent masonry and where fieldstone can be used in the construction of chimney and fireplace the combination of it with the rough logs is particularly

fitting and gives a picturesque touch. Mr. Gildersleeve's plans will show you how to make the lock-notch joint at the angles, how to space the roof rafters, and how to lay the floor joists and subfloor. You could build a three-room cabin, as shown, or only a one-room cabin, such as the living-room; might be if built alone without the other rooms; or you may build the other rooms as the needs of the house require. In fact, with the help of these drawings and specifications you will be able to plan just the kind of cabin you want.

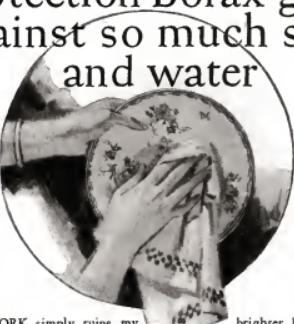
Imagine the walls erected and the roof in place. How is it going to look then? To build one's own shack in this way will help more than anything else to see all around a problem—its height, its depth and its various dimensions, whether it is a problem of building or of business.

**O**NE complete set of plans and descriptive specifications, with details showing how a log house should be built, will be sold for \$15.00.

Or, if you desire to see plans and designs for other houses, send for McCall's Service booklet, *The Small House* (price ten cents), showing four to seven room houses costing from \$3,000 to \$16,500, and designed by America's foremost architects. Plans and specifications for any house in the booklet, \$15 a set. Address the Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

# HANDS that do housework

will be grateful for the protection Borax gives against so much soap and water



"**H**OUSEWORK simply ruins my hands!" How often have you heard this?

The use of Borax for all household cleaning offers the best way we know to protect your hands. Why? Because Borax softens water and neutralizes the effect of the caustic in the soap. Borax eliminates the need for strong chemicals and disinfectants, too.

Try it in the dishwater. This will show you quickly how Borax saves the hands. Also it makes the dishes bright with true cleanliness, banishes food odors, keeps glass and silver shining. Nothing is so good as Borax for this purpose.

Try it for all cleaning. To wipe off woodwork, to sterilize the ice-box, to keep the porcelain in the bathroom shining, use Borax. Borax does any cleaning job better, with no harmful effects to anything it touches.

All laundry work can also be done more efficiently with Borax. For Borax whitens the clothes, helps the soap to do better work, sterilizes as it cleans. Borax is safe for colored fabrics, too, for it actually tends to set colors. It keeps them from fading and makes them look

brighter by removing all harmful substances from the fabric in the rinsing. And just as Borax whitens without injuring the fabrics and preserves colors in colored clothes, so too, it saves your hands.

There is danger to your hands in every bit of housework you do. Send for our booklet, *The Magic Crystal*, and learn all the places you can substitute Borax for harmful cleansing agents. And learn just what Borax is and why it helps to protect the hands. Though it is now considered a simple household product, Borax was once used as a toilett aid by the early Egyptian beauties and many toilet products sold today contain Borax. It is good for the skin because it is a harmless emollient.

If for certain uses you prefer Borax and soap in one product you can secure this combination in Twenty Mule Team Borax Soap Chalk. They are especially good for dishwashing, whether done by hand or by washing machine; and are equally satisfactory for general household use. Write us if your grocer doesn't carry them. The famous Twenty Mule Team Borax is on sale by your grocer, druggist and department store. Include it in your next order.

# Twenty mule team BORAX

To the PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO.  
100 William St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, *The Magic Crystal*, telling all the uses for Borax.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



8-28



## Don't let his tender skin suffer

A WEE baby feels so acutely any rough, scratchy surface next to his tender skin. Especially in the summer when the heat itself is about all he can bear!

Dress him ever so tenderly and carefully—each pin securely fastened—yet he will be peevish and fretful if the folds of his dear, fat little body are irritated by scratchy, shrunken garments. And there is danger, too, of infection from these irritants—danger of diaper rash, of eczema.

These troubles are often traced to the washing of diapers and woolens with harsh soaps containing free alkali. It is difficult to rinse out alkali—it clings to baby's garments and irritates wherever it touches.

Lux contains no free alkali. It is so pure, so utterly harmless that it cannot injure the delicate skin of a baby's cheek. Lux, washed in Lux, will look like new, and his dear little shirts and socks will be fluffy and unshrunken—his diapers, fresh and comfortable. Directions on the package tell you the safest, easiest way to wash baby's clothes. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



Baby's bottles washed in Lux so sparkling clean you know they're safe!



*It is much easier to prevent the summer troubles of infants by the use of clean milk and clean feeding apparatus than it is to cure them*

## DOCTOR SYNTAX DISCUSSES THE BABY'S CARE IN SUMMER

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M.D.

MRS. WISE: Good morning, Dr. Syntax. I come to discuss with you the summer management of my baby. He is perfectly well and I did not think it necessary to have him.

Dr. Syntax: How old is your baby?

Mrs. Wise: He is 4 months old and weighs 14 pounds and is a bright, lively, very healthy baby. He is my first baby and I have heard so much about the dangers of hot weather for babies that I wanted to know just how to take care of him.

Dr. Syntax: Is he breast or bottle-fed?

Mrs. Wise: He is fed entirely on the bottle. I tried my best to nurse him but just couldn't.

Dr. Syntax: That is unfortunate. Breast-fed babies pass through the heated term with little trouble. If the young mothers of this country would know how much breast-feeding is from every standpoint, they would make greater efforts to feed their infants the way nature intended.

Mrs. Wise: What dreadful things do bottle-fed babies have during the summer? I have been reading a Board of Health pamphlet which contains a lot of advice about *cholera infantum*, summer diarrhea and dysentery.

Dr. Syntax: All of which are terms employed to describe the different types of stomach and bowel trouble to which infants are particularly subject during the summer months.

Mrs. Wise: The health bulletin stated that these diseases were due to bacteria, a poisoning of some sort, is that true? What do they mean by infections?

Dr. Syntax: The statement is quite true. An infection is meant that by some means poisonous germs have entered the gastro-intestinal tract and their presence and activities give rise to illness. Mrs. Wise: How do babies take in the poisonous germs?

ANGELO PATRI

says:

*A CHILD is to be judged by his conduct, not his pose. The quality of him shows in action and if he do nothing one may well be suspicious of that quality. I have no faith in the wisdom of the owl. I prefer the more wide-awake birds though they make a bit more trouble.*

*Buddie came home bearing the traces of battle and his mother was outraged. "You've been fighting again, Buddie Bacon. Disgracing me. I wonder if you will ever learn to behave like a human being. Look at Dicky. That child has never given me a moment's trouble since he—"*

*"Yeah, Look at Dicky. Snooky called him a mut and he made out not to hear him and sneaked home by the back alley. I ticked tar out o' Snooky and, believe me, Dicky gets his next time he ducks a fight. You got to stand up for yourself in this burg."*

*Buddie was facing life bravely while Dicky was dwelling in false peace. Mother cheered the shirker and blamed the trouble-maker who was the better man of the two. So do we love our ease.*

*Child growth is loud and crude and often mistaken, but it is tremendously active. Raising a family is a twenty-four hour duty for about twenty years and the calm hours are few. If silence and brooding result in action, fine; but if not, better study the stillness and stimulate the child to deeds. Mistakes can become stepping-stones but the folding of the hands is death.*

contamination. Only milk bottled at the farm should be used and when delivered at the home it should be placed at once in the ice-box in the upper part where the ice is kept until the mother is ready to prepare it for the baby's use.

Mrs. Wise: Should the milk be boiled before using?

Dr. Syntax: All the more previous pasteurization should be brought to the boiling-point during the hot months.

Mrs. Wise: What is meant by pasteurized and sterilized milk? What is what is certified milk?

Dr. Syntax: Pasteurization means that the milk has been heated to a certain temperature, usually about 155° and kept at this point for about 30 minutes. Many large milk producers now supply pasteurized milk. Sterilized milk is nothing more or less than boiled milk, milk that has been heated to the boiling-point. Certified milk means a high quality of milk as regards its purity and freedom from contamination.

Mrs. Wise: Is there much to be gained by the summer trouble of infants by the use of clean milk than is to be cured there—what is the value of clean milk?

Dr. Syntax: Undoubtedly, but the use of clean milk is not the whole story; infection of the baby's digestive system, causing diarrhea and vomiting may take place through other means than the milk supply.

Mrs. Wise: Do tell me all about it and I am anxious to keep my baby safe through the summer. By what besides milk may I keep him safe?

Dr. Syntax: Through clean feeding apparatus. The bottles must always be boiled and cleaned with a stiff brush. Use a bottle of borax in water—one tablespoonful of borax to a pint of water. They should then be rinsed with boiled water and placed upside down to dry. Likewise, the rubber nipples should be turned inside out and scrubbed with the borax solution.

[Turn to page 61]

## THE DEAD RIDE HARD

(Continued from page 43)

Russian prison-camps. But he was loose again before you could say snap. Now he makes no bones about his contempt for the government or for anything else but his own importance and Beta Kun's. It looks bad for the new régime."

"Is that what you of the Missions think?" Denise demanded in a flash of hot temper.

"With Buda-Pest eating it alive like a leprosy? If you ask me, it's normal expectation of life is a few weeks at most."

The American made only a brief wait before descending back into the darkness of his forebodings. "What's worse and more of it, this Scammy pup is added about you. You did something or other to him some time that he's never forgotten and hasn't stopped talking about since. I heard that much from the talk I overheard from my nest in the straw that night. And if my guess is right, his plan for getting level with you is probably made. I do wish I'd take friend's advice and clear out noiselessly and be low as far from Buda-Pest as you can get till things have quieted down and Tibor buts have given his message."

"I know that." The driver switched on the headlamps, and the misty blue of gloaming in the hills was no more but now a purple little lamp profound than that of a little lamp, though it was very well run away. With my father ill, and brother ill, and the few servants we have left every day harder to handle—I simply can't leave my mother to bear the load of responsibility." The American said something under his breath, and clear eyes sought bis with a smile which even the dark couldn't quite dim. "I have the least doubt you are right in everything you say, but . . . What can I do?"

"Then that's that!" This strange man seemed born to do his work in a fortuitous, down-and-darphilous—almost falsetto. "And we've just got to put the best face on affairs we can. Does your telephone ever work out here?"

"We don't have too much trouble. Only our agents and our active counter-revolutionaries complain of poor service and espionage on the wire."

"I'm at the Rita," Brull volunteered. "And this morning here I am, really useless, you wouldn't hesitate to call me, but I can put my smoke in wherever it's needed without embarrassing the Mission."

Grey gate-posts swirled into the air of driving rain. The car stopped at a brick staircase, whitewashed in between them. "But what right have I to involve you in my difficulties? You have been too kind already."

"We owe you something, don't you?" the American reasoned, chuckling; "at least a chance to make it up for having played it so low-down on you at Esztergom."

"Please, as if that mattered . . . Why remind me that I am much too deeply in your debt, it is?"

"Sorry." Andrew blushed. "I watched the door and jumped to the same conclusion. Guess I'm hopeless. But thank you anyway, for reminding me. Friends don't keep debt and credit accounts, and that's a fact."

It had odd to remember that the last time her hand had taken his, in that same spot, it had condescended to a common soldier's! "Please," the girl said again, a little breathlessly, "won't you come in? It's so cold. My mother will want to add her thanks to mine."

"Must you tell her?" Brull deprecat, forgetting to release her. "I wouldn't, with all she got to say to her already. And this time I won't even mention you else—I mean, perhaps by some possibly untrustworthy servant. Times like these, you can't play too safe."

"I suppose I am, but I am grateful, most grateful, and I hope it won't be long."

She stammered over words that were strange words for Denise Vay to be saying to any man. "Oh," Andrew Brull laughed, "you're a girl."

The Mission automobile whisked away through the rift its bright blade slashed in the clinging night. And several minutes after that had bealed, the noise of the door at her back, which her mother came wondering to open, started Denise out of

a reverie whose nature, when she woke to recognize it fairly, a little shocked the girl, it was so out of temper with every caste-tradition she had been bred to reverence.

THE villa was a tomb of biting cold in all but the two rooms where the convalescents were. The lamps were in certain steves and scraps raked up in the park, giving out only to blurn the edge of the chair. Away from the light, the girl could hardly tolerate only in bed. In her own room, Denise lay awake for hours whose peace, measured by the music of household clocks, was otherwise flawed only by occasional murmuring from the room where her mother lay, her father beside her.

The open night was not so tranquil. The authorities, incompetent even to check the carnival when the lawmen kept in the city, had no means of stopping to discourage highway robbery or pillage of homes whose owners had fled to the city, where at least loneliness was subtracted from their terrors. Every night one or another burglar, or in the case of the villa, was looted, and the marauders, making free with well-stocked cellars, brawled in their cups and slew one another for possession of more choice goods. Denise had written to her father twice in the past week with the glare of dwellings given to the torch to cover proofs of burglary and foul crimes.

Screaming after midnight she was startled by her first drift into dozing by a specially vicious fusillade from the direction of the gates. The girl got out of bed, wrapped in a clean, round night-dressing-gown, and making no noise, crept through the black corridor to the door of her father's bedchamber, to be at hand if needed. While she waited there, shivering and listening, a disturbance sounded on the floor, a stir of feet, a door died out afar; and she was shivering back to her room when she noticed a line of gold beneath the door to her brother's.

Nicholas was sitting on the edge of his bed, in his undershirt and a white dressing-gown, trying to worry on his boots, and uttering querulous curses on the weakness that made his efforts clumsy. Denise somehow managed to wrangle him into his bed, and the covers over to prevent his getting up again, should new alarms occur, made up the fire in the stove and, perchng to the foot of the bed, set herself to the task of the cold asp. But Nicholas was more bed-weary than drowsy, and in a savage frst.

"It was bad enough to be beaten and winged, and known to be a weakling, but to be looked down on like this filly fit just when I was getting in shape to be of some use to father and mother—and you and Hungary—!"

"Don't, dear," Andrew said. "We'll manage. I'll tell you'll be well again and strong, Hungary, too, we can trust. Only it will take time; it's sure to win back its health and reason and be again the Hungary of old."

"You're only talking—saying words to pacify me," that don't mean anything. We don't know what's going on—can't, so long as I'm bedridden. It's maddening."

"I'll go home if I can't prevent much longer from getting back into active service."

"Whose service? The King's or the Republic's? The King's or the army; or the Republic's—why, the day it was proclaimed Linder, the new Minister of War, declared: 'I don't want to see any more Hungarian soldiers—and the men applied."

Nicholas was very still and silent for a long minute. Beneath the tan of the wasted young face on the white pillow, paler pulled like a white flame burning.

At last he said: "I'm a son that killed one heart of his sister's heart: 'That settles it. I'm going to get up tomorrow, now, and go home.'"

"What?"

"If we let that cry of a cur go to the world undisputed, how long will it be before there isn't any Hungary left to do without its army?"

"What can you do?"

"How can I know? [Turn to page 50]

# Like Lost Pearls

Teeth clouded with the dingy film that ordinary brushing won't remove



Please accept a full 10-day test of this NEW way that world's dental authorities advise for lightening clouded teeth and protecting gums



is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

### Men brushing won't do

Ordinary dentifrices and cleansings won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

### It removes that film And Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the sample. Clip it now.

### Hidden by film

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that

### FREE

Mail this for

10-Day Tube to

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY

Dept. 645 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Ont.

### Pepsodent

The One-True-Quality Dentifrice

Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

*The very smartest women now demand this clear soap*



## *It Thoroughly Cleanses then Quenches Circulation*

Why are smart society women who prize good looks turning so generally to Jap Rose?

Because beauty specialists have shown them that this clear soap is the one that cleanses pores most thoroughly and stimulates them to normal action.

Jap Rose cleanses so thoroughly because its ingredients are so pure that they dissolve completely in water and can enter tiny pores that coarse soaps clog.

It stimulates because it contains two natural tonics.

You can tell that it is improving your complexion by that healthful tingle that follows its first use.

Get it today.

# JAP ROSE

The Clear Soap for a Clear Skin, 10c



while I lie here and nobody tells me anything? But give me twenty-four hours in my car. I'll have it and I'll have my hand in whatever they may be planning."

His eyes blazed to hers; and Denise knew a breath of panic. Nothing need hold her back from him, and for him to insist on his condition would be suicidal. She had said too much, and now must say more—give up the secret she had reluctantly withheld against a day when he should be strong enough to be trusted with it.

"You must keep away from them, Nicky. Promise me you won't go near them and get yourself involved in their plots, whatever they are. Do nothing to make yourself suspect. It would be fatal—"

"I'm not afraid."

"I don't mean that, dear. I mean, if you are to be under surveillance for any reason, you could do nothing for the King, who needs you."

Nicholas drawled a start. "What the deuce are you doing at Denise's?"

She told him the story of her summons to Eckartsburg. "And now," she concluded, "won't you give my word to pull wide of known counter-revolution? If you do, I'll tell you if you'll only keep me, till you are well enough to do what the King asks of you in his hour of need."

"No fear; that you have learned with a new gladness that put you into his sister's heart." By Heaven, Denney, you've given me something to live for, something to do—See here: could you draw me what I want from you?"

It was still the morning before he would suffer Denise to leave him. She went back to bed so weary that even key sheets could not be put for two minutes on end save to sleep. And her last effort to rest still woke up her own accord toward noon, dressed in contrite haste, and ran downstairs to find the household rejoicing. About mid-morning, it appeared, a wagon and a male wagon-load of luggage had been delivered.

Sure on the theory that Providence had miraculously intervened to save the coal-dealer's heart, this event was inexplicable to even the most dim-witted. Denise, however, noticed a gleam beneath it, and found it to be an envelope bearing her name plus prints of coal-tarred thumbs. The name, however, was penned in a schoolboy's formal, longhand.

"I send you proof of my power to protect and make you happy, gracious Denise. Does this amaze you, after yesterday's? You are a patient girl, I suppose, and know how to make patience serve my ends—which, believe me, I never fail to gain. You may be sure, too, I never forget. Tell that to the fool who struck me down."

"Tomorrow I shall expect you at the Hotel Hungaria. We have much to say to each other, you must know, now much to discuss—formulating the question of further allotments of coal."

"I shall be waiting for you at one o'clock. I hope very truly you will not be so ill-tempered to me as to make me feel sorry to feel obliged to prove my power again—and in another fashion."

"Till tomorrow, then, and always, "Your most devoted and humble servant, "T. S."

This girl straightway destroyed. She could foresee no profit of seeking Brill's advice, but only the peril which he had warned her should this friend never come to know. Then, too, she could only tell her what to do she meant to do in any event, treat the invitation as though it had never come into her hands.

It was not until the afternoon following that she arose to take her again to Budapest. Nothing more had kept her from the carriage or their old Szekler coachmen. Denise had to wait for the arrival of the night train with a sense of foreboding. When the day was fine, one of the few brave days that fell Autumn doled out to a people destitute of every ordinary resource, she had the courage to set herself to the journey in better spirits than she had known since her return from Vienna. Only Nicholas chose to worry her a little at the outset. She had not seen him since shortly after breakfast,

## THE DEAD RIDE HARD

*[Continued from page 49]*

when she had dropped into his room to find her brother up in his dressing-gown, and busily sorting out an accumulation of papers, putting some few aside, thrusting others into his pocket—forgetting, he didn't need to tell her, for the great mission his King had charged him with, destroying in advance everything that might be of value to his agents and the People's Council to search the villa. They had spoken then of his great improvement, and Nicholas had cheerfully prophesied that he would be put and about before the end of the week.

Now, however, as Denise swung down the driveway, she saw Nicholas waiting for her between the gates, a soldierly figure in his uniform, his face flushed with the heat of his name shining like new gold and his bosom blazoned with decorations.

"You're not going out—"

"We're not. It's too rare a day to lose from the garden—"

"I'm afraid it's only little woman; you need a strong man's arm to lean on."

Nicholas balked dead. "You're not coming with me, and that's that. I have met strong men, and I have been as far as the castle, and I may be away all afternoon."

"Oh, very well," Nicholas grinned.

"Don't fly at me in my unfettered condition, though, fat—"

"Well, you're not the only one who's only pulling your legs. I had a walk, and it won't hurt you to let me tag along part of the way."

"That's different," the girl laughed, reasoning she was afraid for a minute you meant to go to town with me and hunt for trouble in your wretched club. If you were mad enough to try it, that's that, you're not the only one who's far."

"In my opinion, you mean?" the boy's face clouded as he dropped into step.

"What's wrong with it?"

"Nothing, except it's Crown Ivory and our old style—"

"I don't care who wants to see what we're doing; our hospital are doing wear their decorations in public."

After this he turned their talk to Stephen's emeralds, pointing out that he could have found four political emeralds there when knowing the number and disposition of the guards in the castle at Buda by night. Old Count Ilesayought to know, Nicholas thought; as he did, Denise would find the old man at the Szapary's, where she proposed to stop for tea.

She promised to do what she could, and said she presented a perpendicular smile that it was an unusual need on him to make this first constitutional overlong. About midway between the villa and the tramline he consented to turn back. They parted midway on the road, and from the villa the girl looked back to see her brother resting where she had left him. She hewed him a kiss, and took with her a warm memory of the farewell with the Szapary's. She would be there when he got back and her chances of hiring a conveyance of any kind more than ever problematic. Then, while she held up a corner of the fashionably draped curtain, she saw him again; her most sensible conduct, an automobile slipped in to the kerb, and the Countess Stephen Zikes climbed to her.

"I am Francis Szapary, told me you were coming to tea today, and I'm going on there as soon as I have stopped at the National Casino to pick up Stephen. Don't you want me to give you a lift? And later, if you like, we can have the motor to take you home."

"You are an angel from Heaven!" Denise declared, and jumped into the car before anything could come between her and the Countess Szapary.

The most luxurious motor in Budapest, not even excepting that which yesterday had been the King's, moved on in majesty through the narrow huay streets that wch the Inner Town, but necessarily

made slow progress. Not that either of the young women were in a hurry or noticed anything untoward till the car was obliged to make a full kill in Varoshaaz street near its junction with Kosuth. A crowd crept here from there, found entrance to houses, blocking the sidewalk and extending out into the roadway. Voices harsh with anger rode the collective mutter, like wave-crests breaking on a sunlit shore, an instant. The Countess Stephen Zikes impudently enquired of the chauffeur what the matter was, and the man rose from the wheel, craned his neck and in an anxious tone reported that an officer of the army was apparently on the point of being mobbed.

Premotion took Denise by the throat. She jumped up and stared over the heads of the crowd, her eyes wide with infinite cry as such a wounded animal will give.

Conspicuous both because the press had forced him up to the surface, and because he wore still his uniform of staff officer, he stood with his hands clasped behind him, in, back to the wall. Several men in the drab of the Republic's dismoured army, thus of the most vicious description, heard the word, and hissed it with a shout. One taller than his fellows was savagely demanding something of Nicholas in terms of which, thanks to the thickening rumor of the mob, he could not be held responsible but black blasphemy. When the fellow paused for reply, he got it in words from white lips that cut like so many stripes in a knot. He drew back smartly and flung his hands in his pockets when another pressed a naked knife. Nicholas grew rigid, like a figure of stone. The long blade flickered wickedly at his throat but didn't stop there; he held it, instead, straight out to his heart, inciting the crowd to howl at his decompositions. For one moment more Nicholas permitted the sister, of whose presence he was not aware, to hope he would suffer his humiliation publicly. Then without warning he snarped a fast to the jaw that jolted the ruffian's head back to his shoulders. With a roar of fury the pack surged forward in a mass to make its kill. Nicholas went down fighting, like a swimming beater under by a murderous surf.

Gladys Zikes made a vain snatch at the girl's cloak; the chaise stopped too late to allow her to get through. She was forced to be there, Denise found herself in the thick of the rabble, screaming, kicking and clawing for way. Men turned on and crushed her, and she went down on her hands.

A brief moment later she clutched her breast, and the girl reeled and moaned, taken with a lancinating pain that blinded her and wrung their strength like water from her limbs.

When she was able to see again, her path to Nicholas was clear, the mob retreated, disintegrating, ebaying away in every direction as if in dread of instant retribution. The girl crawled over to him. The girl tottered on and sank to her knees by the side of the trampled horror that had been her brother.

The Countess Zikes, getting down to go to her sister's aid, was covered, her eyes and sank back against the car. A dark presence came between the croaking woman and the sky. If she felt the need to hold him by the hand took his by one shoulder, another held her head by the chin till she looked up into a colubris face.

"Heart beats for you, Denise Van." This Gladys said with the faintest accent of emotion. "But those who would flout the Revolution must pay. If you had only let me know this poor boy was contemplating any such madness, I might have stopped him."

The girl's eyes, though fixed to his, had a glaze, her lips moved but were soundless. The man's features twitched a little.

"I'm sorry you did not see it to accept my offer, but I don't do it very softly." "But those who would be friends with me know they can find me at the Hotel Hungaria every day at the luncheon hour."

Receiving no response, only that vacant stare, he released Denise, and turned away. She dropped in a whole faint across the body of her dead.

*[Continued in SEPTEMBER McCall's]*



## IF YOU'RE GOING TO THE WOODS

BY DOROTHY GILES

EVERY boat, train, in-trolley, and automobile to mention not the twenty million automobiles that America is driving itself about in—that takes the road these midsummer days is crowded with eager "vacationers." Fifty million people may be having a holiday, myself! A million "hikers" galore following the gipsy trail over mountain ridges and upland pastures, and along disused, moss-carpeted tracks in the deepest woods where lately the birds were shy, and where at any moment, the crack of a dry branch under foot may startle a rabbit, or scare a fat, brown woodchuck out of his stodgy nest.

If you are starting out, either for a day's motor picnic, or for a camping trip of several weeks' duration, there are several "Do's and Don'ts" that you will want to know about, and one of the first of which you have much to do with the success of the vacation trip. Because "Do's" are so much pleasanter than "Do Not's" let's take them first. And the first of these is: Do not go into the woods unless you avoid the two evil genii that sometimes haunt even the most innocent looking woodland picnic spots—the poison-ivy and the poison-sumac. Poison-ivy is as the name implies, and you know it by its glossy, ovate leaves which grow in groups of three, distinguishing it invariably from the quite harmless Virginia creeper which has five leaflets. The poison-ivy and its vines, vary greatly—the ones of the poison-ivy are whitish and grow in a thick cluster; the berries of Virginia creeper are carried in a loose spray and are colored red.

Poison-sumac is another name for this tall shrub that grows in damp or swampy spots—sometimes attains a height of twenty feet. It is handsome at first, but grows more so the longer it is left, the first frost turns the leaf to a rich crimson. Then, one is sorely tempted to gather sprays of it to carry homeward but with disastrous results! The handsome leaves grow in dry soil by the roadside and on upland slopes. The fruit of the swamp variety, which replaces the loose panicles of small whitish flowers, is smooth and waxy, and any contact with the skin of these berries, makes the upland sumac so decorative in autumn and even after the first snowfall.

Now for the second "Do." Do squeeze into your knapsack, heretage, or dubbe bag, a book on wild flowers. A very small



hook is best—one that can be slipped into a pocket or a bag along on a hike. Then will he so many flowers and leaves that you will want to "look up," and to be able to make one's study on the spot is not only more fun but more effective.

Every true lover of wild flowers must shudder at thought of the thousands of automobiles turning idlyward on Sunday evenings when the drivers pitch a hook or two of dogwood, wild azalea, laurel. I wonder sometimes how many of them find their way to the dust heaps than some evening? For all of these plants, which are so attractive to the casual visitor, whether almost at once after they are exposed to the sun and wind, and it is seldom that they revive in water. But for all this, year after year, the number of "trippers" who come from the woods armfuls amounting to tons of drooping vegetation in the pathetic hope of creating in city rooms and offices the atmosphere of the great out-of-doors.

There are many wild flowers that are not only unharmed by being picked, but which, being flowers of the open fields, do not suffer so quickly as to make the cutting of them a waste effort. The honeysuckle, ivy, which is one of the most abundant, and which is so decorative along our roadways, is one of these; so too are the many late summer asters, goldenrod, Joe-pye-weed, Bouncing Bet, and many others. You can't help but escape to the freedom of the fields; Queen Anne's lace, which with orange field lilies makes a particularly lovely bouquet, and one too which will last in water.

Best of all, by picking our wild flowers with economy—and how I wish that every seeker after beauty would carry a pair of scissors or a sharp knife and cut flowers and leaves from them—they are going to have more, and never fewer wild flowers every year.

Reforestation is going forward in many sections of the country. Only the hiker is a canker with matches; the picnickers whose gipsy pattern is an empty sardine tin, and those motor-handicapped who ravage the roadways of every sprig of beauty in sight and any fruit or leaf of the farmed orchards. When these thoughtless ones—for they are usually more heedless than willful—whose plea is that they "just love wild flowers" are content to "love 'em and leave 'em," will return to our hills and woods the beauty that was theirs long ago.

Mrs. Strack will never do another wash with soap alone  
Here's the reason

"Using *La France* with soap, according to directions, I had the easiest wash-day of my life—a wash so quickly done and so clean and white it was almost like waving a fairy wand."



From a letter written by  
MRS. MARY A. STRACK,  
Washington, D. C.

In using  
*La France* follow  
these directions!

Dissolve in a sauceman of boiling water two heaping tablespoonfuls of *La France*, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  level cup of soap—either powder or chipped bar soap. Add this to your water, then put in the clothes. Soak as usual or seal cloth in a boiler if you prefer. (If you use a washing machine, run it only half the usual time.) You don't need a washboard, either! Just rinse through two fresh, warm waters—and your washing is done! *La France* has loosened the dirt and blurred your clothes perfectly.

P. S.—Perfect your ironing easier, too! Add *Satinia* to hot starch. It prevents ironing from sticking, makes the clothes glossy and smooth, and gives them a sweet fragrance.



IS IT HARD for you to believe that two tablespoonsfuls of *La France*, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  level cup of laundry soap, can make such a difference?... Read more of Mrs. Strack's letter! It tells you just what you, too, can expect from this marvelous cleanser.

Mrs. Strack writes: "La France saves you both physically and financially; it saves soap, it saves bluing, it saves rubbing, and so saves the clothes. By saving the clothes it saves a great deal of money. Last but not least, La France saves a woman's strength, which means so much!"

And Mrs. Strack isn't the only one! Over a million other women are using this wonderful cleanser each washday—adding it to their regular laundry soap, in a washing machine, a washtub or a boiler. . . . La France saves hours of labor and makes your clothes snowy-white and sweet-smelling, whether they're dried indoors or out.

La France is absolutely harmless, of course. Use it for dainty lingerie, linens and woolens—white or colored. And trust your hands to it, too! It really tends to soften and whiten the skin.

La France costs only ten cents a package—enough for three washings. Get La France from your grocer—or, if you wish us to send you a trial package, mail the coupon below.

LA FRANCE MANUFACTURING CO.  
1111 Market Street  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed is 5 cents—to cover mailing charges on a full size package of La France (regular price 10 cents) and a sample of Satina.

Name .....  
Address .....  
Name Grocer .....  
Grocer's Address .....

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# for all your crushed pineapple recipes these hot summer days

Why not specify DEL MONTE?  
All DEL MONTE Pineapple —  
Crushed or Sliced — is pineapple at  
its best — rich, juicy and juicy —  
grown in Hawaii — packed ripe, with  
its full natural flavor intact.

A label worth knowing! And such  
a simple way to get the quality you  
want!



#### WRITE FOR THESE MENU HELPS

Let us send our special Pineapple  
recipe folder, together with "The  
DEL MONTE Fruit Book." Both  
free. Address Department 603,  
California Packing Corporation,  
San Francisco, California.

Just be sure you say  
**DEL MONTE**  
*Crushed*  
**HAWAIIAN  
PINEAPPLE**



## WEEK-ENDING WITH NATURE

BY ELON JESSUP  
*Author of "The Motor-Camping Book"*

OUR car had stirred up dust and wallowed through mud in places, started Two and one-half months of go-as-you-please touring from Connecticut west to Idaho, south through Utah and then east again to our home state, showing a mileage of seven thousand miles.

I dug out a much-thumbed blue-covered cash account and added up expenses. We had written down every cent paid out from time to time just to see what an extensive tour of this sort would cost. The grand total came to exactly three hundred and seventy-five dollars and eighty cents, and this amount represented all living and traveling expenses for two people—including ice-creams, sodas, car repairs, gasoline and a new set of tires—from July the second till September.

Some time later I quoted this total to a friend and his wife who had made a motor-tour of only two weeks' duration through New England during the summer. He wouldn't believe me until I showed him an itemized account. He then proceeded to give me a rough estimate of his own trip's cost. About five hundred dollars. Of course, he hadn't skimped, neither had I.

Two and one-half months on tour for three hundred and seventy-five dollars as against two weeks for five hundred. Why the difference? I can only give you the answer in one word. Hotel.

My wife and I didn't spend a single night under a hotel roof throughout our entire two-thousand-mile trip. We had a hotel of our own—namely, the running-board of the car which could be erected in about five minutes whenever we needed it. Not once did we ever stop in the middle of a restaurant. Our own food cooked over campfires or portable stove was better.

Similarly, we ran off on close-to-home trips every now and then. It may be on a weighty subject, but it's probably camp out. Our reason for doing so isn't solely to save money. We really enjoy ourselves more that way. When you camp out for a single night, intimacy with the company of your general sense of freedom are much more complete than would be possible under a hotel roof.

But how about the physical discomfort of the thing? There are some people who are wholly dissatisfied with camping and there are others who have known two or three unfortunate experiences which have caused them to have a certain fear of them. Camping is a queer sort of hobby closely akin to a savage who takes unholy joy in discomfort; dates upon sleeping on a rock pile, running short of provisions

and getting drenched to the skin. Needless to remark, such a camper is a most disagreeable person. No sensible person intentionally invites discomfort.

But through force of circumstances there are two types of camping that are distinctly more comfortable and agreeable. In this respect, camping with a motor-car holds a position that is unique. The car shoulders the pack and you can carry two or three hundred pounds of equipment against the biker's twenty or thirty. Fresh food markets are always within easy motorizing distance. Comparatively few of the difficulties and drudgeries of outdoor camping are applicable to motor-car camping.

Therefore, one's ordinary every-day standard of living at home can be duplicated to a great extent when you go motor-camping. You can have a cool, temperate dry shelter, a sound night's sleep, satisfying meal and agreeable environment. In case a motor-camp consumer poor food, tosses all night on a mat, he need not be a tent man, for the full rest will be with himself. He hasn't properly equipped himself for the trip. Adequate preparation is nine-tenths of the story.

Whether the camping tour is a close-tour or a long-distance trip, the farther you go across the continent, the amount of pleasure derived is largely dependent upon the amount and nature of preparation before starting.

The popularity of motor-camping has brought with it an amazing array of new ideas in the way of equipment. For example, the "tent trailer," an unpowered vehicle towed behind the car, is a vehicle having bedroom, dining-room and kitchen all in one. It is practically a portable house ready for light housekeeping. Then, there are other trailers where the interior of the car itself can be utilized as a sleeping compartment. Another type of outfit is a double-width bed, its head bolted to the running-board; a shed-like structure attached to the car covers the bed. And of course, there are various kinds of tents that can be pitched independently of the car. Any planning a trip should write to various manufacturers of equipment and outfitting stores. In that way you find best what may fit your particular needs.

Perhaps a description of my own equipment and how it is mainly used will throw some light upon the technique of motor-camping in general. The tent and bed are set up independently of the car, although when we are traveling they are added to the car, the roll-up being loosely attached to the right hand running board. This weighs about seventy-five pounds, the chief reasons being the (Turn to page 57)

WHAT EVERY MOTHER KNOWS..



# When children keep well ... mothers stay young

WORRY makes the years creep on you faster. Every mother knows that she is happier—more buoyant—youthful—when her youngsters are bubbling with ruddy health. Think what it would mean not to worry about colds—mild epidemics—dangers of infection from little cuts and scratches!

Lifebuoy *antiseptic* cleanliness does relieve you of that constant underlying fear. With millions of mothers, you too can know that your children are *safely* clean. Your doctor will tell you that there is no better every-day protection.

Start using Lifebuoy to-day. Put it into *every* soap rack. Not only for your children's sake, but your own, well.

Lifebuoy is different from other soaps. You come from a Lifebuoy bath exhilarated—tingling with a sense of vigor—skin soft, satiny, glowing with splendid health.

#### Stops Body Odor

Women have discovered in Lifebuoy a means of preventing any suggestion of embarrassing body odor. Such odor results from the constant accumulation in pores of fatty waste and the acids of perspiration. Under-arm applications or surface cleansing do not remove the cause—Lifebuoy does. Because of its wonderful antiseptic, Lifebuoy lather penetrates deeply into pores, emulsifying and rinsing out all of this waste. After a stimulating Lifebuoy bath, your body keeps delightfully fresh and sweet all day, no matter how hot it is.

Try Lifebuoy and know the joy of this super-cleanliness.

*The Health Doctor*

LIFEBOUY is a health soap because it gives antiseptic cleanliness. The clean, antiseptic odor rinses away completely—never clings. Lifebuoy is orange red, the color of its pure palm fruit oil. LEVER BROS. CO., Cambridge, Mass.

**Lifebuoy**



**HEALTH SOAP**



"I'm convinced! This is proof enough for me!"

## Make this test today—it's worth it

SETTLE in your own mind and to the entire satisfaction of your palate that the world affords no finer oil—no more delicious oil—regardless of price—than Mazola.

Just follow this recipe for French Dressing—taste it—eat it on your favorite salad—and convince yourself.

Mix together one half teaspoon salt—one teaspoon sugar—one eighth teaspoon paprika. Add eight tablespoons Mazola and three tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar. This delicious dressing may be made in TWO MINUTES!

Isn't it quite logical that Mazola is America's most popular salad oil? A wholesome, clear, pure vegetable oil—pressed from the hearts of full ripened corn kernels—a food itself as delicious to eat as the corn from which it comes.

The genuinely high quality of Mazola is satisfying to the most discriminating taste—and its economy appeals to the modern housewife who practices thrift in her home.



**free**—Send for 64-page Beautifully Illustrated Cook Book. Write Corn Products Refining Company, Dept. 15, Argo, Illinois.

originally as well as daring. He would have completely deceived Jane if she had not happened

by a mere accident, to discover the relation between him and certain love letters she had begun to find in her desk. She was deceived at first, for the typewriting of them was precisely like that of Frank Owens. For a moment she had been suddenly aware of a wild start of rapture. That had given place to a shameful, open-eyed realization of the serious consequences of her own heart.

She had been dimly aware in only the writer of these missives, and her dream was shattered, if not forgotten. Andy certainly would not carry love letters to her that he had written. For a moment she had been suddenly aware of a wild start of rapture. That had given place to a shameful, open-eyed realization of the serious consequences of her own heart.

She had been dimly aware in only the writer of these missives, and her dream was shattered, if not forgotten. Andy certainly would not carry love letters to her that he had written. For a moment she had been suddenly aware of a wild start of rapture. That had given place to a shameful, open-eyed realization of the serious consequences of her own heart.

"Thank you—but, Mr. Springer—I sadly fear you were a cowboy before you became a rancher," she replied archly. "Sure I was. An' that you may find out," he laughed. "Of course, I could never come to see Frank Owens. But let's dance. I shall have little enough of this in our outfit."

So he swung her into the circle of dancers. Jane found him to be a good boy, with whom she was on her expert. Jane felt strange and uncertain with him. Then soon she became aware of the cessation of human and movement.

"Sure that was the best dance I ever had. See? Springer, something in his dark face. 'An' now I must lose you to this outfit comin'?" Manfully he meant his cowboys Tex, Nevada, Panhandle and Andy, who had got good an' mad. Tex said: "Jones, I fired you once because you was a two slick for our outfit, an' I'll tell you this, if it comes to a pinto, I'll give you the bluest thrashin' an' smart-awful cowboys ever got. You can get that beat Bloody Jones' loud mouth."

After that rather lengthy speech, Andy let her go. She was a bit surprised to see there alone. Jim looked in Springer, hoping yet fearing he would come to her. But he did not. She had another uninterrupted dizzy round of dancing until her strength failed her. She was then scarcely able to walk. Her pretty dress was torn and mussed; her slippers were worn ragged. And her feet were dead. From that time she sat with Mrs. Hartwell looking on, and trying to keep her from fainting.

At length the exodus began. Jane went out with the Hartwells, to be received by Springer, who was decidedly cool to Jane. All through the long ride out to the ranch he had remained at Springer's side, and the matronly housewives were waiting for them, with cheery welcome, and invitation to a hot breakfast.

Presently Jane found herself monetarily rich. "I'm sorry to tell you, Mrs. Hartwell," she ejaculated, drawing himself up stiffly. "All right, I'll go out an' get drunk, in' when I come back I'll clean out this hell hall."

"Tex! Don't go," she called, hurriedly, as he started to go. "I'll take that. I'll give you another dance—if you promise to be—behave." Thus she got rid of him, and was carried off by Mrs. Hartwell to be introduced to rancher and his wife, and the other ranchers' guests. Her next partner was a tall, handsome cowboy named Jones. She did not know quite what to make of him. He, as he started to go, said: "I'll take that. I'll give you another dance—if you promise to be—behave." Thus she got rid of him, and was carried off by Mrs. Hartwell to be introduced to rancher and his wife, and the other ranchers' guests. Her next partner was a tall, handsome cowboy named Jones. She did not know quite what to make of him. He, as he started to go, said: "I'll take that. I'll give you another dance—if you promise to be—behave." Thus she got rid of him, and was carried off by Mrs. Hartwell to be introduced to rancher and his wife, and the other ranchers' guests. Her next partner was a tall, handsome cowboy named Jones. She did not know quite what to make of him. He, as he started to go, said: "I'll take that. I'll give you another dance—if you promise to be—behave." Thus she got rid of him, and was carried off by Mrs. Hartwell to be introduced to rancher and his wife, and the other ranchers' guests. Her next partner was a tall, handsome cowboy named Jones. She did not know quite what to make of him. He, as he started to go, said: "I'll take that. I'll give you another dance—if you promise to be—behave." Thus she got rid of him, and was carried off by Mrs. Hartwell to be introduced to rancher and his wife, and the other ranchers' guests.

"Well, I am a tendiforum from Missouri. But that's not going to keep me from having a good time," he said. "You will, don't unkses the cowboys. They'll fight over you, which is likely. But at least there won't be any shooting." His mustache and Springs are both on the committee an' they ain't about to let any couple get away. Her Jane had concrete evidence of something she had begun to suspect. These careless, love-making cowboys might be dangerous.

Jane had seen enough of that dance hall to satisfy her. It was a big barn-like room, roughly raftered and decked, decorated enough with colored bunting to take away the harness. The volume of sound was deafening. The noise of the boots, gay laughter, deep voices of men, all seemed to merge into a loud hum. A swaying, wheeling host of dancers circled past her. No more time, then, was accorded her to clarify the spectacle,

## FROM MISSOURI

(Continued from page 7)

whom were most kindly attentive to her. Jane wondered why Mr. Springer did not put an appearance, but concluded his absence due to numerous duties. When the supper hour ended Jane caught sight of Andy.

"Andy, please find Tex for me. I owe him a dance, and I'll give him that very first, unless Springer comes along."

Andy regarded her with an aloofness totally new to her. "Wal, I'll tell him. But I reckon Tex ain't presentable just now. As I am, we are through dancin' tonight. There been a hell of a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

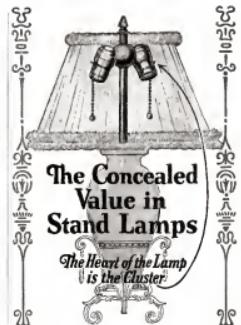
"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."

"Wal, when you can't Tex's dance for Beady Jones, you sure put out your outfit in bad, replied Andy coolly. "At that, there wouldn't have been a fight if it were he if Beady Jones hadn't got to shootin' off his chin. Tex slapped his face an' the sure started a fight. Beady licked Tex, too. I'm sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight, but I'm not sorry to say, Wal, we had a fight."



## The Concealed Value in Stand Lamps

The Heart of the Lamp is the Cluster

Like the covers of a book, the exterior of a stand lamp is not all. Beneath the shade is the lamp cluster—the heart of the lamp. It must respond instantly and aways.

The leading manufacturers equip their first quality lamps with Benjamin Adjustable Clusters because the pull-chain sockets are adjustable to any angle from horizontal to vertical and permit you to control the direction and quality of the light and show off the shade to its best advantage. With fine silk or parchment shades it eliminates any danger of scorching. Ask the dealer to show you lamps equipped with Benjamin Adjustable Clusters. They are your assurance of unusual quality in appearance and absolute satisfaction in service.

Send for our illustrated booklet telling how to identify Benjamin Adjustable Clusters

No. 1080 An Extra Outlet for Your Stand Lamp

**BENJAMIN**  
Two and Three-Way Plugs

Add to your electrical outlets this easy way. Ask your electrical dealer. Be sure to say Benjamin.

**Benjamin**  
Electric Mfg. Co.  
120-128 S. Sangamon Street  
Chicago  
New York San Francisco  
247 W. 17th St. 448 Bryant St.

**BENJAMIN**

## Irresistible is the charm of a smooth clear skin

NO other element of beauty has the alluring appeal of a fresh, velvety skin, glowing with health and color. Every man admires it and nature intended every woman to possess it.

But no skin, however lovely, will retain its beauty unaided and thousands of women have found the solution of their problem in the daily use of Resinol Soap. There are three excellent reasons why this soap appeals so strongly to the woman who wishes to preserve or restore the fresh, youthful charm of her complexion.

First, it is a decidedly pleasing toilet soap giving a quantity of creamy, pore-searching lather that invigorates while it cleanses.

Then its ingredients are absolutely pure and wholesome. There is no trace of free alkali—that harsh, drying chemical which makes so many ordinary soaps injurious to the skin and hair.

But best of all it contains the soothing Resinol properties which give it that distinctive, defining quality of color, and cause it to keep the skin clear and velvety. It leaves nothing to the desired for a toilet soap.

For special irritations, apply a little Resinol Ointment and see how quickly and easily it relieves the healing ointment has also been used for many years for the relief of itches and for removing the troubles. Your druggist sells the Resinol.

Write today for free sample of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Dept. E. Resinol, Baltimore, Md.



## Resinol Soap



again every little  
hock was turned.  
She went back to  
her room, meaning  
to rest or sleep, or  
do school work. But instead she cried.

Next day was Sunday. Heretofore every Sunday had been a full day for Jane. This one she had to fit to her energy. Her mother was attracted to the church, a superb horseman riding up the lane to the ranch-house. He seemed familiar, but she could not place him. What a picture he made! He was tall, broad, skin and shiny, booted and spurred, and his huge sombrero! Jane heard him ask for Miss Stacey. Then she recognized him, Beady Jones! She was at once horrified, and something else she was not. She knew he must have had a secret if he might call Sunday and she had certainly not refused. But for him to come after the fight with Tex and the hitter some time ago, she was sure he must be a bad man. She would let Springer see she indeed had taken Beady Jones for Mr. Frank Owens.

To that end Jane made her way down the road to greet her cowboy visitor. She made herself charming and gracious, and carried off the embarrassing situation—or Springer was as safe as if it were perfectly natural. She knew Jones was a friend of Tex's and he had come to see him. She had been so angry aware of Jones' horse was white. That checked her mounting anger.

Manifest, indeed, was it that young Jones felt he had made a conquest. He was the most forceful and bold person she had ever seen. So bold, so arrogant. Jane was accustomed to the sentimental talk of cowboys, but this fellow was neither amusing nor interesting. He was determinedly bold, pulled her hand, by his main force, free from his grip, and said she was not accustomed to allow men such privileges, he grinned at her. "Sure, sweetheart, you have missed a head of fun," he said. "An' I reckon I'll have to break you in."

Jane could not feel insulted at this brazen bout, but she certainly raged at herself. Her instant impulse was to excuse him and almost let him have his way. But Springer was close by. She had caught his dark, wondering, covert glances, and the cowboys were at the other end of the long porch. Jane feared another fight. She had known a good many, and she knew she must stick it out. The ensuing hour was an increasing torment. At last it seemed she could not hear the false situation any longer. She had to get out of the saddle and to meet him out on horseback she stooped to desperation to end the interview. She really did not concentrate her attention on his plan or the stock of what she appeared to be given him, but his looks were ease and dignity before Springer. After that she did not have the courage to stay out and face them. Jane stole off to the darkness and loneliness of her room.

THE school teaching went on just the same, and the cowboys thawed a little. Jane and Springer returned somewhat to his kingdom, and Jane was a little more at home from her walk with them. At heart she grieved. Would it ever be the same again? There came a day when Jane rode off alone towards the hills. She forsook the schoolroom, the teacher, and the cowboys. She wanted to be alone to think. Her happiness had sustained a subtle change. Her work, the children, the friends she had, even those she had lost, were no longer all-sufficient. Something had come over her. It was late fall, but the sun was warm that afternoon. Before her lay the valley range, and beyond it the dark, heavily forested mountains.

She rode fast until her horse was hot and she was out of breath. Then she slowed down and for the first time, in the long walk way off—ten miles—a mere green spot in the gray. And there was a horseman coming. As usual, some one of the cowboys had spied her, let her think he had slipped away, and was now following her. Today it annoyed Jane. She wanted to be alone. She could take care of herself. And as was unusual with her, she used her quiet on the horse. He broke into a gallop. She did not look back again for a long time. When she did it was to

## FROM MISSOURI

[Continued from page 55]

discover that the horseman had not only gained, but was now quite close to her. Jane looked hard, but she could not recognize him. She knew he imagined him as Tex and again Andy.

Jane had ever ridden. She reached the low foothills and, without heeding the fact that the wilder service became as she entered the cedars and began to climb.

At times her horse had to walk and then she heard her pursuer breaking through the orders. He had to trot her horse home? She was not able to keep the lead. It was not long until she realized she was lost, but she did not care. She rode up and down and around for an hour, until she was thoroughly tired out. She reached the high, rocky foothill she raised in her horse and waited to give this purser a piece of her mind.

What was her amaze, when she heard a loud of hoofs and cracking of braches in the distance? She had not expected her pursuer to be a rider from the cedars and trot his horse toward her. Jane needed only a second glance to recognize Beady Jones. Suddenly she had been so angry aware of Jones' horse was white. That checked her mounting anger.

Jane clung to her saddle at, and as he came close, Jane saw his bold, dark face and gleaming eyes. "Howdy, sweetie!" sang out Jones, in his cool, devil-may-care way. "Reckon it took you a long time to get here, as you seemed to."

"I didn't ride, to meet you, Mr. Jones," replied Jane, sputtering.

"I know. I'm a hunch you was playin' with me," he returned, darkly.

He reached out a long gloved hand and grasped her arm. "What do you mean, sir?" demanded Jane, trying to wrench free.

"Sure I mean a lot," he said, grimly. "You stood for the love-makin' of that Springer outfit. Now you're goin' to get a taste of somethin' else, I reckon."

"Let me go, you ruffian!" she cried, strungeling fiercely. She was both furious and terrified.

"Shucks! You'll fight'll will only make it worse. Come here, you decentful little cat." And he bit her out of her saddle over in front of him. Jones' horse, that had been frightened and plunging, reared and lunged the corral stockade. Jones proceeded to unlash Jane. She managed to keep her mouth from contact with his, but he kissed her face and neck, kisses that seemed to pollute her.

"Jane, you're out of this country for good," he said. "An' I've just been waitin' for this chance. You bet you'll remember Beady Jones."

Jane realized that Jones would stop at nothing. Frankly, she wanted to get away from him, and to pitch herself to the ground. She screamed. She beat and beat at him. She scratched his face till the blood rose. And as her struggles increased with her friend, she gradually slipped down between him and the pomel of his saddle, with head hanging down on one side and her feet on the other. She was now a dead, pale, cold, but infinitely preferable to being crushed in his arms. He was riding off with her as he had been an empty sack. Suddenly Jane's hands, while trying to hold him, slipped from his neck. She fell to her feet, came in contact with Jones' gun. Dare she draw it and shoot him? Then all at once her ears filled with the tearing gallop of another horse. In came Springer, riding hard, and she could recognize Springer ride right at Jones and yell plencliy. Next she felt Jones' hard jerk at his gun. But Jane had hold of it, and Springer had held him. Her fierce energy won which Jones wrestled to draw his gun threw Jane from the saddle. And when she dropped from the saddle, she lay face down in the dust. Then she struggled to her knees, and crawled to get away from proximity to the horses. She still clung to the heavy gun. And when, breathless and almost collapsing, she fell back on

the ground she saw Jones with his hands above his head and Springer on top of the level man in a hard tone. "It'll take mighty little to make me hurt you."

Then, while covering Jones, evidently ready for any sudden move, Springer spoke again. "Jane, did you come out to meet this cowboy?" he asked.

"Oh, no! How can you ask that?" cried Jane, almost in tears.

"Shut up, a liar," spoke up Jones, cooly.

"Let me make love to her, An."

she agreed to ride out an' meet me. Wal,

it sure took her a spell,

when she did come out, she was love-makin'.

I was packin' her off to see me some

time into her when you ride in."

"Beady, I know your way with women.

You can get your breath for I've a mind you're a good one."

"My Springer," faltered Jane, getting to her knees. "I—was foolishly taken with this cowboy—at first. Then—that Sunday after the dance, when he came to see me, he said he wanted to think him then, I heartily despised him. To get rid of him I did say I'd meet him. But I never meant to. Then I forgot it. Today I'm here for the first time. I saw some fellow who I thought was you, and I thought it was Tex or one of the boys. Finally I waited and presently Jones rode up to me ... And Mr. Springer—my grandfather—had most brutally—shamefully. I found him in bed all my might, but what could I do?"

Springer's face changed markedly during Jane's long explanation. Then he threw his arms around the shoulders of Jane.

"Jane, I'm goin' to heat you all to death," he said grimly, and, leaping at the cowboy, he jerked him out of the saddle and sent him sprawling on the ground. Next he sprang to his feet, unstrapped his vest, his spurs. But he kept on his gloves.

The cowboy rose to one knee, and he measured the distance between him and Springer, and then he sprang on the ground.

Springer interposed him with a powerful kick that tripped Jones and laid him flat.

"Jones, you're sure about as down-low as they can get in the dark," he said.

"Get up! Get to be sittin' in dark skin heatin' you when I ought to kill you."

"Ahu! Wal, boss, it ain't any safe that when you can't see me, I'm sure Jones, he got up. As they stood together, Jane had wit enough to pick up the gun, and with it and Jones', to get back to a safe distance. She wanted to run away, but she could not.

So she did not keep her gaze from the combatants. Even in her distraught condition she could see that the cowboy, fierce and active and strong as was he, was no match for Springer.

They fought over all the given space, and crashed into the cedars, and out again. The time came when Jones was on the ground as much as he was in the trees. Springer had beaten him, kept on trying to stem the onslaught of blows.

Suddenly he broke off a dead branch of cedar, and brandishing it rushed at the rancher. Jane uttered a cry closed her eyes and sank to the ground. She heard fierce impatations and sodden blows. Where at length she opened her eyes in terror, fearing something dreadful, she saw Springer erect, white-faced, and Jones lying prostrate on the ground.

Then Jane saw him go to his horse, until a canteen from the saddle, remove his bloody gloves and wash his face with a cool stream. Next he poured some water on Jones' face. "Come on, Jane," he called. "Reckon it's all over."

He led the hidle of Jones' horse to a cedar, and leading his own animal alongside, he said, "I'm gonna get you on gettin' that cowboy's gun."

"But for that they'd sure have been somethin' here," he said. "I'd have to get rid of him."

"You poor little tenderfoot from Missouri. No, not tenderfoot any longer. You became a westerner today."

His face was bruised and cut, his dress drenched in blood, but he did not appear to be seriously hurt. He was still able to walk, and his legs scarcely able to support her, and she had apparently lost her voice. "Let me put you on my saddle till we find your horse," he said, and lifted her lightly as a feather to a seat. [Turn to page 86]

## WEEK-ENDING WITH NATURE

[Continued from page 52]

steel construction of the bed. With the exception of an air mattress, a really comfortable bed can be had for not a good deal. Distributed between tonneau and left running-board are such articles as a portable camp stool, a kit, one folding-table and two folding-chairs, a refrigerator-basket, food-box, a suit-case containing clothing and other personal belongings, thin wool mattresses and several blankets. Various bundles on the left running-board are secured by a strap to meet emergencies along the outer edge of the board.

The construction of a car of equipment varying as they do with different camping parties, a packing system that will fit one car will not fit another. In all cases, however, various articles of equipment should be as compact as form will allow. Bulky pieces are likely to prove a nuisance.

Most camp furnishings are manufactured essentially from the standpoint of compactness, which is one of the chief reasons why articles made especially for camp use prove more satisfactory on a long trip than those made for permanent furnishings. Cooking utensils are a case in point.

Compare camp cooking utensils which when transported take up a fraction as much room as they do when in actual use. There is no loss of cooking efficiency, and packing problems are very much simplified when a dozen utensils of varying sizes are not crowded together. And thus, you have only one package to pack instead of twelve. This is accomplished through the absence of protruding handles, spouts, etc., on many utensils. For example, the camp coffee can and coffee-pot are provided with folding handles. Camp outfitters sell complete nesting outfits of this sort designed especially for the four or five persons. In case you don't care for metal cans and plates, you may readily substitute with channeled ware without disrupting the natural compactness of a well-constructed outfit.

All articles, attention to the outside of the car should be wrapped in waterproof canvas covering; a necessary precaution against dust, rain and mud. For example, in dry weather on dirt roads, a coat of dust will edge its way into a suit-case unless the case is provided with an outer covering. And because of the inevitable jouncing of the car, all bundles should be well secured. Another point in this connection is to distribute your load so well that the car will not ride lopsided.

When my wife and I tour we usually quit for the day and make camp at about four o'clock in the afternoon. It is not much fun to tumbling and fumbling around in the dark. Presently we are occupants of a mighty comfortable canvas dwelling, a canvas roofed, rumpled house has become a glorious tent having living quarters at one end and a four-foot-wide bed at the other. The bed, with its steel frame, steel springs and mattress is as easy to sleep in as any of our own homes. Some manufacturers make comfortable beds of this general type.

We set up our folding-chairs, table and portable stove. In case the weather is clear and the temperature is high, after the building of wood fires, we are not likely to use the stove; for there's nothing



quite comparable with the cheerfulness of a campfire. None the less, the stove always comes into its own especially in wet weather. At such times we cook under the tight shelter of the tent.

The stove is a two-burner affair, having the general appearance of a small suit-case. It gives a hot blue flame that compares not unfavorably with that of a fireplace at home. Rain doesn't worry us. Of course, there are tents that do, but that means inadequate protection. The car owner should always take pains to learn what manner of canvas he is buying. There are two types on which reliance can be placed. One of these is cloth that has been treated with a special finish. The other is standard U. S. Army duck. In this connection it is worthy of note that the general term "army duck" may mean almost anything. The term "standard U. S. Army duck" means one thing: the best quality you can get.

A sound night's sleep is of the utmost importance. A comfortable bed is the most important.

Rest. Resting is the other half of the story. Take plenty of blankets, especially if you are headed toward high altitudes. Nights up there are considerably colder than you think; summer nights colder. Blankets should be of pure wool or as close to this as possible.

All camp clothing should be selected primarily with a view to service and comfort. The camp clothes, suit of outer wear, etc., should be in a manner satisfactory sort of outer attire. A man, as a rule, carries in reserve a suit of uniforms which he draws over his clothes when about to think of a change; carry out-of-door clothing who expects to act as her own garage-man may be guided accordingly, and all making preparations should be made so that the woman has to be done on the road! Any one planning to camp in the mountains or other sections where cold nights are prevalent should have a coat—well-trimmed and well-stocked to fall back upon. So far as stockings are concerned, wool is the most suitable material for almost all camping conditions. A sweater is necessary.

The needs of a campsite, water-carrying, camp trip might be summarized briefly as follows: dry shelter, comfortable bed, plenty of blankets, good food, suitable cooking and dining utensils, portable stove, water-carrying equipment, a lantern, small ax, small shovel, flashlight, water-bag or pail, soap and towels, water and dust-proof covering for equipment, tools and extra parts for the car.

To these you can, if you will, be added numerous other items such as folding furniture and an ice-box. The needs and facilities for carrying equipment varies with different campers. There is a persistent tendency to load heavily and too much. Any article for which you will not have definite and fairly continual use should be eliminated.

Precise attention to various details mentioned in the foregoing means all the difference between comfort and discomfort. Once having acquired the right sort of outfit, you can pack it away neatly in a canvas bag and when you are given about ten minutes notice, get away to the open places for a night, week or month.

## SOFT delicate baby skin cannot stand harsh, impure talcum — be careful, Mother

Leading physicians and skin specialists caution great care in the choice of baby talcum. There are a few real baby talcums. They alone are worthy of a mother's trust. Make sure, for the little one's sake, that you choose carefully.

In "Diseases of the Skin," Dr. Henry S. Strelow, a very famous skin specialist, declares that grittiness must be avoided in dusting powders used for children.

Dr. J. P. Crozer-Giffith, another noted physician, in his book

"The Care of the Baby," advises against the use of any strongly scented powder for little ones.

Some powders, not intended for baby use, are so drying that they increase friction and irritation, instead of lessening it. Others actually burn a child's skin. These powders might not trouble adults. Yet the skin of infants is too delicate to bear their harshness. Your own family doctor will tell you this.

Highly scented talcs, intended solely for adult use, are adequate for their purpose. But they carry too much perfume for Baby. It even gets into and irritates the membranes of the child's nose. A headache results. The baby cries—and the mother doesn't know why.

There are many types of talc, varying in chemical construction, varying in fineness in color, in absorbent qualities, etc.

Talcums not made especially for baby use, and not medicated, may be gritty, irritating or caustic. They may contain mica, or lime which burns, or tiny, flint-like particles. Too small for ordinary eyeglasses, they can cut and grind infant skin until it's raw.

### Medical Endorsement

Mennen was the first borated talcum of all. The first medicated talcum for babies. It had, still has, complete endorsement by the medical profession. For nearly 50 years it has been improved constant-

ly—progressing, advancing with science. Nothing ever has taken its place. Ask your own physician.

Constant chemical analysis in the Laboratories assures the purity and unvarying high standard of Mennen Borated Talcum.

Medicated to soothe Baby's skin, Mennen's has helpful therapeutic value. It protects the delicate skin from infection—is antisепtic. It shields the skin from friction—from the rubbing of clothes, of blankets, of Baby's own skin-folds. It absorbs all irritating moisture—perspiration, urine and bathwater.

On the other hand, some talcums may be too drying. These increase friction and irritation, rather than lessen them. But you can be sure of Mennen's correct medication.

Remember this, Mother: Baby talcum is good for adult skins. But adult powder can't be depended on for Baby's.

### One for Every Mother

Let Belle Roberts send you a copy of the wonderful Mennen Baby Book. Every page is helpful. From planning his first bath to his first nursery until the little youngster, romper-clad, is romping—it guides and counsels each phase of Baby's development.

### —And for Your Own Use, Madame

Mennen's is as wonderful for your skin as for Baby's. Use after the bath. Shower body and feet to prevent friction and give ease of movement.

### NEW! Baby Ointment

When skin gets dry rough or inflamed, apply Mennen Baby Ointment. Wonderfully cooling and alleviating. Heals, soothes, lubricates. Softens scales so that scalp may be gently, safely cleansed. Invaluable for dozens of nursery uses.

BELLE ROBERTS  
c/o The Mennen Company  
349 Central Avenue, Newark, N.J.

I am enclosing 25¢ (Canada 35¢). Please send me postage, in plain wrapper, copy of The Mennen Baby Book.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



The plan never came true! Congress failed the boys! But the plan died hard.

Why was the "National Soldier Settlement Act"—for that was what the plan outlined in the Committee on Land which recommended it in 1919—why was it thrown aside by Congress? An attempt to explain what Congress does or does not do must always begin with politics. Only in war do you agree with your opponent. Even then, it is possible to agree with his plan if it can be done without immediate disaster. But, while an investigator must agree that the policies behind Congressional actions is first to be considered in this bill as in most others, he must not stop there. No little honest opposition to the Soldier Settlement Act can come from the fact that it proposed something quite outside the experience of many, perhaps most of the members of Congress.

But Congress refused to approve the plan. It was enough for the members of Congress that it could have provided for the soldiers whom they wished discredited, but it was also beyond the experience of most of them. They did not realize that they were not being asked to try out new theories—but to apply a set of principles already well established among those who had aided Settler's Law in the development of the plan. It was the head of the United States Reclamation Bureau—Eloyd Mead, Mr. Mead could tell Congress how under his direction Australia had already demonstrated the entire practicality of the principles of scientific colonization. In the twenty years of experience of Australia, impressed by what Mr. Mead had done in Australia, had bought a tract of 6500 acres and set aside \$250,000 with which he (Mr. Mead) was then establishing a similar settlement—one power plant. Durham.

But it was necessary to go far away—away from where Congress was sitting six prosperous settlements, all within 30 miles of one another, built up by Hugh MacKee of Wilmington, North Carolina, twenty years of experience. Hugh MacKee, asked to tell how he had succeeded, could have told them:

1. Sell no land which you have not proved fit to grow what you tell your settler it will grow; that is, sell only certified land—and have at least an acre or two ready for a crop.

2. Pick your settler. Be sure he loves the soil—has had experience on it—will work—is thrifty—ambitious.

3. Furnish expert advice as to soils—crop diversification—methods. Be a friend to the new-comer.

4. Supply credit—no more than you can afford.

5. Place your settlers in groups where they can build up social life—community interests—schools—roads—amenities.

6. Encourage cooperation.

**T**HE National Soldier Settlement Act is dead. But though a great opportunity of successfully undertaking scientific colonization on a large scale was lost in 1919 when Congress refused Secretary Lane's plan the principles were not lost. Indeed, today, the principles espoused by Congress in the original solution of a great of economic and human problems which threaten to put an end to one of its favorite, and very expensive, undertakings—reclaiming of the arid lands of western states by building dams, pumping enough water to grow crops and irrigating.

It is now twenty-four years since this policy was adopted. In that period twenty-four irrigation projects scattered over thirteen states have been undertaken, and over \$200,000,000 spent in them. More than \$100,000,000 is now in use.

Enthusiasts will tell you that there are today 134,000 individuals living on the thirty thousand and more farms that have been developed from sage brush desert through irrigation. They will tell you that last year \$17,000,000 worth of crops were harvested from these reclaimed lands. All of this is true. But what the enthusiasts do not tell you is that only one of the projects yielding a rich return is longer owned and tilled by a man of his own. In India, in America, and has been the property of an individual or company who carries it on as a business, employing tenants, usually Mexicans in the Southwest, Russians in the Middle West, and North. That is, both the economic and social end of the irrigation project, depending directly on the individual small farmer to the absentee landlord or corporation has been slow. The system of tenancy is threatening in more than one project the hope of the few settlers who have been on, of finding establishing a satisfactory solution for the natives and children. They cannot do it in a community of aliens of low standards.

Now do the enthusiasts tell you that more than 60,000 acres of one much heralded development are still untouched; that on another, 500 settlers left in two years, utterly disappointed in the scheme. They do not tell you that you that these settlers agreed and have been unable to meet their payments to the government—that while these are projects which have paid all the money they owe, others have not even covered the operating expenses. When the government took back the land, it was expected that in twenty years the money it had invested would be returned to it by the settlers' gradual payments for land and service. The original investment was to become a revolving fund to be used over and over in further reclaiming land. It has not been used for this entire undertaking. The wise men of the Reclamation Bureau have not glossed over the facts. Reclamation, they have been insisting, is more an engineering problem. Economic and human problems must be mastered before the

## IS FLORIDA A FAILURE?

[Continued from page 12]

land can be made to yield. Congress has been willing to take the first step—furnish water—but that is not enough under present circumstances of life.

They have realized that the plan which the government has followed in colonizing arid land must be changed. It has been little better than a lottery. There is in Nebraska a reclamation project—the North Platte. Six years ago eighty farms were opened to settlers; 3288 people applied for them and 1000 were given to the ground at the time. The government gave the tract to those who drew the lucky numbers. The result is today that the majority of North Platte farms are in the hands of alien tenants. Those who received them were either not fit for the struggle, or those who received them were either not fit for the struggle, or

land was given out and speculators.

**T**HE folly of unselected settlers land finally penetrated Congress, for a bill was passed a year and a half ago changing the lottery to intelligent selection. Applications for land were to be made by men who have had two years experience at farming, must prove that they are fairly industrious and of fairly good character. Also, they must have at least \$2,000 in money. These requirements go to a long way toward eliminating risk. The government is to be responsible for the land and the government gave the tract to those who drew the lucky numbers. The result is today that the majority of North Platte farms are in the hands of alien tenants. Those who received them were either not fit for the struggle, or

land was given out and speculators.

**F**LORIDA has a wonderful opportunity to apply scientific colonization for she is more awake to its necessity for her future growth than any other state is at the moment. But the state is not yet prepared to take advantage of it. It has isolated again and again in her past. She has sold, or allowed to be sold, land which could not in a lifetime of hard work be made fit for human habitation and cultivation and she has not picked her settlers.

**T**HE state, however, State, through its Immigration Bureau, is actively interesting itself in bringing in settlers, and they are not left to the land sharks when they arrive, for there are excellent agencies for looking after them. I do not know where you will find a better market commissioner than Mr. L. C. Penney, who is a man of high character, cordial and personal service. From him newcomers can get information about soil, he put in touch with markets and receive daily and night market reports. The Agricultural College, of which he has already talked, in this state gives wonderful advice.

The difficulty is that the lone-farmer does not always know that in every well-regulated state there exists today more or less efficient agencies created to guide him, and he does not demand the service which the State pays large sums to provide.

**T**HE state has a large acreage of land settlement projects are on foot—more or less well thought out and nearly all of them giving some attention to our principles. Boca Raton—elegant and exclusive as it promises to be—provides a number of homes for the retired, and the West Coast where the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is investing money, some 20,000 acres have been set aside for "little ranches," which are not to be sold until the soil has been tested and the essentials for work and living provided.

The truck farm in Florida is a winter proposition largely, and can easily be combined with a trade which in the north is seasonal. It is practical, too, for Northern wheat and potato and vegetable growers who can afford to move.

Again, the new farms are finding this out. On a tour of observation in Florida last winter I ran across an Idaho potato grower looking for land which he could cultivate, while his northern tract was under

water. There are several large cooperative land developments on foot in Florida. One of the more notable is Floride in Escambia County. The land at Floride, some 80,000 acres, is one of the great cut-over tracts which are still a puzzle to their owners—no one seems to know where it is. Kansas lumberman Senator E. F. Porter. Senator Porter was a public-spirited and far-seeing man. He had a feeling of responsibility toward the acres he had demised, and they were capable of rendering a service. His sons could not develop the land themselves and turned to a lawyer and then proving that such development was practical and profitable. He advised in his will that the lands be kept together—cleared—made productive.

It is a man's right to leave up to these co-operative youths and their wives and they did it and kept it. It has shown isolation, doubts, experiments, patience, but the results are today exciting and promising. The results are only another example of the large number of products new to the United States that intelligent and patient experiment can prove can be grown in what the Floridians love to call "our last frontier."

**T**HE most original and promising large scale colonizing scheme in the state so far as I have been able to find which has been put into operation is the foundation of the Penny Chain Stores. I had not been long in Florida last winter before I was advised to "see what Penney was doing. He's started something," they insisted, and that was my conclusion after a day's tour. I got right over him.

Penney's idea of colonizing scientifically is beyond a doubt of that—but not as an end, rather as the means by which he hopes to demonstrate the soundness of an idea. Mr. Penney however has a contribution to make to the much needed economic situation and he is acting in it. In Florida this comes out as you travel him through the town of Green Cove Springs, thirty miles south of Jacksonville on the St. John's River, six miles out to the farms.

The town cannot be passed by in considering the under-taking, for it is a breeding place for the enterprising spirit. Most Florida developers begin by building a town and then opening a back country as a second thought. Mr. Penney has reversed the process. He bought his land and then seeing the relation to it for good or evil of a watering place six miles away, he bought springs, hotels, and some 500 lots.

On the edges of the town one finds the explanation of the rumor pretty general in Florida that Mr. Penney is selling his land to the highest bidder. He is not to be blamed for that; most people don't know Mr. Penney. When he bought, a little over a year ago at a foreclosure sale, the land which he is colonizing, he took over with it a defunct sawmill and an abandoned industrial village made up of 100 houses. The houses were in a bad condition. Mr. Penney's thrifty soul revolted at the idea of destroying these houses. There were so many people in the world who needed them! He told me, with tears in his eyes, as he drove up to the place, that he believed that [Turn to page 60]

# McCALL'S HOMEMAKING BOOKLETS



**PARTIES ALL THE YEAR** By Claudia M. Flanagan. Going to Chautauqua, a Pipe Ranch, for a week? Follow the Barefoot Trail in August; A Rainbow Party. Many other parties too.

**WHAT'S IN YOUR REFRIGERATOR?** Recipes prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen. Appetizing cool drinks: Chicken Mousse; Macaroni and Vegetables. Not to mention a Potted Breakfast menu, as a novel summer suggestion.

**THE NEW HOSPITALITY**, By Lilian Purdy Goss. How to entertain in style for every party of home occasion, including hospitable afternoon tea and Sunday night "house company" parties.

**THE HOUSE OF GOOD TASTE** (New Edition) By Lilian Purdy. Photographs of artistic rooms, designed by well-known decorators, and suggestions for the beauty-loving homemaker.

**DISCOUSSES HOUSEKEEPING** By Dorothy Ethel Walsh. Ten practical lessons in interior decoration.

**THE BEAUTY HOME** By Lilian Purdy Goldsborough. Up-to-date devices for lightening the burden of housework. Does this mean that we must buy Giles. Practical directions for flower and vegetable gardening.

**A BOOK OF MANNERS**, By Margaret Ernestine. Etiquette for present-day social life. Formal and informal weddings, also.

**A LITTLE BOOK OF GOOD LOOKS**. Approved by the National Foundation, and employed by New York's beauty shops, as guides to loveliness and charm.

**EXERCISES FOR ONE AND ALL** (leaflet) Exercises for perfecting the figure.

**INTERVAL BATHING**. (a leaflet) By E. V.

McCollum, M.D. A treatment for intestinal worms.

**THE FRIENDLY BABY**, By Helen Johnson Keys; approved by Charles Gilmore Kefley, M.D. Advice to the young mother, including Dr. Kefley's well-known feeding schedules.

**THE FRIENDLY MOTHER**, By Helen Johnson Keys; approved by Franklin A. Dorman, M.D. Advice to the mother-to-be.

**THE FAMILY BUDGET**, By Isabel Ely Lord. The easily followed system of home budgeting for the family with a limited income.

**THE SMALL HOUSE**, Compiled by Marci Mead, McCall's Consulting Architect. House designs by famous architects. The plans are all carefully worked out.

**MENU FOR TWO WEEKS**, (a leaflet) By E. V. McCallum, M.D. Appetizing menus for the two-week period.

**TIME-SAVING COOKERY**, Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen. Shortcuts in the three main meals.

**MURKES BISCUITS**, Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen. Foundation recipes which will save you time and worry in your baking.

**SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY**, By May B. Van Arsdale, Day Monroe and Mary L. Baker. How to insure the success of your cooking.

Each booklet (unless otherwise noted) is ten cents; or any amount less than half that sum, one cent. Enclose money (or stamps) and address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

## A WHO'S ZOO PARTY

If you would like to give the most amusing and unusual party of the summer, here are some parties so bizarre to think of—try a Who's Zoo Party.

Our new leaflet giv-



ing explicit directions for the party may be had by sending a stamped, addressed envelope to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

## FASTING—ITS BENEFITS AND DANGER

(Continued from page 40)

contaminating substances in the body fluids. Most persons eat too much protein-rich food and their blood becomes acid after years of eating more waste products. Consequently the kidneys are taxed greatly by the constant demand upon them to excrete the nitrogenous wastes.

Practically people are generally accustomed to eating, fasting, and feasting and evidence proves that the short absence from food was not nearly so detrimental as over-indulgence when food was available.

Fasting creates in the normal person an impetuous demand for food, so it may be wise for one who is about to undergo a period of over-fasting for the purpose of increasing his health to go without food. It then would not be such an effort to eat the extra food as it would if one tried to eat freely when he had no appetite. Those who suffer from so-called "sick

headache" caused by over-loading the digestive apparatus day after day, generally know from personal experience of going without food for a day or two.

The practice, followed by those enthusiasts who treat patients suffering from pronounced gastro-intestinal disturbances, of fasting certain patients for two weeks or more before placing them on a diet which is planned to correct the supposed causes of the condition, is certainly to be condemned. Such a fast would, to be sure, accomplish all the "purifying" the digestive tract ever could accomplish.

Exponents of fasting often assert that long fasting brings about the rejuvenation of the body tissues. This is true in the case of the lower forms of animal life such as mites and the buffalo moth. But the many observations on the higher animals and on man do not show that one can regain youthfulness this way.

## LET ELECTRICITY DO IT FOR YOU!

(Continued from page 37)

the iced refrigerator required about 200 pounds of ice a week, and the electric registered in the neighborhood was 100 watts. At the average household where the refrigerator is constantly used and the room temperature varies, it is reasonable to estimate the cost of running a refrigerator at twice these amounts. Thus, if you buy ice at 60 cents a hundred pounds and your electricity 12 cents a kilowatt hour, it would cost \$2.40 a week

for ice as compared with \$1.80 for electric current.

Refrigerators are invariably too small to allow the storage of food in any considerable quantity. The refrigerator should be big enough, as well as efficient enough, to fit its work properly. You are compensated for the extra cost of buying a larger refrigerator by being able to do quantity-buying and so saving much time in marketing.

# "Wouldn't think of making jam or jelly without it...."

say women who use this simple method to overcome the variation in fruit which once caused jam and jelly failures



Nine-tenths of jam or jelly failures are the fault of the fruit. You can have success now every time.

**NINE-TENTHS** of the difficulty in making good jams and jellies has been due to the fact that the jelly forming substance in fruit is constantly changing—always decreasing in quantity as the fruit ripens, so that when the flavor is finest, the jelling power is lowest.

Very few fruits have enough of this jelling substance to jellify all the juice they contain.

That is why by the old-fashioned method the juice had to be boiled down until the jelling element was concentrated enough to jell the remaining juice.

But now you can use any fruit you like—when it is ripest and full-flavored—and, even without previous experience, you can make



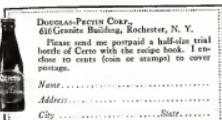
You just bring your fruit—or fruit juice—and sugar to a boil, add Certo, boil hard one or two minutes, and it's ready to skim, pour and seal.

perfect jams and jellies every time. For after long study and investigation of the nature of fruits, the way has been found to extract the jelling substance from fruit in which it is abundant so as to produce a highly refined, liquid concentrate which, used with any fruit juice, gives it the required amount of natural jelling quality.

This concentrate of the natural jelling element in fruit we have named Certo. With Certo you get perfect jam or jelly with only one or two minutes boiling. "My jams and jellies taste just like fresh fruit," women say when they use Certo.

And because you do not have to "boil the juice down" you get half again more jam or jelly from the same amount of fruit. A slightly larger amount of sugar is needed to jell this extra juice, but there is no more sugar per glass in jam or jelly made the Certo way. Douglas-Pectin Corp., Granite Ridge, Rochester, N. Y. In Canada address Douglas Packing Co., Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.

Send 10¢ for half-size bottle—enough to make 6 to 10 glasses of jam or jelly, depending on the recipe used.



Please send me postpaid a half-size trial bottle of Certo with the recipe book. Enclose 10¢ (coin or stamp) to cover postage.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_

## IS FLORIDA A FAILURE?

[Continued from page 58]

*Freckles  
Secretly and Quickly Removed!*

## They Disappear While You Sleep!

Why let FRECKLES mar your beauty? With Stillman's Freckle Cream you can bleach them out quickly and surely, and no one will ever know about it.

This magic snow-white cream, cool and fragrant, banishes freckles and leaves your skin softened, whitened and refined. It's a beauty boon for freckled girls.

Results guaranteed; your money back if not fully satisfied. Successful for 32 years.

At all drugstores, 50¢ and \$1.00.

Try it tonight.

Stillman's Freckle Cream *action*

ABSORBS FRECKLES

THE SKIN

## FREE COUPON

The Stillman Co.,  
4 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.  
Please send me your FREE booklet, "Beauty Products," which gives the names and  
skin treatments used by stage and screen stars.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

NORIDA VANITIES FOR LOOSE POWDER  
CANNOT SPILLContains Loose Powder  
— but Cannot Spill!

THIS is Norida, the ingenious Vanities for loose powder. You can carry it in any position—hold it upside down—but the powder cannot spill. A patented feature prevents that. Just a twist, and the loose powder comes forth in any desired quantity. And when

it's empty, you refill it with any kind of loose powder you prefer.

Norida Vanities—Single for loose powder—Double, for loose powder and rouge. Thin, dainty cases—as beautiful as they are ingenious. They fit easily in a Purse, Sack or (Widower) powder and rouge.

Buy one at any drug or department store.

NORIDA PARURERIE, 624 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois  
Canadian Office, McClellan Bros., Ltd., 145 Adelaide St., West, Toronto



*Norida*  
The Vanities for Your Favorite Loose Powder

It Cannot Spill

FREE  
A generous sample of  
Norida Face Scented  
(Widower) Powder,  
—your favorite—  
—Jasmine, Blanche  
and Rose—will be sent  
and name and address.

the solution of the problem was an inscription from the Divine.

"All my life," he said, "I have wanted to do something for broken down preachers and missionaries. I wanted to do something in memory of my father, who was a Baptist preacher, and who was a salaried and supporting his family by farming. In his old age his church excommunicated him because he advocated Sunday Schools, a salaried and education for ministers. Everybody in the town came to look at him and without enough income to care for him. Often he is tired out needs a change, a year in another climate. It was never to me that he had no place to go to, cottages to be had, and money to pay the boards of different churches and missionary societies: 'Here are comfortable houses, close to a good town and a river, live in all the comforts of home for guests. I will let them rent free to any tired out people who wish to send here.'"

He immediately carried out his scheme, painting the forty or fifty houses and outfitting them electrically and making them comfortable, if simple. As soon as they were ready they were filled. There is no time limit. If you like it and are a good neighbor, you can stay on and on.

We went from town to town, calling on the people—a young man broken down—two or three missionaries, women, one who had spent forty years in Persia, another who had been in India. Several of the men had gardens. Others had been fishing. Everybody seemed happy.

Mr. Penney's joy in this enterprise is genuine, but it is not good business to let him know that, evidently, the tract of land must be used to build houses, frame cottages, so he has taken a square in town and is building these three hundred houses, and he is to use the same way as the Jimmie cottages, as a permanent memorial to his father. The location is so beautiful, the town so pleasant, the Springs so health-giving, that this is bound to attract a large number of broken down people. This visit over, we started for the west.

"In order that you may understand what you are going to see," Mr. Penney told me, "I will tell you something about myself. When I was eight years old, my father, who you know never had much money, told me from that time on I must earn all the clothes I had—and I did. I worked for a man who had Norida stores in one state or another. Finally in Wyoming, where I had been some time, my employer said to me, 'Jim, I want to start a store. If you will put in \$500 in savings and take charge, I will give you a half interest.' That was my chance! My wife and I had saved \$500. We put that in, borrowed a little more and became a partner. Finally I was able to buy out my partner. I then started to think about our obligation to pass on the opportunity that had been extended to us. I had a clerk, who was honest, energetic, reliable, thirty, so I took him around and found out that he needed a store, and I made him the same proposition that had been made to me. He jumped at it. But I had other clerks come on, just as good, and all these clerks wanted a chance. So I had to give my business to find a way to give it to them. The idea developed until now there are six hundred and seventy-six Penney stores in the last year that they did a business of \$4,000,000."

"A great many of these stores are in farming communities and the difficulty of the farmers in recent years set me to thinking. Then perhaps the Penney family idea can be extended to the farmer. I couldn't get it out of my mind, a year ago when I learned that 120,000 acres of land were for sale in the Custer, Colo. Springs, 10,000 of it cleared and fenced, was to be sold at a receiver's sale. Here was my opportunity. I immediately bought the land and was trying to get people who are willing to work to chance to own a farm and a home."

A man who has been able to find a market for developing six hundred and forty-six farms and supervising the tremendous business of supplying them with goods and supervising their methods

can be trusted, if anybody can, to find partners for such an enterprise as he now proposed. It looks as if he had succeeded admirably, for you rarely find an organization, even in Florida, more devoted to an unselfish purpose than Penney's assistants.

Mr. Penney had a definite idea of the kind of farmers that he wanted on his tract. It was not the broken down, the fatherless, the runaways from bad situations, he wanted the men and women who had the intelligence and character to carry through what they undertook. He began to get them at once. Nobody comes to the missions, he said, but the following extract from his first statement of plan and qualifications show:

"Our plan is to ask no one to pay anything down when he selects his farm. We allow him free use of the farm for one year. The only thing we ask the farmer to do is to insure the house for at least \$75,000. This will cost approximately \$8.55 for one year. The price of the farm will range from \$500 to \$3,000 for those located some distance from the highway. This price includes the house, the land cleared, fence and plot. It also includes the building of outbuildings, such as shelter for mule and tool shed.

"Upon the completion of the first year it is our intention to sit down with the farmer and agree with him upon the amount of land he can and should plant at the end of each year, so that at the end of a certain period he will have paid for his farm out of the profits taken from the land. This is the only way Penney's plan has been successful for so many years in connection with his store managers, who pay for their stock interests out of the profits obtained from the operation of their stores and their management."

When I made these rounds with Mr. Penney in the last year forty settlers had joined the community. They were working eagerly, hopefully and cooperatively. The result of their work is that five, all of whom had had either practical experience in farming or had the hand-tradition and mind.

Many colonies fall down because of the desire of spiritual and religious life. These features are being very carefully and zealously cultivated in the new colony. But the living force in the colony is the feeling on all sides that there is a definite obligation to do for others what was done for him, and he believes the world is to be won over to the same when he reaches a ready to act when the opportunity comes as was his in his day.

This idea, as well as the principles of democratic communism, are not exclusive to wealth and power; it is not necessary to require a Penny or a United States Government to put them to work. The man of moderate acres and moderate means can get this idea. It will be his individual. The Penney's management is a tremendous opportunity to spread knowledge of sound economics. Let him help his men to the 2 to 3 acre tracts within reasonable distance of his factory, mine—which in hundreds of cases in the country are to be had—and will establish the greatest labor college in existence, for the farm is the greatest of teachers.

The soil teaches the relation of capital and labor, that capital is the seed which must be sown if we are to have future crops. Russian peasants fleeing from famine states, when they carried their seed with them, were able to touch the seed of the soil.

The home on a farm is not only a road to economic independence, it is a school in reasonableness, patience, understanding.

## DOCTOR SYNTAX DISCUSSES THE BABY'S CARE IN SUMMER

(Continued from page 48)

They should then be rinsed with hot boiled water and placed in the boiled water until feeding time. The mother or nurse should always wash her hands with soap and water before handling the preparation of the baby's food. The habit of thumb and finger sucking and the use of pacifiers and the like are all dangerous, as they furnish a means of contamination of the food.

*Mrs. Wise:* Are all healthy babies, who have been properly cared for, apt to have summer diarrhea? Doctor? It would seem that a little diarrhea or two might do more harm than good.

*Dr. Syntax:* It is not a case of a germ or two but of millions of them. The growth of bacteria in unpasteurized milk or in the digestive tract is rapid. I have known some of the finest babies to have been made violently ill by means of unclean milk. It is quite true, however, that the baby will not be sick if it never has been subjected to digestive disorders possesses a much better resistance than the one who has had frequent stomach and bowel disorders.

*Mrs. Wise:* What is cholera infantum?

*Dr. Syntax:* Cholera infantum is a term used to express what is really gastrointestinal intoxication of a most severe character. The child usually becomes ill suddenly, with a high fever, high temperature, persistent vomiting and loose watery evacuations. It is the most fatal form of the summer disorders. So-called summer diarrhea and dysentery, while less dangerous, are often followed by cholera infantum.

*Mrs. Wise:* What can one do when a child becomes ill with summer troubles?

*Dr. Syntax:* The first step is to send for the family physician. While awaiting his arrival, stop all milk foods, even breast-milk, if the baby is nursed and give sponges with alcohol and water or plain water. Fifteen minutes will give maximum relief.

The most important measure, however, is to stop all milk as a food. The mother should never attempt treatment of the mildest case without a physician's direction. The practice of many lies largely in prevention. Keeping the baby cool and comfortable during the hot months helps not a little and whether in the city or country, on hot days, two or three hours of complete cooling periods with water at 60° is advisable.

*Mrs. Wise:* The health pamphlet suggested that the food strength be reduced on hot days. Is this correct?

*Dr. Syntax:* Very good indeed, for the reason that the infant's digestive capacity is lessened at such times and a convenient way for doing this is to pour an ounce or two of milk into a small cup, add one teaspoonful and replace it with boiled water, a couple of ounces of plain water given between the feedings occasionally is also a beneficial custom.

*Mrs. Wise:* Thank you very much doctor. I will remember and follow out all your suggestions and I am sure my baby will keep well during the summer.

*Dr. Syntax:* I am sure he will, if you exercise care and common sense in management and avoid the gratuitous advice of any friend that is contrary to what I told you.

## A LITTLE LOG HOUSE IN THE WOODS

(Continued from page 46)

and fitted with wooden latches and pulls; they may consist of two thicknesses of boards set vertically, with a split log set in at the top, with large-headed chest nails. Even roughly constructed, they are ample protection and artistic as well.

A stayway of split logs adds a note of interest and provides a safe and secure entrance.

Hand-made furniture of unpeeled cedar saplings is both picturesque and appropriate in the cabin. It is constructed according to primitive joinery. But most in-

triguing is the simple furniture of our forefathers, such as the simple chairs of oak or pine, the settle, the table, the oven, the shelves, plate dressers with up-standing cooking china decorated in gay colors, the pine and maple tables belonging in such a setting and the high-backed settle by the fireplace. The simple, rustic, abundance of hooked rugs and crocheted hangings of colors to match the flowered plates, are reminiscent of the spirit of the past, which has been carried over into a living present of loneliness and comfort.

## HER BACK TO THE WALL

(Continued from page 13)

Alone, he returned home to find Birrel waiting. She was in evening-dress and had taken off her apron.

"Good Lord! I didn't expect to see you. Going out to dinner?"

She raised her eye-brows in a puzzled manner. "Going out to dinner? No. All alone?"

He cleared his throat and embarrassed. "Where is she? Hasn't she come in yet?"

His eyes fell on a clock, placed conspicuously on the clock on the mantel piece. It was addressed to him in his wife's hand. It read, "I've invited Birrel to dinner. I may not get back before eleven. If I don't, please entertain her for me." The letter was signed "Birrel". At first Dan was anxious; he spent his time in listening for her step. He heard hardly anything of what Birrel was saying. Then his anxiety was relieved by the sound of anger and her impatience. She hadn't any right to treat him cavalierly. It was unlike her. Besides, he hated to own it, he missed her most confoundingly. Later, came the child's desire to show how little he had changed.

He looked at Birrel. He noticed the deep red-gold of her hair—how it lay like metal against the whiteness of her forehead. He glanced into her eyes, and discovered that he could make them shy if he gazed too

long at them. He found that by giving her his attention, he could distract her thoughts from him and could interest them in the way we are to us than friends. He became interested in the discovery—a little proud of it; he was a piper with a pipe. He had been a piper, a man of a woodland, compelling wild things to stand out from cover spell-bound. That was how it all commenced.

After dinner she waited beside the pipe, sometimes humming, sometimes like a bee from flower to flower of sound. His thoughts went back to the woman of dreams as his illusions had conjured her. He pushed back his chair farther. He had to sit. At the end of the motif, he leaned forward and stayed her hands. As their fingers met, they lingered. Hems trembled. What was he going to have said?

"You're not happy?"

His voice quivered. "And you?"

She shook his head.

She bent forward. Her hair touched his. He smelt its fragrance. She breathed, harshly, spoke the words: "Can I help?"

He awoke to the risk of his foolishness.

"It's too late for that."

She laughed tremulously. "It's never too late to come back."

Her hands flashed [Turn to page 85]



One reason of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of oven heat and controlled oven heat for any kind of oven cooking or baking.

Unless the Regulator has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN

## The Kind of Stove to Buy

WHEN you buy your new cook stove, insist on a Gas Range equipped with Lorain, the Original Oven Heat Regulator—Invented, built and unconditionally guaranteed by American Stove Company, manufacturers of Clark Jewel, Dangler, Direct Action, New Process, Quick Meal and Reliable Gas Ranges.

# LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

Lorain is the only Oven Heat Regulator with a long compounding lever. It reacts to the slightest change of oven temperature, thus insuring instant and accurate oven heat control.

So be sure to buy a gas range with the famous Lorain (Red Wheel) Regulator. There are none better. Ask any Good Dealer or Gas Company and—accept no substitute.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World  
We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

Please send me free copy of Lorain Oven Canning Chart.

Enclosed first \$0 in \_\_\_\_\_ for copy of 128-page, Illustrated Cook Book containing Lorain Time and Temperature Recipes. Note Check which you wish and Print name and address plainly.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

McC.—S-16

# The FAIRY from the RADIO

XX BY HELEN MORRIS XX

CAROLINE sat alertly beside her daddy's radio. She had the earphones carefully held to her ears, the way her daddy had showed her. She was listening to a lovely story about a princess and a prince, and a fairytale that she had heard in which the princess because she was so lovely, and who made her go through many cruel tasks to win her prince. The voice that was telling the story over the radio was so low and pleasant, that after a while Caroline had closed her eyes and didn't try to hear the story. The story was coming closer and closer to the happy-ever-after place, and Caroline rested her head against the chair-back, and had the snug feeling of hearing a wonderful lullaby. She felt as though she were lying on a soft, mossy lap with mother telling her very quiet, sleepy story.

Suddenly she sat bolt upright and the earphones hung tipily on her head for a moment and then fell into her lap. For the soft voice had suddenly broken into an equally soft, but louder, chattering of bees that had come over her head. She looked up, and there, perched on the tip edge of the loud-speaker, sat the dearest fairy, prettier than even the colored pictures of fairies in Caroline's books. Her little green dress was of pale green silk and fluted as if it were made of a soft, green, gauzy fabric. She was trying to wrangle them from their winter nap. It floated around her as if a little breeze kept it moving. Caroline stared so hard that the fairy laughed again and floated a little kiss out to her.

WHY are you so surprised to see me when you weren't hit surprised to hear me out of the loud speaker?" she asked.

"Was it you telling that lovely story?" asked Caroline. "I thought it was a different sort of voice at first. The first voice was like a school-teacher—you know, nice, but she wants you to hear every single word. You made it like a happy song. Was it you or her or who?"

"Oh, such grandpa!" laughed the fairy. "Yes, it was both of us. The children are so tired of that kind of voice now, and so sometimes when the story-lady doesn't know it, I get right in front of her at the microphone—people know what that is—the little instrument that people talk into."

Caroline nodded. Daddy had told her all about it long ago, when he first bought their radio.

"Well, then, sometimes I get right in front of her and finish her story for her. It doesn't hurt her, for she doesn't know she's being done in any more, and I know the little children like the difference."

"But," asked Caroline suddenly, "they can't even announce you, can they? Do you have a name, like us?"

"Yes, indeed I do, even if they don't even announce it.

My name is Tempa, and I am a radio singer, but I like that best of all. It means time in a language I knew long ago. And all the little children who are my friends in other countries can say that easily, no matter what language they speak."

"Do you sing to children in other countries?" asked Caroline eagerly.

"Yes, dear, wherever there is sound—and that is everywhere in the world—the children need me. And so, for ages the little ones and often clever men found out about radio and learned how to tell stories to you from far away over a little wire that goes into a wall in your house. Long ago I used to carry songs like a very tiny radio, and I sang them to listen to later and sometimes I wove them into stories to tell children at bedtime. Now you see it is an advantage to be a fairy. Other people can just let you hear the sound of the story, but I am popping in the minute, but I bring you sound from the past."

Caroline's eyes shone. "Tempa, if I'm very good, will you tell me some sounds from the past? Please, please?"

TEMPA's eyes danced into Caroline's. "If I do," she said sternly, "will you listen—really listen—and will you stop pretending to the hand on the radio who tells you to eat sugar and brush your teeth carefully three times a day?"

Now Caroline blushed a little, for mother was always so anxious to have her hear the health-lectures on Friday evenings, and sometimes Caroline was rather naughty about not wanting to listen.

"Honest, I will," she promised. "Every single week."

Tempa swung a little green-slippered foot back and forth. "Now what would you like, I wonder?" she mused. "Sit back and shut your eyes and I'll let you see the picture with your eyes while I'm bringing the story out of the past. I'll tell you the catch, 'more than the radio can do for you, as yet any way. Now shut your eyes."

So Caroline obediently closed her eyes and listened to the fairy humming a little buzzing



sound—just the kind the loud speaker makes before music or talk comes through it.

Suddenly before her eyes came the picture of a queer place, a queer room. It had tall white columns painted in purple and gold, and one wide space covered like a window on up a wide, grand, tall, thin, and drawn back. A little girl in a white dress with long, fair hair drawn back with ribbons, stood beside a queerly shaped cradle in which lay a lovely little boy fast asleep. Yet knew from the way she looked at him that she was the baby's mother. And another girl, who looked like a nurse, was in a corner. Suddenly Caroline saw a dozen bees come in at the window and fly about the child's cradle. The mother settled on his lips and his little pink hands. The mother settled

forward in alarm, but the nurse stopped her. And now Tempa's sweet voice began, and Caroline settled back easily, with no headphones to bother her.

HUNDREDS and hundreds of years ago, in the stately land of Greece, Where olive trees smile and gay bees hum in a lazy summer peace, A wee boy lay in his cradle soft and his mother over him held him. And rejoiced at his boony bony strength and his smile of sweet content. But while she watched, from the garden near, with its fragrant blossoms of bloom, Through the window-space some straying bees flew buzzing into the room. They flew round the lovely baby bed, they sat on his red lips. As if they had found to their delight the loveliest honey to sip. The mother hurried in wild alarm to brush them off, but her arm Was stopped by the nurse who drew her away and quieted her alarm. "They will not hurt him a bit," she said, "and in days that are yet to be, The reason they will be clear to all—they are only a propolis." This boy will not be great with the sword, nor conquer his neighbor's land, But the lord of earth will bow to his words, to the work of his hands and hand. Poems he will write and songs he will sing and sweet words he will say, That will fall from his lips like honey, in a future grown-up day."

And sure enough, there were the bees flying away again through the open window, as though they were perfectly satisfied and there was the boy's mother smiling now at her fear, and looking down over the cradle at the sleeping baby.

And then the picture changed again, there was a beautiful man standing up very straight before a great crowd of people. All were in long queer clothes, and the tall man had a wreath of green leaves round his head, and he was reading to the people from a long scroll in his hands. She could hear him singing, something like a minstrel, but she did not know, for they were in a different language, but she knew it was lovely, and all the people listened very eagerly. She then heard Tempa's voice.

THE little boy, whom the bees had loved, grew up a famous man. And from his lips, like honey rare, the loveliest poems ran. Around his head folk placed a crown to honor him, and every day he sang.

For when he sang, they saw life fair, and they hated fear and wrong. And when he read, they forgot their wars, and thought of naught but peace; So did he sway them, the man with the wreath, the poet of Greece."

The picture faded away, and Caroline opened her eyes to see Tempa, still perched on the radio speaker.

"Is it a true story?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," nodded Tempa. "I used to go to see him when he was a baby, and when he was a man, I may often listen to his songs. Perhaps some day you may want to study the beautiful language called Old Greek you will read some of his poems, and know the bees spoke the truth, for his poems are wholesome and sweet, honey, but, my goodness, I must be going. I must help out a story-lady in a few minutes."

CAROLINE looked sad, as she saw Tempa fold her green ruffles. "But you will come again some time?" she begged.

"Oh, yes, some day when you don't expect me, and then I will tell you a story of another great country of long ago called Greece and of a little boy who was a poet. And another day you shall hear the story of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table."

The next time I come— I'll tell you about a little boy who lived in Greece and found a friend in her country. The good speaker huzzed a little and Caroline looked down into it, and when she looked at the top again, the little green figure was gone. Caroline felt more lonely than if in one of her playmates had gone home, but when they were having a lovely time.

But Tempa had promised to come again and Caroline was pretty sure that a good fairy always keeps her word.



Suddenly a dozen bees flew about the queerly shaped cradle and settled on the baby's lips and his little pink hands

## ALIBI

[Continued from page 21]

clerk had not told him what time she had left her room.

Another moment occurred; he went back to the telephone, called up the night-porter of his apartment house, and explained that she was expecting a guest, and that she was to be shown directly to her.

This attended to, he opened the door of his suite so that she would not be obliged to ring. Also, because from where he sat he could listen for the elevator and walk the corridor, now dimly lighted from the landing above, he went to the corridor through which he had watched for her so many times—so many times.

How often, in the waning light of the afternoon, he had sat in his chair, with his brushes and had seated himself here in this deep chair to think of her, wait for her return from shopping or social gaiety in the gay of approaching evening.

"To sit for her . . . to listen for her . . . was listen for me . . . to have help him . . . Still listening . . . Through all these years.

Always had he been a gay little greeting—when she came to him, he hurried through the corridor toward her bedroom—"Hello, dear! I'm late!"

Well, it was a dark world—a vast, dim space between dark dimensions . . . diffused cut to the bone—away about . . .

Her taxi should have arrived . . . It should have arrived . . . He lay deep in his chair, listening.

About the corridor the bellhop hurried out. But the corridor was lighted from the landing. He listened from his armchair in the darkness. He had not heard the distant clash of the elevator—nor any sound at all when

she came in—hurriedly, a slender shadow in the dusk of the corridor—with the same smile, the same faint, gay, "Hello, dear! I'm late—I'm late!"

Blindly he got to his feet, to the corridor; and saw her near the door of her locked bedroom—locked during all these years—when he saw her—or thought he did—in the obscurity of the darkened room.

When he had searched every room from landing to terrace he was once more inside his bedroom and said good-bye by the telephone. After a moment he called her hotel . . . Her room did not answer.

"I'll speak to the maid on duty on that floor," he said . . . And, presently: "Are you still here?"

"Yes, sir."

"You say she has not yet returned?"

"No, sir."

"What time did she leave her room?"

"About a week ago, sir."

"You saw her?"

"I was on duty; yes, sir."

"You saw her leave her room? And you have not seen her return?"

"No, sir."

"Listen to me. I am your husband. Open her door with your pass-key and say that I must speak to her—on—on matters of life and death."

"Yes, sir. One moment—please hold the wire."

After many, many years, the maid's voice, muffled on the wire:

"She's a doctor, sir. I've rung up the house physician."

The night-clerk says she is—he says that she—

"Yes," he said, "I understand . . .

I'll come . . . at once."

[The End]

## MONSIEUR' OF THE RAINBOW

[Continued from page 21]

and raised the lid of Sarghan's small stove but put it jealously away again, aghast at himself.

And then came the day when he faced the issue and manfully accepted the hash to sit on his accented stairs. But he did it with fingers that shook a bit despite himself and gazed at its few lines with dazed eyes.

"David John," it said abruptly, "the earth is dry down here. There have been no rains for three months. The rounded slopes of this gentle country are brown with breath. I think often of your green hills, singing with their waterfalls. Think often of the look of your eyes, which is never the look of a soldier's eyes.

"The war is done, I hear you say. No, it isn't; not for you. You are in the trenches yet and will be for many, many years; and you are all but swamped by the enemy coming over the top. Forgive me for saying this—it is unpardonable presumption—but I have seen the war down, down in your face. Bite on the bullet, David John. There's another ounce of fight in you—she'll be all right."

Mara Thail. The sheet in his fingers shook with their shaking. He gazed somberly at the green slopes before him and was not conscious of the shining shape which started it, did not see the slender, dark, clear-cut creamy mane. Falermen, watching his idol with wide dark eyes, was astonished at its silence. It was only when the wild horse stamped with a strip of white on its broad middle that Mara Thail, Buchanan shook himself literally and came back to the present. He thrust the letter back in the pocket and slid off the stump.

"I didn't hear you, Mara. All! It had been an hour or two, stern and sharp. Thank God! It had not been a day."

A strange feeling of exultation swelled his throat. With some inner fire he saw a bright, glowing, a glowing glow. What that vision of achievement could have to do with Mara Thail's command he could not have said; yet it was there. A slow surge of something very like hope went through him painfully. He flung up a hand, snapped his fingers.

"You yellow nuisance!" he said, "come here!"

And there came into his handling of the horse today a new touch, a firmer confidence. Twice he skipped the shining hide in his command, twice, at the nuzzling head with playful roughness.

Falermen squeaked and strutted and for once David Buchanan laughed at his antics straight, and when he marched away across the meadow the golden stallion came with him far out, obedient to the hand upon his mane.

MONSIEUR," said Buchanan that night as he smoked in the matchless twilight, "what are the signs of a soul's defeat?"

Sitting primly in the same chair where Mara Thail had sat, the young man, he put his fine hands on his ragged knees, considering. The long white hair was immaculately dressed. The Vandyke heard was neat as care could make it. He wore that coat, the only one, the only slightly frayed cuffs, the smaller holes at elbows, the missing collar.

"Signs of a soul's defeat, Monsieur?" he repeated. "I would say—after ze mature life—old age—would say there was only one—la Mort."

"Eh?" said the younger man.

"La Mort," said Monsieur firmly. "No living soul can be defeated so long as ze core is another day. Only death can end ze fight, Monsieur."

Buchanan frowned in the shadows. So! Only death could end the fight! He had known that. He knew it keenly at his companion. His old dark eyes were alive with the hope that sprung eternal in him.

"In Denmark I know a man," he said easily, "without his legs. He has six news-stands. En emloyer are seven men wi all their members. An' he en ze beg boss, M'sieu, without doubt. He wears a medal on his breast—and this is the reason, too who stood by, an' still stands by; she loves him."

Buchanan stirred on his bench.

"I didn't think they made that kind these days," he said.

"Today an' while ze [Turn to page 69]



## Guard Well These Perfect Feet of Childhood

HOW quickly your little tots grow into big, sturdy children! Just so quickly can their dainty, perfectly formed feet acquire the foot-ills so common to grown-ups—unless the right shoes are selected during these early, formative years. Simplex Flexies fully meet all of Nature's requirements. In them, the foot rests squarely on the ground. No chance to rock sideways, which bows the pliant legs in or out.

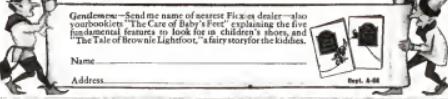
Flexies soles are so flexible you can bend them backward with the fingers. Glove-smooth linings—no wrinkles or rough seams. Endorsed and prescribed by children's foot specialists.

Ask your dealer about Flexies and write for FREE booklet, beautifully illustrated in colors.

Simplex

SIMPLEX SHOE MFG. CO.  
Dept. A-60 Milwaukee, Wis.  
Creators of Duster Footwear  
for Young Feet from 1 to 12

Flexies  
KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG



Send me the name of nearest Flexies dealer—also your booklet—Send me Baby's Feet—Explaining the five fundamental features to look for in children's shoes, and The Tale of Brownie Lightfoot, a fairy story for the kiddies.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



Dept. A-60

# Richardson's MINTS

They're pure

An ideal summer confection for children and grown-ups, too.

Look for them on the counters of

**CHAIN  
FIVE & TEN STORES  
GROCERY STORES  
CANDY STORES  
DRUG STORES**

Get the genuine—ask for

**Richardson's  
MINTS**

THOS. D. RICHARDSON CO.  
Philadelphia



## TIPPITY-WITCH

(Continued from page 17)

flapjacks?"

It didn't, having something to do with the fact that Peter belonged to the interesting profession of professional acting—improvising. But under the spell of her blue eyes, he could have sworn it meant a chef's certificate if she'd asked for one. "Can I?" he cried. "You ought to see me. I'm simply known ones, you know. Sort of sticks around the edges. The kind that melt in your mouth—a great golden stack of 'em!'"

With sublime recklessness, she captivated him. "Oh, you may turn out to be an escape artist," he said, "but I don't consider he worse than starving? If I eat another cracker, I'll turn into a parrot!"

"Crackers?" He eyed the wagon.

She read him like a book. "I have been up," she said. "Twice. It's funny how a man had a stove to do that before. So it was a choice between crackers and cold hot dogs. I ate three—but I was afraid I'd hurt her. She went so far, so fast, so painfully with him. The thoughts of those flapjacks obsessed her. "Perhaps you may understand stoves, being a Molasses Spreader. There's flour and cans of things—and hot tea and coffee and sugar—and she looked down at him.

And Peter did. Because, having served as everything from aviator to K. P. in France during a certain War, he knew. Leaving the wagon, he straightened his hump, he went into the van itself. And there, out of the confusion, he evolved something that looked very much like a tall stack of flapjacks.

The girl was as convincing as they looked. Whereupon the girl with the bright, hairy hair reached out greedily.

But Peter, who could be quite as firm with his wishes as he could be successful with his frying-pans, moved the plate out of her reach.

"I told you my name," Peter reminded her. "My real name is Armand. "Do you think I could be a flapjack for perfecting, even if they are tippity-witches?"

"Tippity-witch? What is that?"

"You!" and he smiled engagingly.

The girl thought of all the things people had told her. She encountered strange young men. She also sniffed at the flapjacks. The latter won.

"I'm called Tamieise Dhu McKay" she said. "Now, can you tell me what's so?"

"Not so bad. He shook his head. "It's a funny name. Almost as queer as mine."

"It's really Scotch," she said defensively. "My father is. So are my brothers. But I'm American."

Peter was compassionate. "All right, little Miss Tamieise Dhu. Dig in. But, remember, you'll tell me about the van when I'm putting its cunning wheel back 'm'st from the flapjacks under her hungry little nose."

But Tamieise Dhu, fortified with some flapjacks or so, regained her composure, and cleverly thought to lead the conversation, "I'd like to put you in the striped wheel without learning much more."

"If you are running away—you ought to go back," he suggested.

"Does any one run away," she asked logically, "as you do? I told Primrose and a Hot Dog Wagon that looks like a stick of candy?"

"To be perfectly candid," he retorted, "about the horse, I told her that she would possess such a van or such a horse. So I'd say that, in all probability, you live, when you are at home, in a pumpkin. And your father is a black Ogre."

"Well, I'm not," she said. "I'm as red-headed as I am. He is not a black Ogre. He's a harassed man. And at all times he's been a harassed man."

Peter didn't look surprised. He felt, inwardly, sympathetic to her father. She might just be a kid, he thought, from the length of her dress. But that was the style, he reflected. Tamieise Dhu McKay had no good reasons for wearing her very short.

"Now I think I'll be going," she said. "Primrose has a weakness for habits. If he stands very long, it sort of grows on him. And I'm not the sort of thought, 'I've my business to attend to.'"

Peter felt as if he were being dismissed. "Aren't you going to tell me anything at all?" he asked despondingly.

She was sitting up on a narrow little

seat behind the doolie Primrose. In her hands she clutched, unscientifically, two slick reins. "Oh, yes!" she cried brightly, and she snatched her head back and forth, fearing for her life. "I wasn't going without that! Goodbye!" And with a jerk of her reins, and a duck of her head, she was off.

Peter, back in his car, drove on. And when Tamieise looked like a stably controlled young man, inwardly he was a raging fury. For Peter was curious, and his curiosity had gone unsated. He was interested in his interests, he had discovered. Had he not, at that moment, either a Spanish henchman or an English lane, he'd have given both a cold eye. For what was the use of discovering persons? When persons were unimportant, one person remained unimportant.

Whereupon he put his foot down on the throttle with such efficiency that his dux had a good many miles between him and Miss Tamieise Dhu.

He had dinner, Peter had noted, an extraordinarily late September day. It became, perversely, a cloudy twilight. And the twilight turned to a dark evening. And the dark turned to a blackness, in whether or not the moon chose to hide its light behind a cloud, but he couldn't help reflecting upon the thought of a redheaded girl facing a dark, moonless sky, and the moon above Tamieise Dhu company. "And if she gets hungry?"

But that thought was too much for him. Like every man, he loved to reform people. And next to that, to reform himself. "It doesn't matter little what!" And so, turning his car about, he started back through the dark to the point where he had left Tamieise Dhu—wishes.

He had to do a great deal of hunting. Even in the gloom of the shadows, the outline of the van loomed up. Seeing it, Peter stopped his car. The van was pulled to the side of the road. The van was stopped. Then it shifted at his approach, turned out to be Peter.

The van was empty!

He called sharply, "Hi!" Then, wondering if his approach had frightened her back into the field beyond—"I say—it's only me! Peter Armand! Are you all right?"

A sound, slightly shrill in the dark, nearly filled the night. It was a sharp, human sound that made his blood run cold! And, almost instantly, desperate, terror-stricken screams! A girl's screams!

Peter dashed across the field in the direction from which they came, as he had been called; "I'm coming! I'm coming!"

Simultaneously, the night became hideous with sounds. That insistant, uncanny sound of a hell ringing—gasping, panting, crying, screaming, the shrill, shrill, shrill of running feet—grunts—snorts—

And then, in his very arms she ran! A tiny, scurrying figure whose progress was measured by a long halting that was muffled all the more, more, more, as he had been called; "I'm coming! I'm coming!"

"Peter," she said. "From this afternoon, you know! Here—Tamieise—dear—" he couldn't hear her trembling. He picked her up in his arms and Tamieise Dhu, lying down in them, sniffed a hit and then grew quiet.

Peter reached the van. Gently, he put her down. Then, reaching for his flashlight, he turned on her, thinking to see her face, but he had been deceived.

He saw a funny, bulbous little figure, with a pale, heart-shaped face, blue eyes that met his with relief—and the whole framed in a circle of a hair that was stuck fast to her dress.

But even as he started to question her, that terrible, jangling noise filled the air again, and Tamieise Dhu, with a shriek, had run to the nearest object to him. "Turn it off!" she cried.

Peter took it helplessly. An alarm clock! That, then, had been the horror that had filled the night.

Gradually, Tamieise Dhu McKay, too, turned to Tamieise Dhu McKay—only to have her crumpled up on the ground, rocking in a paroxysm of laughter!

Peter regarded her stiffly. "I suppose," he began, "it's too [Tut. . . page 66]



## Something DIFFERENT for Bobbed Hair

THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—what kind is yours?

With you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which is really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the sunburst suggestion, the flecks of gold.

Young girls like to see how much your bob can be improved by the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that in your mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J. W. Koar Co., 642 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

## Golden Glint SHAMPOO

## The Armand Beauty Test Packet —an aid to smart grooming

*Yesterday's plain women are today smart-looking. Their heads look their bodies freshly. "I am not good-looking," they say, "but I can look interesting." See—with exquisite grooming and a smart make-up—they achieve a striking type all their own.*

*Face Powders is of first importance—the exact tint that will make the most of your coloring. Try rose . . . for glow and sparkle. Try cream . . . to flatter a soft, creamy coloring.*

*Armand now offers a way for every woman to keep her face beautiful. Face Enclosed—test it at her own leisure.*

*Enclose twenty-five cents with coupon below. You will receive the new Armand Beauty Test Packet with Face Powder in four different tints, two new shades of Armand Rouge, and three Creams—the new Armand Eau de Cologne Cleansing Cream, Armand Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream.*

*Buy your own mirror, study your coloring! Try each tint of Powder, light and dark Rouge. Match your skin carefully. Find the make-up to make you your own smart type.*



ARMAND—DUS MORNES F  
Please send me the Armand Beauty Test Packet with four different shades of Face Powder, the new Armand Creams and the new Armand Eau de Cologne Cleansing Cream, including the interesting booklet, entitled "The Secret of Beauty." I enclose 25 cents.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## ARMAND COLD CREAM POWDER

*in the pink and white checkered hat box*



Armand Cold Cream Powder. Price 35¢.





# Proud to say "This is Mother"

The reward that comes to many mothers—unconscious tribute from the younger generation to the woman who has retained her youth

THAT youth can longer be retained, as experts know and urge, is proved on all sides today. It is being done by women everywhere. Start now with the simple skin care printed at the right. The result in youthful charm and skin clearness will amaze you.

MODERN mothers have learned not to allure with daughters of debutante age, they prove that charm no longer admits the limitation of years.

That is because protective skin care has become the rule of the day. Natural ways have supplanted the often aging, artificial ways of yesterday. It's been discovered that Youth can be safeguarded.

The following rule is probably credited with more youthful complexions, past the thirties and into the forties, than any other method known. Leading beauty experts agree that skin beauty starts with skin cleanliness, pores that have been kept healthfully clean with the softening lather of olive and palm oils as blended in Palmolive. In fairness to yourself, try this.

*Do this for one week  
Mark the difference that comes*

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all.

Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on overnight. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

*Avoid this mistake*

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

*Soap from trees!*

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.



Palmolive Soap is unsurpassed by  
human hands until you break the  
wrapper—it is never used unsurpassed

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

*Écho de Paris*

GODETS ARE THE  
WINGS OF FASHION

Men cannot cavil now at our inability to move about in our skirts. They no longer hobble us. They are as free as trousers. The godet has done it, although the name now includes all our old friends, the flounces. Wherever a skirt wants to be widened, the godet does the work, but it takes on the shape of pleats very often. Observe these skirts; see how the young women stride along in them. If they were long they would suggest age. Short, they proclaim youth. As skirts widen, bodices narrow. This makes an excellent contrast and gives character and a natural grace to the silhouette.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4599  
Emb. No. 1356

4601

4607

No. 4599. The side darts, label revers, and lengthened kimono sleeves are charming details of this frock. Sleeve motifs, painted or embroidered, may be made from Embroidery No. 1356. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

No. 4601. An effective two-piece frock has a front-chasing blouse in cutaway effect, and a two-piece camisole skirt. Three box-plats at front allow the freedom required of sports frocks. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4607. The new bloomed effect, shirred back, and a sash tied gypsy fashion, strike a new note in this frock. A stitched-in panel fastens at center front. Sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 4609. A frock that is distinguished by a high back panel with a bow before front tied at the back. Embroidery No. 1352 in chain-stitch may be used. Sizes, 16 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 4572. Fashioned on slightly flared lines, this frock closes at the left side and wears a graceful side drapery, cravat collar, and cuffs, of contrasting material. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.



4609  
Emb. No. 1358

4577



4609

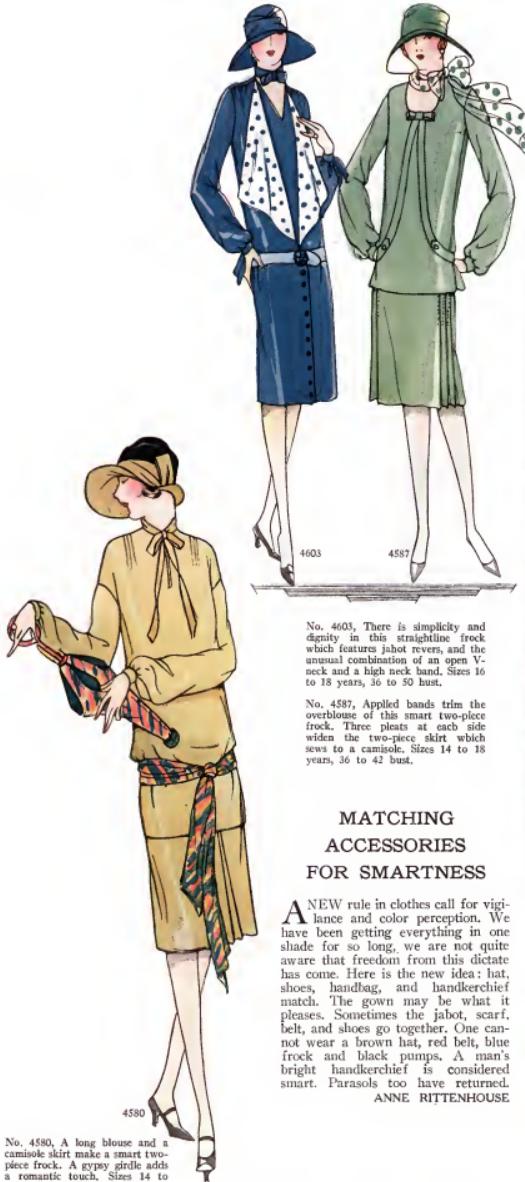
4577

4599

4601

4607

Echo de Paris



No. 4603. There is simplicity and dignity in this straightline frock which features jabot revers, and the unusual combination of an open V-neck and a high neck band. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust.

No. 4587. Applied bands trim the outside of this smart two-piece frock. The wide side sash widen the two-piece skirt which sews to a camisole. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

### MATCHING ACCESSORIES FOR SMARTNESS

A NEW rule in clothes call for vigilance and color perception. We have been getting everything in one shade for so long, we are not quite aware that freedom from this dictate has come. Here is the new idea: hat, shoes, handbag, and handkerchief match. The gown may be what it pleases. Sometimes the jabot, scarf, belt, and shoes go together. One cannot wear a brown hat, red belt, blue frock and black pumps. A man's bright handkerchief is considered smart. Parasols too have returned.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4580. A long blouse and a camisole skirt make a smart two-piece frock. A gypsy girdle adds a romantic touch. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.



No. 4612. An interesting frock of the coat type introduces a short camisole. The skirt is fullness at the shoulder and the long sleeves are close fitting. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust.

No. 4586. This Misses' and Juniors' two-piece frock has a raglan collar and a wide sash. The wide skirt with box-pleat Embroidery No. 1360 is suggested. Sizes 12 to 20 years.



## Echo de Paris



DESPITE rumors of masculinity, our summer gowns are so flirtatious they remind one of birds' wings. Knife pleatings have no intention of being quiescent. Regard the frock at upper right with perky flounces running to a hip bow. The bow is the mark of fashion. It is everywhere.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



4589 4595

No. 4595. This slim one-piece frock accords charm and grace by the addition of narrow, bell-sleeve sections and a gathered circular tunic with band. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust.  
 No. 4595. Fashion approves of the full blouse. This one is cut with wide, long sleeves and joins a tucked skirt. Admire No. 1524 would be smart. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.  
 No. 4605. Bows are worn in front and hemlines are uneven. Beaded Embroidery No. 1388 would add a chic touch. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust.

4608 Emb. No. 1388



No. 4575. Fine pleatings edge a wrapped skirt which joins a plain blouse with full sleeves. Motif worked in French lace and running-stitch from Embroidery No. 1507 would make an attractive finish. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

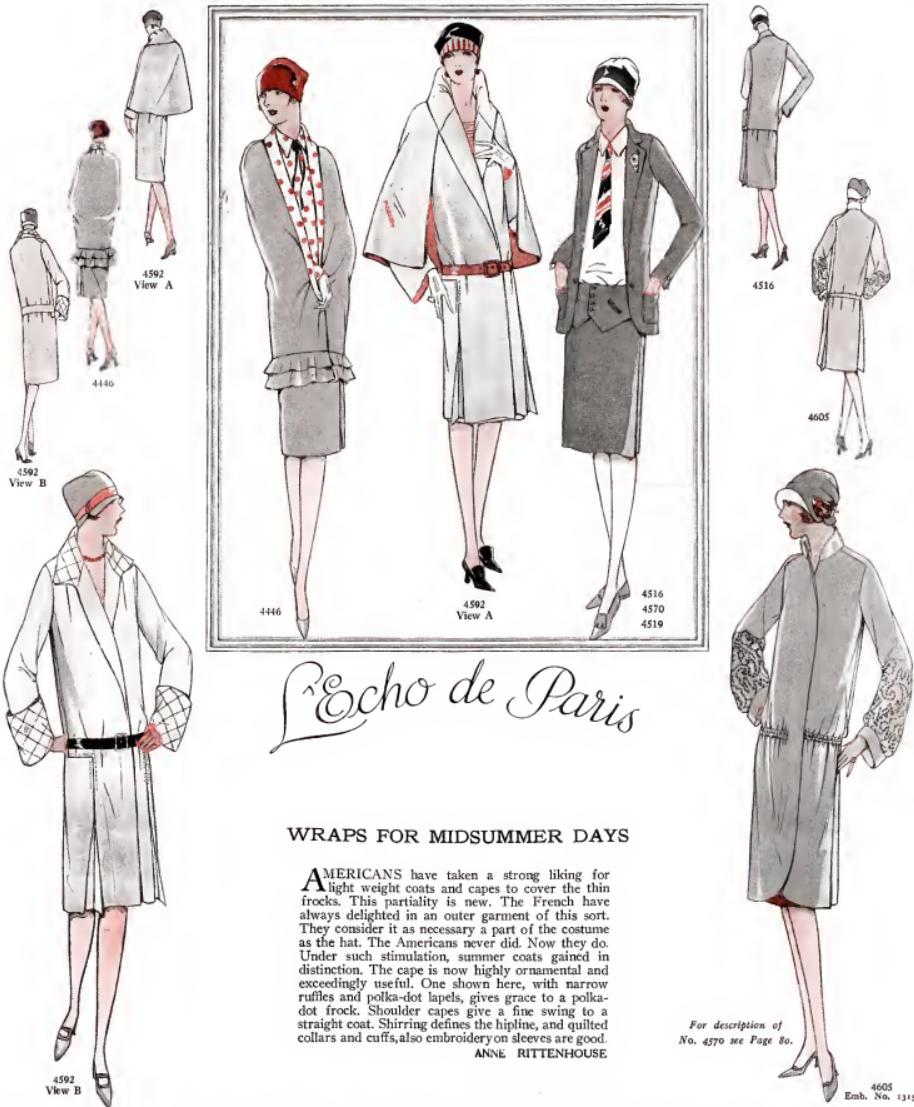
No. 4606. The newest idea in cravats and loose belted panels are aids to smartness in this slip-on frock which has a shirred gore set in the front. Note ever present scarf adds a chic touch. Sizes 12 to 20 years.



4608 4575 4606

A POLKA-DOT is no longer what it once was. It is as likely to be a half-moon arranged in pyramids. Whatever its exact shape, it has come about that dress designers are delighting in it. It makes a cuff, a flounce or a scarf with equal smartness, and contributes much to the success of the present styles.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



### WRAPS FOR MIDSUMMER DAYS

AMERICANS have taken a strong liking for light weight coats and capes to cover the thin frocks. This partiality is new. The French have always delighted in an outer garment of this sort. They consider it as necessary a part of the costume as the hat. The Americans never did. Now they do. Under such stimulation, summer coats gained in distinction. The cape is now highly ornamental and exceedingly useful. One shown here, with narrow ruffles and polka-dot lapels, gives grace to a polka-dot frock. Shoulder capes give a fine swing to a straight coat. Shirring defines the hipline, and quilted collars and cuffs, also embroidery on sleeves are good.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

*For description of  
No. 4570 see Page 80.*

Emb. No. 1315

No. 4592, LADIES' AND MISSES' Coat; Size 14 to 18 years. 36 to 44 bust. Sizes 14 to 18. *4592*  
4 yards of 54-inch; lining, 4½ yards of 40-inch; view B, 4½ yards of 40-inch; lining, 3 yards of 40-inch.

No. 4446, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE ENSEMBLE. Sizes 14 to 18. *4446*  
36 to 42 bust. Size 36, skirt and cape, 4 yards of 40-inch; blouse, and cape lining, 4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yds.

No. 4516, LADIES' AND MISSES' SUR COAT; with shirring front; patch pockets. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1¾ yards of 36-inch.

No. 4519, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years. *4519*  
36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1¾ yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

No. 4605, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' COAT; sleeve in one with 50ke. Sizes 14 to 18 years. *4605*  
3½ yards of 40-inch, 2½ yards of 40-inch. Darning-stitch Embroidery No. 1315 may be used.

*Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.*

*Echo de Paris*



4578  
Emh. No. 1405  
No. 4578, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESSES, Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1½ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1½ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Embroidery No. 1267 suggested.



4578 4591 4596 4579  
No. 4591, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; k i m o n o sleeves lengthened. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 36, 3½ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1 yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

4591  
Emh. No. 1406



4596  
Emh. No. 1406



4579  
Emh. No. 1417

4611

## DIVERSITY IN SLEEVES DEMANDED

SLEEVES are long this season, but they are as different from one from the other as pleated skirts, which have many ways of being done. This page shows how sleeves can be long yet unlike. They set well at the shoulder; or drop below it. They bulge at the elbow or cling to it. They are cuffed or tied, or muslin cuffs, turned back, return to fashion. The ornamental sleeve reappears. The low armhole has also been revived. It is well to remember that the type of one's figure and frock governs the choice of sleeves.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4579, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS, Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 37½ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Slip cuff may be worked in cross-stitch from Embroidery No. 1417.

No. 4611, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with chemise. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ½ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.

Echo de Paris



## FASHIONS FOR YOUTHFUL TYPES

YOUNG girls continue to clothe themselves like juveniles. Some of their garments, abbreviated, could be used for the nursery. Yet such clothes suit the type of schoolgirl America produces. She seems to be a different type than the schoolgirl of other days. The gown with full skirt, tight bodice, short sleeves and turnover collar is one of her delights. In it she gets pleasure beauty. A plaid jumper with applied bands of plain material is her nearest approach to a tailored effect. Belts are her special extravagance.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4593, LADIES' AND MISSES' TWO-PIECE DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch; contrasting, 1 yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/2 yards. Embroidery No. 1377.

No. 4602, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch; belt, 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/2 yards.

No. 4590, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with camisole. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 5 1/2 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1 1/2 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 2 yards.

No. 4604, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; pleat insets at sides. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch. Width, about 2 1/2 yards. Single-stitch Embroidery No. 1525 suggested.

No. 4581, MISSES' AND JUNIOR'S STAR-ON DRESS; six-piece circular skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16, 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 2 1/2 yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on page 87.

*Echo de Paris*

For descriptions  
see Page 80



### THE WIDE-BRIMMED HAT

**S**UMMER hats, having been large, are working their way into autumn. This is comforting to women who look their worst in small hats. The high round crown has little or no trimming. A ribbon or a flower suffices. The brim flaunts its extra width. Usually it tilts down at the sides. The verdict is that hat, shoes, handkerchief, handbag, and fur neckpiece must be assembled, not to match the gown but to harmonize with it.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



Echo de Paris



For descriptions  
see Page 80

Emb. No. 1467

4513

4535



### FASHION DECREES FLAT HIPS

No matter how much fullness disports itself in the short skirt, fashion-makers invent tricks to keep the silhouette flat at the hips. Elastic or satin girdles do their work well in keeping down any excess flesh. These sketches show some of the varied methods of controlling fullness. Fine tucks, bias seams, and flattening pockets, all help to produce the desired effect of slimness, and assist the restricting corset or girdle in its work.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

4522

4532

4513

4535

4580

4589  
Emb. No. 14124590  
Emb.  
No. 1324

# An Arctic Dessert for a tropic day

Peach  
Snow Balls  
(Six servings)

1/2 cup cold cream  
Sparkling Gelatine

1/2 cup cold water  
1 egg

1 cup cold pressed apricot or pineapple, pressed through a sieve, or 1/2 cup lemon juice

1/2 cup boiling fruit juice. Whisk

3 eggs. Few grains of salt

Soda Gelatine. In cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling fruit juice. Add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly. Add cold cream, cold apricot, or pineapple pressed through a sieve. When mixture begins to stiffen, add cold water and cold whites of eggs beaten until stiff, and mold in egg cups.

## KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

"The Highest Quality for Health"

Send your grocer's name and 4¢ postage for Mrs. Knox's recipe book: "Dainty Caskets" or "Food Economy".

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.  
108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

**Hang Pictures Without  
Marring Woodwork or Walls**  
**Moore Push-Pins**  
Glass Heads—Steel Points  
Moore Push-less Hangers  
Safety Hold Heavy Pictures  
(10 pds. Everywhere)  
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Phila., Pa.



In Infant Feeding  
specialists today  
recommend it

**T**HE object of milk modification is to make cow's milk as nearly as possible like mother's milk, so that it may be readily digested.

When your baby's doctor recommends barley, be sure to ask for Robinson's "Patent" Barley, the standard in infant feeding for over 100 years.

**ROBINSON'S**  
"PATENT"  
**BARLEY**

*Boche de Paris*



## LACE AND FINE MUSLIN

**F**RENCH designers have insisted upon the return of lace. It gives that touch of elegance which is the apex of fashion this season. They agreed to introduce collars and cuffs of fine muslin, tulle or embroidered, and Americans have gladly accepted the fashions. Lace evening frocks, and lace flounces in black or dyed alabaster, give the floating movement demanded. Tucked vests, sleeve puffs, and inserted bands of lace are new.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

## 12-TO-20 MODES SPONSOR PLEATS AND GATHERS



Emb. No. 1494

Emb. No. 1492

4528

No. 4528, **MISSES'** AND **JUNIORS'** **SLIP-ON** **DRESS**; with yoke and jacket. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12 requires 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 40-inch.

No. 4531, **MISSES'** AND **JUNIORS'** **SATIN** **ON** **DRESS**; straight gathered ruffles. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14, 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. French knots and lazy-daisy-stitch suggested for Embroidery No. 1492.

No. 4537, **MISSES'** AND **JUNIORS'** **TWO-PIECE** **DRESSES**; pep-  
per-and-salt, contrasting. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14, 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch. Trim-  
ming in single- and outline-  
stitch may be worked from Embroidery No. 1454.

No. 4538, **MISSES'** AND **JUNIORS'** **SLIP-ON** **DRESS**; six-  
piece gathered skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14, 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material;  
collars and cuffs, 3/4 yard of 36-inch.

No. 4606, **MISSES'** AND **JUNIORS'** **SLIP-ON** **DRESS**. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12, 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch. An effective trim-  
ming in buttonhole-stitch may be worked from Embroidery No. 1350.

No. 4586, **MISSES'** AND **JUNIORS'** **TWO-PIECE** **DRESSES**; raglan sleeves, contrasting. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14, 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 40-inch. Monogram may be worked in single-stitch using Embroidery No. 1267.

No. 4605, **MISSES'** AND **JUNIORS'** **COAT**; shirred across  
waist with belt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14, 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch material;  
lining, 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch.

Emb. No. 1497

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.

For back views  
see Page 80

4605

# Wanted: Women and Girls to Decorate Art Novelties



## No Special Ability Needed

This is the wonderful-  
interesting occupation that is now  
possible for you to enter through  
the Firelside Industries. The work is won-  
derfully interesting and may be  
done in your home. There is no  
costly equipment. There is no  
costly material. There is no  
costly time. There is no  
costly expense. There is no  
costly effort. There is no  
costly skill. There is no  
costly ability.

## Profit and Pleasure in This New kind of Home Work

Can you imagine anything as fascinating  
as decorating Art Novelties at home? Could  
any other kind of work be so pleasant  
and so interesting? You can make  
beautiful objects as candlesticks, wooden tops, picture  
frames, picture frames, picture frames,  
asterisks, etc.? Then, there are greeting cards to be  
decorated, and there are all kinds of  
articles to be decorated. There are  
articles to be decorated in Bakelite,  
and fascinating objects of copper and  
brass, and other metals, and glass.

May women do this work solely for  
the pleasure of doing it, and for the pleasure of

making money at home, for there is a  
tremendous demand for all art novelties.

## Subscription Guaranteed

Firelside Industries guarantees  
entire satisfaction to each of its  
subscribers. If, for any reason, you are not  
entirely satisfied and satisfied your  
money will be refunded.

You have only to follow the di-  
rections given in the book to make what beautiful things  
you can make.

Price of earning \$1.44 in just one hour,  
the average time required for the making of one article.

Do you wonder that members of Firelside Industries are so  
enthusiastic about the work?

## Beautiful Book FREE

The beautiful Book of Firelside  
Industries, illustrated in color,  
which contains all the information you  
will need to earn \$1.44, will  
be sent to you on request, absolutely  
FREE and without obligation.

Simply mail the coupon or write,  
enclosing two-cent stamp to help  
pay postage.

## FIRELSIDE INDUSTRIES

Dept. 18-K Adrian, Mich.

Postage Paid. Dept. 18-K  
Adrian, Michigan.

Please send me absolutely FREE, the beautiful Illus-  
trated Book of Firelside Industries, which contains  
1 easy lesson to earn \$1.44 in just one hour.  
I enclose two-cent stamp.

Name ..... (Write plainly in "block letters")

Address ..... State .....

City ..... State .....



### Keep the Underarms! Dry and Odorless!

WARM days are here and with them come that dreaded annoyance—Excessive Armpit Perspiration. It is a real cause of pain and spend unhappy hours of humiliation. Like every wholesome woman there are a few things you dread more than the smell of other and more fortunate stains.

Old reliable NONSPI! It gives absolute freedom to your underarms. Why not try it. Honestly and certainly this wonderful preparation keeps the underarms dry and free of odor for days. And it is a preparation that trained nurses use, that physicians endorse and that toilet and drug dealers everywhere carry.

Practically an inconvenience to use—two simple applications weekly—free you from smegm odor and prevent the staining of your clothes and garment stains. Purchase a bottle from your dealer (it is but \$1.00)—Or send us your name and we will gladly mail you a liberal FREE sample.

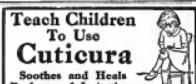


THE NONSPI COMPANY  
2630 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.  
Please send free testing sample to address listed below.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_



### Just Touch a Corn or Callus With This

*Acta like anaesthetic  
Stops all pain in seconds*

HERE'S scientific treatment for corns and calluses. A new way that's ending dangerous paring, that's ending dangerous ways. First it deadens all pain. Then it removes the corn completely.

A single drop will take ALL PAIN out of the most painful corn. Instantly, at once, you walk, dance, stand in comfort. Acts just like a local anaesthetic.

Then the corn begins to dry and shrivel. You remove it with your fingers, like dead skin.

No doctor's visit. Doctors approve it. You will find it a great comfort. The name is "GETS-IT." All at druggists. For your own sake, try it. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**"GETS-IT"** *World's  
Fastest Way*



### PRACTICAL CLOTHES FOR LITTLE FOLK

No. 4377, CUTIN'S COAT: with shirring at front. Sizes 6 months, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch material; lining, 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch.

No. 4594, CUTIN'S ROMPER: buttoned across back and down legs. Sizes 1, 2, and 3 years. Size 3 requires 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch or 36-inch material.

No. 4550, CUTIN'S ROMPER: drop back; with two tucks at front. Sizes 1, 2, and 3 years. Size 3 requires 1 1/2 yards of 32-inch or 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Embroidery No. 1488 may be made in outline-stitch.



For back views and other de-  
scriptions see Page 80

No. 4348, GRAT'S COAT: with circular cape. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch.

No. 4428, GRAT'S COAT: with wide revers collar. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch.



Emb. No. 1448

**YOUTHFUL MODES  
STRESS SIMPLICITY**

No. 4521, LITTLE Boy's Suit; with knee trousers. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1448 in cross-stitch may be used.

No. 4584, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS; closing at center back. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material; collar, cuffs and front band, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4529, LITTLE Boy's Suit; with knee trousers; long set-in sleeves. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 6 years. Size 6, 2½ yards of 36-inch material or 1½ yards of 34-inch.

No. 4534, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS; front in holo effect; short kimono sleeves. Sizes 2 to 14 years. Size 10, 1½ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4610, GIRL'S CAMP SUIT; consisting of bloomers and separate waist. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2¾ yards of 36-inch material; tie, 2½ yards of 4-inch.



For back views and other descriptions  
see Page 80

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.



**Absorbine Jr.**  
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

At all druggists', 11, 14, or postage  
paid for free trial bottle.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc. Springfield, Mass.



**MEND FURNITURE**

Quick to mend—simply gather old clothes, linens, etc., and nail them to old furniture. Hardware, Drug and Grocery stores, and dealers in McCall's, etc., Springfield, Mass.

**IRON GLUE**



Also hand-made Parian rouge, in eight variations of tone, suiting any complexion.  
BOURJOIS, Inc.  
37 West 34th Street  
New York  
N.Y. U.S.A.



# FRECKLES



## Othine Will Fade These Ugly Spots Surely and Safely

This preparation is so successful in hiding freckles that it gives a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold by all drug and department stores. Send 25c postage paid to refund the money if it fails.

Don't try to hide your freckles or waste time with lemon juice. As cucumbers get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications will give a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask for Othine—double strength, if you like, that is sold on money-back guarantee.



### Better Style Better Quality

Paid Jones' nurses' costumes look smarter—fit better—wear longer. Better made throughout. Good quality material. All work done by expert tailors. A real pleasure to wear—a real economy to buy.

**FREE**—Art Photo Album showing more than 40 paid Jones' nurses' costumes. Send 10c for catalog. **WOMEN'S & CO., INC.**, Dept. 88, 417 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

**WANT WORK AT HOME?**  
Earn \$25 to \$50 a week **RECONDITIONING** old men's & women's clothes. Work from home. **FREE** lesson offer. Write today.  
**RECONDITIONERS**, Dept. 88, 417 N. State St., Chicago

# \$5- FOR YOU

You can have \$5.00—or even more—easily, for a little of your spare time used in taking care of new and renewal McCall subscriptions in your locality.

You need no previous experience, and there is no expense to you. You sell your time, for which McCall's will pay you liberally. Mail the coupon for details.

### Send For Facts Today

Dept. 8-H, McCall's Magazine  
250 West 37th St., New York.

Tell me how I can earn \$5.00.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Local Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City and State \_\_\_\_\_



No. 4449, LADIES' AND MISSES' STEP-IN COMBINATION. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch or 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch material; bands, 2 1/4 yards of 4-inch net.

No. 4511, LADIES' AND MISSES' STEP-IN CHEMISE. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch material; bands, 2 1/4 yards of 4-inch net.

Emb. No. 1338



No. 4164, LADIES' AND MISSES' COSTUME SLIP; with shadow-proof hem; inverted pleat at each side. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36- or 40-inch material; band, 1 1/4 yards of 1-inch lace. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 4378, LADIES' AND MISSES' DECOLETTE STEP-IN CHEMISE. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Embroidery No. 1338 may be worked in satin-stitch.

No. 4467, LADIES' AND MISSES' REVERSIBLE NEGLIGEE. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material; reverse side, 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4311, LADIES' AND MISSES' NEGLIGEE, with cape. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material; lace trim, 1 1/2 yards. Embroidery No. 1261 in satin-stitch would be effective.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 250 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.

## INTIMATE THINGS THAT ARE EASY TO MAKE

Only  
this way  
is sure



Northern girls can clean toilet bowls so thoroughly and surely as with Sani-Flush. It does away with mops, pails and acids. Just pour Sani-Flush in the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush. Every mark, stain and incrustation is gone. The bowl is white and clean. Even more remarkable, so especially dangerous if neglected in hot weather, has been cleared of all sediment.

Always keep a can of Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom. Harmless to plumbing connections.

Buy Sani-Flush in new convenient push-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can. 30c in Far West, 35c in Canada.

## Sani-Flush

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
Cleans Closet Bowls without Scouring  
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.  
Canton, Ohio



## "It's The Prettiest Dress I Ever Had"

Once I made it all myself, thanks to the Woman's Institute. I can now make all the dresses I want. I have made three dresses for the money I found time in my life. I know that my clothes have style. You, too, can learn at home to make stylish clothes and hats at a fraction of the cost. As a dressmaker or milliner.

Write for Free Booklet. McCall's Free Booklet which describes the Dressmaking and Millinery Course. It gives the details of the course and tells how this great school has trained thousands of girls for more than 200,000 women and girls.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE  
Dept. 8-H, Scranton, Pennsylvania

For a copy of one of your brochures, or any way, please send me a copy of one of your brochures, and tell me how to get it.  Home Dressmaking  Millinery  Professional Dressmaking  Cooking

Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss.  
Address \_\_\_\_\_





Henry Tettlow's Famous

# Swan Down

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Face Powder

A fragrance famous for sixty years. A fragrance noted for its softness and purity. It stays fresh. Preferred by millions of women throughout the world. Round box fits the purse. Five shades. 25 cents. At all toilet goods counters.

HENRY TETTLOW CO., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Makers of *Paizywillow Face Powder*



## Blonde Hair Kept Light By New Swedish Shampoo

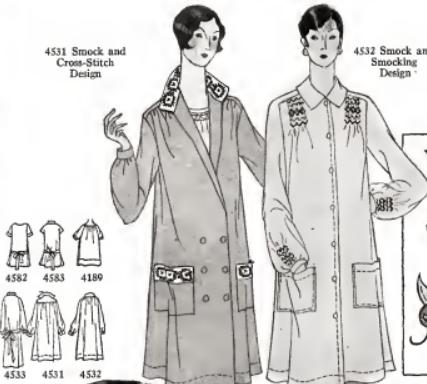
Blonde hair is highly attractive but it has a tendency to darken, streak or fade as one grows older. Then there is the hair far from blonde. Light hair, every blonde can keep her hair" beautifully light and sparkling always. Simple, safe, non-oily, non-greasy, Swedish hair shampoo. This not only corrects the natural tendency of blonde hair to darken—but actually lightens hair that is too dark. To hair that has already darkened. Makes hair fluffy, fine for scalp. Not a dye. Contains no perfume. Non-oily. Non-greasy. Non-lotion. Used for children's hair. Get Blonder at all good drug and department stores. Money back if not delighted.

**BLONDEX**  
*The Blonde Hair Shampoo*



## TOUCHES OF CROSS-STITCH, SMOCKING OR APPLIQUE TELL A TALE OF SMARTNESS

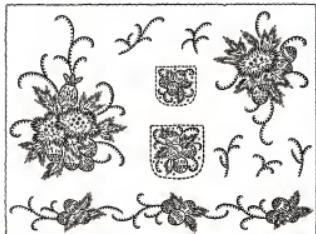
By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

4531 Smock and  
Cross-Stitch  
Design4532 Smock and  
Smocking  
Design4189 Dress (right)  
Emb. No. 15281528 Appliquéd  
Motifs, new and  
smart of design4604 Dress  
Emb. No.  
15254531 Ladies' and Misses' Embroidered  
Sleeves. Sizes, small, 14 to 16 years; medium,  
16 to 18 bust; large, 40 to 42 bust. Medium  
size requires 3½ yards 36-inch material. The  
embroidered touches in cross-stitch are  
effective in a deeper shade than that of the  
smock itself.

No. 4604, LADIES' AND MISSES' EMBROIDERED  
SLEEVES. Sizes, small, 14 to 16 years; medium,  
16 to 18 bust; large, 40 to 42 bust. Medium  
size requires 3½ yards 36-inch material. The  
smocking accent in a combination of three  
colors gives the correct decorative finish.

No. 4189, GIRL'S EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON  
DRESS. Sizes, 6 to 14 years. The trimming  
accent is placed on appliquéd flowers from  
Embroidery No. 1528, that harmonizes with  
contrasting bands on dress, the leaves and  
stems worked in day-dot- and outline-  
stitch.

No. 4533, GIRL'S EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON  
DRESS. Sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires  
2½ yards 40-inch material. Pointed motifs  
developed in buttonhole-, bay-dot-, and  
running-stitch with French knots, provide  
contrast and artistic finish.



1525 Motifs for sleeves and pockets in colorful stitches

No. 4604, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS. In 11 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 inches bust. To carry embroidery on the sleeve is a sign of smartness. Large motifs, from Design No. 1525, are developed in colorful wools or silks, using straight-stitch, buttonhole-, satin- and running-stitch, with straight knots. The design contains the other motifs shown.

No. 4533, LADIES' AND MISSES' EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON DRESS. In 8 sizes, 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Either smocking or shirring looks well between the small pockets of this popular model. Worked in a combination of delicate shades, the ensemble is extremely smart.

No. 4582, CHILD'S EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON DRESS. In 4 sizes, 4 to 10 years. Size 6 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material. The trimmings are small points that hold the inverted pleats of the little maid's skirt. Dainty in color matching collar and cuff bands.

Patterns may be bought from all *McCall* dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from *The McCall Co.*, 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.

THE NEW CUT-WORK ENSEMBLE WITH PEACOCK MOTIF  
MARKS THE LATEST EVENT IN HOUSE LINENS

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



1530. The peacock motif embellishes each end of the sideboard runner

1530. The peacock motif embellishes each end, 35 inches square, has six napkins that match



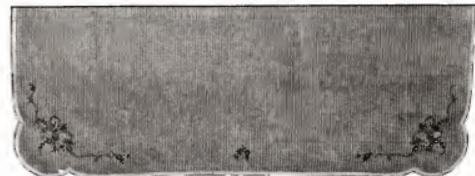
NO. 1529. DESIGN FOR CUT-WORK PEACOCK ENSEMBLE SET. The voguish peacock finds its way down the list with the approved medium of cut-work. Not only distinctive, but durable and always indispensable to the smart hostess. Small cut-work corners adorn the napkins.

NO. 1530. DESIGN FOR CUT-WORK PEACOCK SET. Additonal to a 35-inch by 50-inch length, the width 16 inches. The "ensemble" idea shows to best advantage in the well-equippped dining-room.



1531. The three-piece buffet set

NO. 1531, DESIGN FOR CUT-WORK PEACOCK THREE-PIECE SET. An interesting alternative is this buffet scarf that is made in three pieces. The rectangular end, which measures 13 x 20 inches, and the square ends 11 x 11 inches. There is a fascination in the development of the stitches which, though elaborate in effect, are really easy to master.



1532. The sheer scarf finds its place in the boudoir



NO. 1497. DESIGN FOR RAINBOW BRIDGE SET. This novel bridge motif set has its cloth in two colors of cotton crepe and each napkin in a different color—hence its name. Two Japanese panels, about 7 x 10 inches, and eight small lanterns, developed in rammer-rose, outline, running- and satin-stitch with colored six-strand cottons.

1497. Cotton crepes of varied rainbow hues make a stunning bridge set

1493. Darning-stitch and colorful wood interpretations interpret this pillow top



1493

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 87.



The  
Most Widely Copied  
Doll in America

Millions of little girls have been made happy by the quaint little Bye-Lo Baby—the result of years of study by a famous sculptor, who finally succeeded in capturing the exact expression of a real three-day-old baby.

Success has always been followed by imitators. On every hand you see feeble attempts to copy the Bye-Lo Baby. Naturally you can tell a genuine gift from a general. You can tell it by the name of the sculptor, Grace Storey Putnam, imprinted on the back of the neck, and her signature on the tag pinned to the dress. Good luck to all Bye-Lo Babys.

It may be in sizes 6, 12, 18 inches at least, in every department store. If your dealer does not have it write Dept. 100 and we will tell you where to get it.

Sal. Licensee and Distributor of the genuine "K" and "K" Bye-Lo Baby.

GEO. DORFELD & CO.,  
111-119 East 16th Street  
New York City



This label is attached to every genuine Bye-Lo Baby Doll

Big Sale of  
VACUUM  
CLEANERS



10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

SPECIALS FOR LIMITED TIME  
July 1 to Aug. 31, 1926  
3  
lited below and others.

Everybody Knows Your Business because we send you samples by mail. No shopping around. You can buy a vacuum cleaner for less than \$100.00 ever because from us you can buy practically every vacuum cleaner on the market.

Vacuum Cleaners shipped anywhere on free trial; express paid. After trial send back the machine and get your money back. Take advantage of this liberal offer now before it is too late.

THE  
UNIVERSAL  
GOVERNMENT  
SWEDISH  
WESTERN ELEC.  
PENNSYLVANIA  
HAMILTON BEACH

APEX  
REGINA  
BIRMINGHAM,  
HOOVER  
ROYAL  
VACUUM  
CLEANERS  
WITH  
OHIO

\$29.75 SPECIAL This Month  
Four well-known vacuum cleaners  
for \$29.75  
Small charge for express postage  
Mail Order for immediate service. Please Print  
No References Required

McCall's Mail Coupon Today  
Vacuum Cleaner Specialty Dept. Dept. 244  
111 W. 42d St., N.Y. Send 10c of \$29.75  
specia,lt,full particulars and payment plan

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



## HER BACK TO THE WALL

[Continued from page 61]

above the keyboard in a growing riot of passion.

He glanced at the clock nervously.

"Aline said she'd be home at eleven." It was a quarter to eleven now. Birrel rose quickly without explanation, as though his action would be understood. "I'll be going."

When his wife came in, she found him by himself, seated before the fire engrossed in a book.

He said, "Had a good time?"

"Splendid, thank you."

That was all. She had become unapproachable. In the days that followed she seemed less a woman than a figure of some strange divinity in the out-of-his-room. He suffered intensely—the more intensely because all appearances she was so content. Now that she had withdrawn, however, from him, he found her with a hunger of which at the time when he had fancied himself disappointed, he would never have thought himself capable.

The week had passed and there had been no sign of a reconciliation. It was towards evening. He was riding in the Park. On account of the heat the double-decker was almost deserted.

He saw a woman approaching at a canter and drew rein to watch her. Her erectness, her vitality, the little swaying of her body took his fancy. She went by him in a flash, but as his eyes followed her she turned in pursuit. Drawing level with her, he laid his hand on her arm. "Birrel!"

She turned to him with her eyes half-closed. "So we meet again, in spite of—?"

He had to smile. "In spite of—?"

She looked at him steadily, brushing the hair from her forehead. At last she answered: "I came out to be—"

He grew pale. "I'm afraid you'll be—? Tell me."

She deflected; half-withdrew her hand, then thought better of it. "If you must know, because I couldn't be with you."

His success exceeded his expectations and he lifted his voice. "Ah yes, I've been terribly busy lately."

"And Aline?" She enquired.

It was her way of speaking that told him she had gained everything. He confirmed her conjecture and left the road open. "Nowadays Aline's always busy, as far as I'm concerned."

She pressed his hand. "Poor Dan."

At last loath to separate, they emerged at the Fifth Avenue entrance. "You'd often ride so late?" he asked.

She took his meaning quickly. "Sometimes. Do you?"

He responded over his words. "Don't you think—well, do it again?"

She gazed into his eyes shyly. "I should like to."

He grew holder. "Tomorrow, perhaps?"

She laughed outright. "Perhaps—after perhaps? Call me up tomorrow afternoon."

He watched her ride away into the vivid thoroughfare, with the shield of night falling over her. On the point of vanishing, she turned; he thought she waved at him.

In the hall of his apartment he surprised his wife with the point of departure. Within long, slow, pale fingers of her, her. "Aline, don't go. I'm sorry. I've spent the evening together."

Her eyes became fugitive. "Fve—got to go."

He tried to draw her to him; she resisted and huddled beneath his arm with her face averted. His speech became thick in its earnestness. "There are things we must talk about—things that have made us both wretched."

She stood free from him. "I know—I know—if you'd spoken earlier—but I'm exhausted."

Where was she expected? By whom? His jealousy was roused. He noticed that she carried something rolled up behind her muff and concealed by it. Before he could ask any question she had slipped out.

Sitting by the fire, waiting for her re-

turn, he tried to read a book; but it was Aline, always Aline, that he saw before him. When at last her footsteps sounded in the passage, he was so unnerved that he scarcely dared rise.

The door opened. He laid aside his book and rose to meet her. She entered. He rose and took a step towards her. Hastily she drew back, pulling the door after her. "I only came to tell you that I've home. I'm tired. I'm going straight to bed."

The door closed.

Next afternoon he telephoned Birrel, and the next, and the afternoon after that.

By the time he had made his fifth call, he had invented a new indiscretion in the least discreet of cities. Its novelty quickened their zest for adventure. Within gunshot of the despatching giant of Broadway, he could as safely as Beowulf in a desert. Yet always they seemed in danger of pursuit.

Aline's name was often on their lips. That was the only break of harm over their conversation the appearance of propriety. Once, when he was speaking of Ambrose, she said, "I'd like to go to Ambrose and I don't know if I would if we should ever—?" She caught the quick hardening of his expression. In loving her, he was loving Aline by proxy. Should Aline lift an eye-lash in encouragement, her reign would be over. She knew it.

Winter wore itself out, day lengthened, the Park was no longer charitable. A new place of refuge seemed to be adventure. He had suggested the hotel, and she who unwillingly consented. It stood red-fronted and old-fashioned, in a quiet street of Madison Avenue. There were only servants to welcome at entrances and each the materials of romance.

It was a white evening in April. She was at the piano. He crept softly behind her and slipped his arms about her shoulders. "I'm not going to let you go if we don't do it together." It's Europe. A business trip. I've postponed and postponed."

He smoothed his lips against her hair; his voice became scarcely audible. "But I don't have to go alone—do I?"

She shuddered. To him her fear was ridiculous. "No one need know," he insisted. "We can sail together." She tried to clutch him by the hand, her eyes wide. He held her fast.

"The boat leaves at midnight. I was so sure you'd come that I've booked a cabin for you. I can get through my business in London in a week, and then—"

"Will you take me to Ambrose?"

He was silent. There was a half-hour he announced. When he was tenaciously, she was adding one last laurel to her triumph. He hurried over his assent. "To Ambrose? If you like. Now will you go?"

She was silent. He reflected that evening did he realize the decision at which he had arrived. He watched Aline closely. Let her give one sign to recall him and—but Aline went quietly about, packing his bag.

About eight, on the evening of his departure, he rose suddenly. She eyed him nervously. "What is it?"

"I'm going."

"But you don't need to go for three hours yet."

"I know. But I'm going." His voice was obstinate. She stared at him appalled. "With Dan, I was coming to see you off, and—"

He interrupted. "You needn't. You'd be late getting home. There'd be no one to escort you."

He was already at the phone, calling for a taxi.



The merchant who sells Viko believes in good aluminum. He ought to, and so should you—seeing that Viko costs so little more and lasts so much longer than common ware.

**VIKO**  
The Popular Aluminum

ALUMINUM GOODS MANUFACTURING CO., Manitowoc, Wisc.



"It floats"—for your bath

IVORY SOAP

99 1/2% PURE



## THE EUROPEAN EVENT OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 26—Col. 1)

recently thrown off its yoke, are still ostensibly Monarchs.

There is undoubtedly an element of truth in the cynical maxim that every country has the Government that it deserves. Dictatorships (if they are more than the sudden and transient creations of a military coup d'état) in countries which call themselves democratic, are the inescapable signs of the banishment, temporary, or permanent, of the parliamentary system, or permanent, of the parliamentary system. To speak quite frankly, these two great Latin peoples have resorted to Dictatorships because their old, inflexible and parliamentary machines had degenerated into a caricature of representative government.

It is true that they are paying a

heavy price for the change. Order is maintained; but freedom is in chains. There are the gravest reasons for suspecting the failure of the imperialistic and the administration of criminal Justice. What it is worth, because even more demoralizing, people are becoming accustomed to regard the use of physical force as incident to the machinery of a strong and effective Government.

There is a moral in all this for the free peoples of the world, who have been brought up to treat it as an axiomatic truth that absolute power is always a bane, and that a representative system is as essential a part of the organism of civilized life as are the lungs and heart of a human body.

## THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

(Continued from

some of the qualities of a great singer—perfect diction, for one thing, a diction so expressive and crystal-clear that although she sings in Spanish, she manages not only to convey the sense of the words, but to create a picture in the imagination, a power-mind that he actually understands her language. On the other hand her voice, while true and clear, has not the external beauty of a great singing voice nor are her means of banding it those of a trained vocalist.

She may possibly be a great actress, but to call her on the one hand her present performance seems over-tempered. It is true that she impersonates many characters in the course of an evening, but impersonation is not necessarily acting. A great actress is one who can create a character and then leave it, not for five minutes, but for five hours, without loss. Whether or not Senorita Melier can do this no one knows.

Of the uncanny skill of her impersonation, there is no possible doubt. Her program, as she presented it in New York, consisted of fourteen Spanish folksongs, chosen at will from an extensive repertoire.

## THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

(Continued from

and the biggest hearts our country can hope for. God is in command of religion and to characterize. Ideas of God are not the inward reality and meaning remain. By the same token, it is in the Church, the fellowship of those who are seeking to realize the truth, that the people of the world, the life of Christ, and therefore, Dr. Shur- teth preaches for *loyalty to the Church*. "Here today we reaffirm our faith in the

## AS AN AMERICAN

(Continued from

to such a hopeless and dangerous measure as a general strike, but we must admit that the British Government is compelled to operate one. The strike is settled and the coal industry is to be reorganized in the hope that eventually it may be able to pay to the miners the very moderate wages that the miners were receiving before the war. But the question remains whether British coal can be restored to the position it occupied before the War, and the same uncertainty exists in the case of many other British industries.

and sang—so rather, acted and sang—in costume. In the ninety minutes that her entertainment lasts she impersonates such antipodal characters as a Spanish princess, a tattered wife, a matador, a girl of the streets, a gypsy, a widow, a power-mad, to mention a few among the host—and she does them all with a vividness, variety of voice and gesture, delicacy of detail, and such sense of dramatic effect as to leave her a constant delight to the eye and ear.

Her charm is probably the clue to Raquel Melier's secret. The average actor models his thoughts, and the slowness of the stage to be a natural expression. But when Raquel Melier walks out upon the specially-built runway that she uses in "Flor de Mal" and the famous "La Violencia," she is immediately amazing her hearers; her spell is just as great, her magic and vividness are in no wise diminished. She is a great personality; and that, in the last analysis, is all that one asks of a singer. She may or may not be Duse or Bernhardt, but she is definitely Melier, is Raquel Melier; and an evening spent in her presence is one to remember.

III. For the arms, neck, shoulders and back, take a glass of lukewarm water and good any soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap). Then apply Ingram's Milkweed Cream to the arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently, then wash off with cold water just before retiring—wear old gloves to protect the skin from the cold air.

Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin. It is a simple, safe and common sense treatment. Under no condition use any soap or cream which we are making this test.

IV. For the face, give our cream two weeks to penetrate the skin. Then wash off the soap so that you may wash off any dirt and oil. Use no other cream of any kind. Then apply Ingram's Milkweed Cream with lukewarm water and Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap. Then wash in gently, dry it off. It is important to wash in night, saving water only at night to cleanse the skin. Use no soap. Use blackheads, tonics, tinctures, wash and medicated lotions. Use no perfume suggested and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream exclusively.

V. You will tell you this simple treatment gives results. We have had many cases of skin trouble of 40 years that break up our state- ments. And today thousands are paying off their debts to Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

VI. If you have a good beauty shop operator, let him know that you use our own jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Infections are diagnosed. Not only skin trouble, but a scientific beauty operator.

VII. You will be asked many questions—to help those who have been in the search for skin know- ledge. Please, do not be afraid to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances.

Do you have a skin trouble? See a doctor and see a doctor at home. We

## FREE:

A wonderful little book that gives new beauty secrets. Free, with every jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

T

Four  
Simple Ways

to improve your skin

—NOW!

By FRED INGRAM Jr., Ph. C.  
B. Sc., (Pharm.)

From 1 to 30 you need from 7½ to 10 hours of sleep. At 30 to 60, 6½ to 7 hours will do. A daily short rest after hard work just as important as you would have beauty after 30—get your rest. No beauty is possible without it. And your simple meals eat early, say after 12 noon, and eat easily. Spinach, oranges, white cherries, grapefruit, etc. are good. Your doctor will tell you just what combinations are good for you personally. That is the secret of a sun foundation for beauty.

II. For the arms, neck, shoulders and back, take a glass of lukewarm water and good any soap (Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap). Then apply Ingram's Milkweed Cream to the arms, neck and shoulders. Rub it in gently, then wash off with cold water just before retiring—wear old gloves to protect the skin from the cold air. Your friends will comment on the remarkable change in the appearance of your skin. It is a simple, safe and common sense treatment. Under no condition use any soap or cream which we are making this test.

III. For the face, give our cream two weeks to penetrate the skin. Then wash off the soap so that you may wash off any dirt and oil. Use no other cream of any kind. Then apply Ingram's Milkweed Cream with lukewarm water and Ingram's Milkweed Cream Soap. Then wash in gently, dry it off. It is important to wash in night, saving water only at night to cleanse the skin. Use no soap. Use blackheads, tonics, tinctures, wash and medicated lotions. Use no perfume suggested and use Ingram's Milkweed Cream exclusively.

V. You will tell you this simple treatment gives results. We have had many cases of skin trouble of 40 years that break up our statements. And today thousands are paying off their debts to Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

VI. If you have a good beauty shop operator, let him know that you use our own jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream. Infections are diagnosed. Not only skin trouble, but a scientific beauty operator.

VII. You will be asked many questions—to help those who have been in the search for skin know- ledge. Please, do not be afraid to protect their beauty over a long period of years.

If you are in doubt, take no chances.

Do you have a skin trouble? See a doctor and see a doctor at home. We

will teach you how in our little book that you can get just one jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Lovely Skin  
in two weeks  
—this easy waySee blemishes go—skin grow lovely.  
Here is beauty insurance!

HERE is a simple, NEW method. women have used for ten years or more.

Lovely skin is so important to your beauty. Now every woman can have it—quickly, easily. This way, every woman can appear 5 to 10 years younger. For blemishes do actually vanish—*often in two weeks!*

Read the four common-sense beauty secrets in the column at the left. Then obtain a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream at your favorite store. Get it in the 50¢ or dollar size. The dollar size is more economical.

You and your friends will notice—a remarkable improvement within two weeks. And remember: You need only one cream...Ingram's!

Frederick F. Ingram Co.

Established 1885

Wistow, Ont.  
Canada

Detroit, Mich.

## Ingram's Milkweed Cream



## Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 230-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest McCall distributor and enclosing the price list stated below, stamp or money order, to: Head Office, Dept. A, 120 Bond Street, New York, N.Y.

Second Store, San Francisco, Calif., 28 N. Fryer St.; Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St.; Toronto, Canada, No. Cts. No. Cts.

235-12 45¢ 135-12 45¢ 150-12 45¢ 165-12 45¢ 180-12 45¢ 195-12 45¢ 210-12 45¢ 225-12 45¢ 240-12 45¢ 255-12 45¢ 270-12 45¢ 285-12 45¢ 300-12 45¢ 315-12 45¢ 330-12 45¢ 345-12 45¢ 360-12 45¢ 375-12 45¢ 390-12 45¢ 405-12 45¢ 420-12 45¢ 435-12 45¢ 450-12 45¢ 465-12 45¢ 480-12 45¢ 495-12 45¢ 510-12 45¢ 525-12 45¢ 540-12 45¢ 555-12 45¢ 570-12 45¢ 585-12 45¢ 600-12 45¢ 615-12 45¢ 630-12 45¢ 645-12 45¢ 660-12 45¢ 675-12 45¢ 690-12 45¢ 705-12 45¢ 720-12 45¢ 735-12 45¢ 750-12 45¢ 765-12 45¢ 780-12 45¢ 795-12 45¢ 810-12 45¢ 825-12 45¢ 840-12 45¢ 855-12 45¢ 870-12 45¢ 885-12 45¢ 900-12 45¢ 915-12 45¢ 930-12 45¢ 945-12 45¢ 960-12 45¢ 975-12 45¢ 990-12 45¢ 1005-12 45¢ 1020-12 45¢ 1035-12 45¢ 1050-12 45¢ 1065-12 45¢ 1080-12 45¢ 1095-12 45¢ 1110-12 45¢ 1125-12 45¢ 1140-12 45¢ 1155-12 45¢ 1170-12 45¢ 1185-12 45¢ 1200-12 45¢ 1215-12 45¢ 1230-12 45¢ 1245-12 45¢ 1260-12 45¢ 1275-12 45¢ 1290-12 45¢ 1305-12 45¢ 1320-12 45¢ 1335-12 45¢ 1350-12 45¢ 1365-12 45¢ 1380-12 45¢ 1395-12 45¢ 1410-12 45¢ 1425-12 45¢ 1440-12 45¢ 1455-12 45¢ 1470-12 45¢ 1485-12 45¢ 1500-12 45¢ 1515-12 45¢ 1530-12 45¢ 1545-12 45¢ 1560-12 45¢ 1575-12 45¢ 1590-12 45¢ 1605-12 45¢ 1620-12 45¢ 1635-12 45¢ 1650-12 45¢ 1665-12 45¢ 1680-12 45¢ 1700-12 45¢ 1720-12 45¢ 1740-12 45¢ 1760-12 45¢ 1780-12 45¢ 1800-12 45¢ 1820-12 45¢ 1840-12 45¢ 1860-12 45¢ 1880-12 45¢ 1900-12 45¢ 1920-12 45¢ 1940-12 45¢ 1960-12 45¢ 1980-12 45¢ 2000-12 45¢ 2020-12 45¢ 2040-12 45¢ 2060-12 45¢ 2080-12 45¢ 2100-12 45¢ 2120-12 45¢ 2140-12 45¢ 2160-12 45¢ 2180-12 45¢ 2200-12 45¢ 2220-12 45¢ 2240-12 45¢ 2260-12 45¢ 2280-12 45¢ 2300-12 45¢ 2320-12 45¢ 2340-12 45¢ 2360-12 45¢ 2380-12 45¢ 2400-12 45¢ 2420-12 45¢ 2440-12 45¢ 2460-12 45¢ 2480-12 45¢ 2500-12 45¢ 2520-12 45¢ 2540-12 45¢ 2560-12 45¢ 2580-12 45¢ 2600-12 45¢ 2620-12 45¢ 2640-12 45¢ 2660-12 45¢ 2680-12 45¢ 2700-12 45¢ 2720-12 45¢ 2740-12 45¢ 2760-12 45¢ 2780-12 45¢ 2800-12 45¢ 2820-12 45¢ 2840-12 45¢ 2860-12 45¢ 2880-12 45¢ 2900-12 45¢ 2920-12 45¢ 2940-12 45¢ 2960-12 45¢ 2980-12 45¢ 3000-12 45¢ 3020-12 45¢ 3040-12 45¢ 3060-12 45¢ 3080-12 45¢ 3100-12 45¢ 3120-12 45¢ 3140-12 45¢ 3160-12 45¢ 3180-12 45¢ 3200-12 45¢ 3220-12 45¢ 3240-12 45¢ 3260-12 45¢ 3280-12 45¢ 3300-12 45¢ 3320-12 45¢ 3340-12 45¢ 3360-12 45¢ 3380-12 45¢ 3400-12 45¢ 3420-12 45¢ 3440-12 45¢ 3460-12 45¢ 3480-12 45¢ 3500-12 45¢ 3520-12 45¢ 3540-12 45¢ 3560-12 45¢ 3580-12 45¢ 3600-12 45¢ 3620-12 45¢ 3640-12 45¢ 3660-12 45¢ 3680-12 45¢ 3700-12 45¢ 3720-12 45¢ 3740-12 45¢ 3760-12 45¢ 3780-12 45¢ 3800-12 45¢ 3820-12 45¢ 3840-12 45¢ 3860-12 45¢ 3880-12 45¢ 3900-12 45¢ 3920-12 45¢ 3940-12 45¢ 3960-12 45¢ 3980-12 45¢ 4000-12 45¢ 4020-12 45¢ 4040-12 45¢ 4060-12 45¢ 4080-12 45¢ 4100-12 45¢ 4120-12 45¢ 4140-12 45¢ 4160-12 45¢ 4180-12 45¢ 4200-12 45¢ 4220-12 45¢ 4240-12 45¢ 4260-12 45¢ 4280-12 45¢ 4300-12 45¢ 4320-12 45¢ 4340-12 45¢ 4360-12 45¢ 4380-12 45¢ 4400-12 45¢ 4420-12 45¢ 4440-12 45¢ 4460-12 45¢ 4480-12 45¢ 4500-12 45¢ 4520-12 45¢ 4540-12 45¢ 4560-12 45¢ 4580-12 45¢ 4600-12 45¢ 4620-12 45¢ 4640-12 45¢ 4660-12 45¢ 4680-12 45¢ 4700-12 45¢ 4720-12 45¢ 4740-12 45¢ 4760-12 45¢ 4780-12 45¢ 4800-12 45¢ 4820-12 45¢ 4840-12 45¢ 4860-12 45¢ 4880-12 45¢ 4900-12 45¢ 4920-12 45¢ 4940-12 45¢ 4960-12 45¢ 4980-12 45¢ 5000-12 45¢ 5020-12 45¢ 5040-12 45¢ 5060-12 45¢ 5080-12 45¢ 5100-12 45¢ 5120-12 45¢ 5140-12 45¢ 5160-12 45¢ 5180-12 45¢ 5200-12 45¢ 5220-12 45¢ 5240-12 45¢ 5260-12 45¢ 5280-12 45¢ 5300-12 45¢ 5320-12 45¢ 5340-12 45¢ 5360-12 45¢ 5380-12 45¢ 5400-12 45¢ 5420-12 45¢ 5440-12 45¢ 5460-12 45¢ 5480-12 45¢ 5500-12 45¢ 5520-12 45¢ 5540-12 45¢ 5560-12 45¢ 5580-12 45¢ 5600-12 45¢ 5620-12 45¢ 5640-12 45¢ 5660-12 45¢ 5680-12 45¢ 5700-12 45¢ 5720-12 45¢ 5740-12 45¢ 5760-12 45¢ 5780-12 45¢ 5800-12 45¢ 5820-12 45¢ 5840-12 45¢ 5860-12 45¢ 5880-12 45¢ 5900-12 45¢ 5920-12 45¢ 5940-12 45¢ 5960-12 45¢ 5980-12 45¢ 6000-12 45¢ 6020-12 45¢ 6040-12 45¢ 6060-12 45¢ 6080-12 45¢ 6100-12 45¢ 6120-12 45¢ 6140-12 45¢ 6160-12 45¢ 6180-12 45¢ 6200-12 45¢ 6220-12 45¢ 6240-12 45¢ 6260-12 45¢ 6280-12 45¢ 6300-12 45¢ 6320-12 45¢ 6340-12 45¢ 6360-12 45¢ 6380-12 45¢ 6400-12 45¢ 6420-12 45¢ 6440-12 45¢ 6460-12 45¢ 6480-12 45¢ 6500-12 45¢ 6520-12 45¢ 6540-12 45¢ 6560-12 45¢ 6580-12 45¢ 6600-12 45¢ 6620-12 45¢ 6640-12 45¢ 6660-12 45¢ 6680-12 45¢ 6700-12 45¢ 6720-12 45¢ 6740-12 45¢ 6760-12 45¢ 6780-12 45¢ 6800-12 45¢ 6820-12 45¢ 6840-12 45¢ 6860-12 45¢ 6880-12 45¢ 6900-12 45¢ 6920-12 45¢ 6940-12 45¢ 6960-12 45¢ 6980-12 45¢ 7000-12 45¢ 7020-12 45¢ 7040-12 45¢ 7060-12 45¢ 7080-12 45¢ 7100-12 45¢ 7120-12 45¢ 7140-12 45¢ 7160-12 45¢ 7180-12 45¢ 7200-12 45¢ 7220-12 45¢ 7240-12 45¢ 7260-12 45¢ 7280-12 45¢ 7300-12 45¢ 7320-12 45¢ 7340-12 45¢ 7360-12 45¢ 7380-12 45¢ 7400-12 45¢ 7420-12 45¢ 7440-12 45¢ 7460-12 45¢ 7480-12 45¢ 7500-12 45¢ 7520-12 45¢ 7540-12 45¢ 7560-12 45¢ 7580-12 45¢ 7600-12 45¢ 7620-12 45¢ 7640-12 45¢ 7660-12 45¢ 7680-12 45¢ 7700-12 45¢ 7720-12 45¢ 7740-12 45¢ 7760-12 45¢ 7780-12 45¢ 7800-12 45¢ 7820-12 45¢ 7840-12 45¢ 7860-12 45¢ 7880-12 45¢ 7900-12 45¢ 7920-12 45¢ 7940-12 45¢ 7960-12 45¢ 7980-12 45¢ 8000-12 45¢ 8020-12 45¢ 8040-12 45¢ 8060-12 45¢ 8080-12 45¢ 8100-12 45¢ 8120-12 45¢ 8140-12 45¢ 8160-12 45¢ 8180-12 45¢ 8200-12 45¢ 8220-12 45¢ 8240-12 45¢ 8260-12 45¢ 8280-12 45¢ 8300-12 45¢ 8320-12 45¢ 8340-12 45¢ 8360-12 45¢ 8380-12 45¢ 8400-12 45¢ 8420-12 45¢ 8440-12 45¢ 8460-12 45¢ 8480-12 45¢ 8500-12 45¢ 8520-12 45¢ 8540-12 45¢ 8560-12 45¢ 8580-12 45¢ 8600-12 45¢ 8620-12 45¢ 8640-12 45¢ 8660-12 45¢ 8680-12 45¢ 8700-12 45¢ 8720-12 45¢ 8740-12 45¢ 8760-12 45¢ 8780-12 45¢ 8800-12 45¢ 8820-12 45¢ 8840-12 45¢ 8860-12 45¢ 8880-12 45¢ 8900-12 45¢ 8920-12 45¢ 8940-12 45¢ 8960-12 45¢ 8980-12 45¢ 9000-12 45¢ 9020-12 45¢ 9040-12 45¢ 9060-12 45¢ 9080-12 45¢ 9100-12 45¢ 9120-12 45¢ 9140-12 45¢ 9160-12 45¢ 9180-12 45¢ 9200-12 45¢ 9220-12 45¢ 9240-12 45¢ 9260-12 45¢ 9280-12 45¢ 9300-12 45¢ 9320-12 45¢ 9340-12 45¢ 9360-12 45¢ 9380-12 45¢ 9400-12 45¢ 9420-12 45¢ 9440-12 45¢ 9460-12 45¢ 9480-12 45¢ 9500-12 45¢ 9520-12 45¢ 9540-12 45¢ 9560-12 45¢ 9580-12 45¢ 9600-12 45¢ 9620-12 45¢ 9640-12 45¢ 9660-12 45¢ 9680-12 45¢ 9700-12 45¢ 9720-12 45¢ 9740-12 45¢ 9760-12 45¢ 9780-12 45¢ 9800-12 45¢ 9820-12 45¢ 9840-12 45¢ 9860-12 45¢ 9880-12 45¢ 9900-12 45¢ 9920-12 45¢ 9940-12 45¢ 9960-12 45¢ 9980-12 45¢ 10000-12 45¢ 10020-12 45¢ 10040-12 45¢ 10060-12 45¢ 10080-12 45¢ 10100-12 45¢ 10120-12 45¢ 10140-12 45¢ 10160-12 45¢ 10180-12 45¢ 10200-12 45¢ 10220-12 45¢ 10240-12 45¢ 10260-12 45¢ 10280-12 45¢ 10300-12 45¢ 10320-12 45¢ 10340-12 45¢ 10360-12 45¢ 10380-12 45¢ 10400-12 45¢ 10420-12 45¢ 10440-12 45¢ 10460-12 45¢ 10480-12 45¢ 10500-12 45¢ 10520-12 45¢ 10540-12 45¢ 10560-12 45¢ 10580-12 45¢ 10600-12 45¢ 10620-12 45¢ 10640-12 45¢ 10660-12 45¢ 10680-12 45¢ 10700-12 45¢ 10720-12 45¢ 10740-12 45¢ 10760-12 45¢ 10780-12 45¢ 10800-12 45¢ 10820-12 45¢ 10840-12 45¢ 10860-12 45¢ 10880-12 45¢ 10900-12 45¢ 10920-12 45¢ 10940-12 45¢ 10960-12 45¢ 10980-12 45¢ 11000-12 45¢ 11020-12 45¢ 11040-12 45¢ 11060-12 45¢ 11080-12 45¢ 11100-12 45¢ 11120-12 45¢ 11140-12 45¢ 11160-12 45¢ 11180-12 45¢ 11200-12 45¢ 11220-12 45¢ 11240-12 45¢ 11260-12 45¢ 11280-12 45¢ 11300-12 45¢ 11320-12 45¢ 11340-12 45¢ 11360-12 45¢ 11380-12 45¢ 11400-12 45¢ 11420-12 45¢ 11440-12 45¢ 11460-12 45¢ 11480-12 45¢ 11500-12 45¢ 11520-12 45¢ 11540-12 45¢ 11560-12 45¢ 11580-12 45¢ 11600-12 45¢ 11620-12 45¢ 11640-12 45¢ 11660-12 45¢ 11680-12 45¢ 11700-12 45¢ 11720-12 45¢ 11740-12 45¢ 11760-12 45¢ 11780-12 45¢ 11800-12 45¢ 11820-12 45¢ 11840-12 45¢ 11860-12 45¢ 11880-12 45¢ 11900-12 45¢ 11920-12 45¢ 11940-12 45¢ 11960-12 45¢ 11980-12 45¢ 12000-12 45¢ 12020-12 45¢ 12040-12 45¢ 12060-12 45¢ 12080-12 45¢ 12100-12 45¢ 12120-12 45¢ 12140-12 45¢ 12160-12 45¢ 12180-12 45¢ 12200-12 45¢ 12220-12 45¢ 12240-12 45¢ 12260-12 45¢ 12280-12 45¢ 12300-12 45¢ 12320-12 45¢ 12340-12 45¢ 12360-12 45¢ 12380-12 45¢ 12400-12 45¢ 12420-12 45¢ 12440-12 45¢ 12460-12 45¢ 12480-12 45¢ 12500-12 45¢ 12520-12 45¢ 12540-12 45¢ 12560-12 45¢ 12580-12 45¢ 12600-12 4

women. She guessed with whom he was going.

"But Dan—"

He kissed her—kissed her like a starved man stealing shamefully under the eyes of the world. Her heart was carried away. The boy slammed the door of the elevator. Her husband scarcely looked at her. Furtive longing in his eyes spoke loudly.

And he—all the way as he drove was haunted, tormented by the sense of unavertable tragedy; appalled by his heartlessness.

The taxi pulled up. He masked his face with cheerfulness. She was sitting in the back room where their affair had grown to its climax. It was in darkness; he could only just make her out shadow. He went over to her. He put his arms about her gently.

"My poor darling!"

She turned her face away, when he attempted to kiss her. "You're frightened. Don't be frightened."

Her hands held his. "I'm not frightened. I just don't care enough. I'm sorry. But it's the truth, Dan." His arms dropped from her. "Birred! You don't care!" She slipped from him in the darkness and hurried over to the door. For a moment as it opened, she hated looking back, but she was coming.

Left alone, he clenched his hands against his forehead. From the first, she'd only been killing time in his company! She'd flattered him up to a danger-point for her own amusement. And he'd been taken in. All was that he knew he deserved in. But that didn't excuse her. Aline was right—he'd known nothing about women. Why—why,

## HER BACK TO THE WALL

[Continued from page 85]

this woman, whom he'd set up as an example to Aline, was no more than a sentimental pickpocket!

He let himself out. In the street the taxi, piled with luggage, was waiting. He stepped in. The driver leaned back in his seat. "To the man's repeated question, he replied angrily, "Drive anywhere. Don't you hear me? Anywhere from here, and do it quickly!"

Thinking his fare was ill, the man drove him back to the address from which he had brought him.

He let himself into the room. The piano was being played weakly, by a poor amateur, but painstakingly. It was the tune of a French nursery rhyme that Aline used to whistle when she was home. "Le Poucet d'Aligre." As his hands landed on the keys of the room, the piano stopped.

He felt like an intruder who had omitted the courtesy of knocking. She had risen from the piano and stood beneath the lamp, her hands spread out—her back to the wall. "Alice! Five o'clock! It was I who broke the silence."

"Before I go away I've come back to tell you."

She stared at him.

"I've come back to you," she whispered breathlessly. "I've been a fool!" When she still kept silent, he added, "If you don't want me, I shouldn't know where to—"

She sank forward, her face in her hands. He stole timidly

over and touched her. Her arms went about him. "You were—you were playing?"

She lifted her face from his shoulder, smiling. "I think that you understand when they are proud of their crying. 'Oh Dan, I had to push you from me before we could ever come nearer.' In that moment he understood, and yet not everything.

"But you were playing."

She said to her self, "Not playing—only trying. I'm not clever. I want to learn for you. That was where I went. Her voice sank to a murmur, "all the long while that we weren't together."

The lump grew up in his throat. He could scarcely see her through the tears she was allowing to fall. "At last I begin to know you—the real you, little Aline."

She laughed chokingly. "You think; but I wonder if you think that I never knew anything about women. Wasn't that why I loved you? I wanted to learn in order—"

He kissed her, holding her slender hands. "In order to know your worth. How soon can you pack?"

She eyed him whimsically. "Some women would take six months to think about it, and then wouldn't do it. They'd say, 'She's not good enough for me.' I, I guess, if anybody loved me, I could pack in an hour."

He lifted her off her feet. "Do it."

She smoothed out her dress demurely, running her little "white mice hands" over the places where he had ruffled it. "Then? Where are we going?"

"To Amboise," he whispered. "We always planned to go back."

## BELLARION

[Continued from page 28]

"But I am known as Bellarion the Fortunate."

"I am punished for my weakness," said Theodore. "I should have left Justice to wring your neck when you were at his prison here in Casale."

"You neck shall remain unbroken so that you withdraw from your Principality of Genoa and abide there. More of that tomorrow."

Persuasively he waved him away, and Ugolino hustled him out. As the door closed again, Bellarion, realizing the risks of his will, sank forward in a swoon.

When he recovered, he was lying on his sound side on a couch under the window, across which the curtains of padded leather had been drawn. He was a gaunt, gaunt, man in black, his hair streaming, his eyes, and some cohort whom he could not be sure was not bathing his brow with a cool aromatic liquid. As he fetched a sigh that filled his lungs, the man smiled. "There! It will be well with him now. But he must not move."

"I shall be done," said the woman who was bathing his brow, and her voice, soft and subdued, was the voice of the Princess Valeria. "His servants will be below by now. Turn them to me as you go."

The man turned his head, and looked up in wonder at the Princess, with whom he was now alone. Her eyes, more liquid than their wort, smiled wistfully down upon him. "Madonna!" he exclaimed.

"Do you serve me as a handmaid? That is not . . ."

"You are thinking it an insufficient return for your service to you that you must give me time, sir, this is only a beginning."

"I am not thinking that at all."

"Then I am not thinking that at all," she said. "You are weak. You are weak, slowly. Else you might remember that for five years in which you have been my loyal, noble, unswerving friend, I immured in my stupidity, have been your enemy."

"Ah!" he smiled. "I knew I should convince you in the end."

"I am not thinking that at all."

"I am not thinking that at all," she answered, wondering.

"And Heaven knows you have cause to be, more cause than that which is weak. Else I could tell. Do you know, Lord Prince, that in these five years it is not I who have not believed of you. I even deemed you a coward, on the word of that vain boaster, Carmagnola."

"He was none so wrong, by his own lights. I am not a fight of his pattern. I have been a careful man of myself."

"Oh, this, to-day . . . That was different. Too much depended on the result. It was the last throb. I had to take hand, much though it dislodged a rough-and-tumble. So that when the moment it would not have mattered if the vanquish of that fellow's lance had brought me up against my throat. There are no more fights for me, so what matter if I left my life in the last one?"

"The last one, Lord Prince!"

"It is not my type any more. I am a Prince no longer. I leave the rank behind with all the other vanities of the world."

"You leave it behind?" She found him obscure.

"When I go back to Cagliano, which will be as soon as I can, I will leave it behind."

"What do you go to do at Cagliano?"

"What? Why, what the other brethren do. Pax multa in celo. The old abbot was right. There is a peace for which I am yearning now that my one task here is safely crossed. That peace is nothing for me. It is all vanity, all madness and greed."

"And your dominions, Gavi and Valsassina."

"I'll bestow them upon you, madonna, if you will deign

to accept a parting gift from these hands."

Again there was a pause. Then she moved forward, rustling a little, and came directly into his line of vision. "I hear your servants think. I will leave you now."

"She is not my servant. God be with you."

She came near, so close and straight as on the first evening when had seen her in her garden. She was dressed in a close-fitting gown of cloth of silver, over which she wore a loose bouquet of simple velvet roses, a ruyal at throat and wide bracelets about her wrists. All these were jewels in the cuff that confined her abundant hair.

"Ay," he said wistfully, dreamily, "it was just as I remembered anything. It is good to have served you, lady maid. It has made me glorious in my own eyes."

"You have made yourself glorious, Lord Prince, in the eyes of all."

"What do they matter?" Slowly she came back to him. She was very pale and her hands were clasped in front. Vague and mysterious as deep pools were those dark eyes of hers. She came back, drawn by the words he had used, and more than the words, by something odd in his gently tone. "Do you want to wear my crown?"

He was very much infinite sadness. "Must you ask that now? Does not the whole of life in the world give you the answer, that never woman mattered more to a man?"

She stood above him, and her lips quivered. What she said next she spoke with apparent hearing upon the subject. "I am not wearing your crown."

Surprised flickered in his eyes, as they sought confirmation of her statement in the azure and ardent of her wear. "And I did not remark the change," he cried.

"It chance, it is design." "It chance, it is design."

"It was not only to honor you that I assumed these colors. Have they no message for you, Bellarion?"

"Message?" For the first time in their acquaintance she looked in his blue eyes.

"Cleopatra, I have no message that you look for. You have said that you covet nothing in this world."

"Nothing within my reach. To covet things beyond it is to taste the full bitterness of life."

"You covet anything in the world that is not within your reach. Beloved."

He looked at her as she smiled down upon him through her tears. He caught his breath gaspingly. With his sound left hand, he clutched her left which hung at the level of his heart. "I am mad of course," he choked.

"Not mad, Bellarion. Only stupid. Do you still covet nothing?"

"Ay, one thing!" his face glowed. "One thing that would change into a living glory the flimsy glitter of the world, one thing that would make life . . . O Heaven! What am I to do?"

"Why do you break off, Bellarion?" "I am afraid!"

"Of me? Is there anything I could deny you, who have given me so much? Must I in return offer you all I have. Could you claim nothing for yourself?"

"'Aleria!'" She stooped to kiss his lips. "My very hate of you in all these years was love disguised. My spirit kept to you, always, when I first awoke in the garden there. Did it not wound and torture me to discover how much you, who should have trusted my own heart, rather than my erring senses, Bellarion? You warned me early that I am not good at inference. I have suffered as those suffer who are in need of themselves."

He pondered her, very pale and sorrowful. "Yes," he said slowly, "I have the fever, as you said a while ago. It must be that."

[THE END]



"I HAD CHRONIC INDIGESTION and pimples on my face. I decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. After about two months I found that the pimples had left my face. Now my indigestion has almost entirely disappeared and I look forward to meal time with pleasant expectancy. Yeast has been a wonderful blessing to me."

Mrs. TRUMAN T. STERRE, Baltimore, Md.



"MY SKIN WAS IN A DISGRACEFUL CONDITION. I became aware that the disorder was in my system and decided to try Fleischmann's Yeast. In a short time the pimples were drying up. Now my soft skin, free of blemishes, has been restored and constipation is a thing of the past."

RUTH DOWKANT, West Philadelphia, Pa.

## HEALTH TRIUMPHANT

*They conquered constipation, skin and stomach disorders—found fresh vitality, new joy in living—through one natural food.*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.



"I AM A DANCER. Three years ago I had so much indigestion and constipation that I got terribly run-down. I was very tired and was too tired and nervous to take my lessons. A lady recommended yeast. In about three weeks I could tell a difference. The constipation was relieved and I had much less trouble with gas. In about four months I began my lessons again. Now I am strong in every way." ISABELLE BARLOW, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.



*Above: Son of Mrs. Jary*

"WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST my two boys aged fifteen and twelve go to school and work and play without a headache. Also Yeast has made a new woman of me. I was run-down and suffered with that terrible gnawing which comes from undigested food. Now I eat, and feel fine." MRS. LUCY A. JARY, Detroit, Mich.



"THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—sids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation."

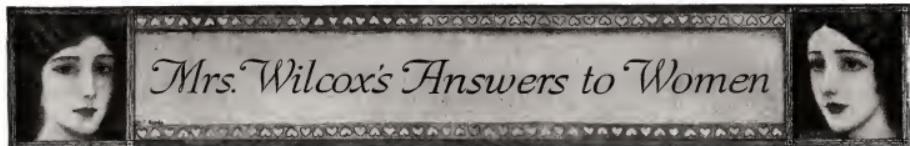
Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, nibbled from the cake. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-31, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"ABOUT A YEAR AGO I was run-down. A friend suggested I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I am convinced that it has been of much benefit to me. I know that my physical condition is improved and I expect to continue the use of the Yeast regularly for some time to come."

C. H. W. HOLTCAMP, St. Louis, Mo.



## Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women

**T**HERE are many persons living today who were taught in their childhood that the interior of the earth is a seething mass of persons who never have heard the new theory that the earth has a solid metal core.

With similar indifference to changing ideas, many women cling to outgrown theories of love and marriage, and convinced the love is woman's whole and sole existence, and that marriage is her only dependable source of happiness. All the world's wonders they count as trifling and consequently when they go wrong, they suffer stupidly; they waste themselves after an antiquated fashion. And this is no particular credit to their intelligence in a century which offers to women so many opportunities for independence, contentment and joy.

Let's talk over a kind of emotional waste which was known in old ages which has been forgotten in this civilization. Let's try to get at some modern notions concerning the best ways of meeting and handling the ultimate worst in any woman's experience. Here's a form of the proposition. I select this letter from many similar ones.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** At twenty-six, married and the mother of two darling babies, I find that my husband is running around with girls; or rather, the girls will not let him alone.

My husband owns a garage. He is an expert mechanic. For four years after our wedding, I worked as a stenographer. We bought nice furniture and had a lovely time together until Baby Charles came. Eighteen months later, Sister arrived.

Now Mr. Wilcox, if you tell me when I can get away up to the country, come back and be gay and sweet and winsome Martin back, I shall just scream and scream. Martin himself has a few duties in this marriage.

Sorrow has ruined my sleep. I have no clothes and no money. I have no home and no beauty are knocked into a coochie hat. But Martin has money to spend on pretty girls, who are so grieved over his philandering that I am horribly distressed and often I have to be grouchy to keep from crying.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** I am asking you to talk over a very important subject. Many young mothers I know are in just about the state I am in. We don't want to leave our husbands, because we love them, and because they are the fathers of our precious babies. We need advice. I am a widow, living alone with my son. I can't tell where Martin is off having a gay time with a pretty doll while I sit at home with his children and not a single nice dress to my name. It's unfair, but I am helpless.

This woman wants to ask: Why can't there be a female and a male social and business life the girl who tries to take another girl's husband from her? Where are the landladies who used to get rid of such boudoirs? And the hostesses who would not accept them? And the matrons who drew their shirts aside?

Can't these good women see the present menace to us young mothers? Why not call Mrs. Grundy into being again? She certainly had the right idea about what fathers were up to.

Please suggest something in *McCall's*. I do not want a personal reply because Martin gets the mail first, in order to grab his perfumed notes before I see them. Thank you.—Polly.

What wives can do to thwart the trespassers is a theme for future discussion. Opinions and suggestions are requested. Polly cannot change her man nor his environment, nor can she resurrect Mrs. Grundy, but she can change her reaction to a situation from which she cannot escape. How to do so is the imperative present problem. A similar appeal has been made recently in *McCall's*.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** I possess proof that my husband is dishonest. But I have three little children, therefore I cannot divorce him.

Now I know it is a sin to waste my health, my good looks, my very life for an unfriendly man, but unfortunately this affair has a wildcat grip upon me. I feel as if the bottom had dropped out of existence. I even dislike going among relatives and friends. It is torment to be a one-man woman.

Your page puts life squarely up to each of us. I think we take the up and down of existence in a more courageous spirit. Please read how other wives meet and manage their problems.

Who can tell me how to end this waste of the best in me? I cannot change the man. Don't tell me that.—Irene.

Another wife has found for herself a formula for cure,

**LET'S Talk it Over!** \* For long it has been conventional for a woman to keep her troubles to herself. She moiled over them, never solved them prospectively, melancholy time to discover what parson can do to help hard knots? \* With here some woman some senseworth telling about discouraged soul. To wants to know" in touch has found out" is the page. For immediate person address. Send inquiries and stories of experience to *Wimona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.*

but she doesn't know how to follow it. She writes:

"A shattered romance is nothing compared to a shattered life. So I am trying to reconstruct my own existence. I demand something more of life than the knowledge that I am doing my duty. I am going to re-educate myself and adapt myself to conditions as they are. But how shall I proceed?"

There is a fact lately set down in books written by men which will save harassed wives much acute suffering if they will accept it. It is this:

A man's marital illsithdom is a serious matter to him.

Now a wife who adores her husband never admits the abuse, truth. Usually she assumes that he "falls in love" with the girl who adores him. The wife is sure that the other woman acquires a tremendous permanent influence over a man. This is the reason that is about the biggest mistake she makes in her life. Concerning her conviction, I quote from letters from men:

"Respectably, the man will get over an infatuation; but a wife never, so long as she lives, will get over the shock of finding there is another woman in the case. That is the difference between men and women."

Another man says:

"The persistence with which women associate sex feelings with love places them in a position where they are sure to suffer when the end comes to an affair which a man grasps immediately. This is the great tragedy in the lives of wives."

"The man forgets"—What to the offender has a trivial transient significance, utterly destroys the offended wife. For our sins are not sins of the tongue, but of the heart.

That sex is a relatively trivial and inconsequential event in life, that is infinitely less permanent significance in his scheme of things than his work in the world, his health and his mind, than that which concerns his material welfare or his physical comfort, or, as I have hinted, even certain other of his diversions, is clearly home in him after a meditation of the history of sex life as it has directly concerned him."

Now, I think that if all the distressed wives would get this idea firmly fixed in mind, it would lessen their woes. If nothing but this big truth survives the present open season of talk about sex; if women accept this truth and discard the unattractive and ill-located spiritual values or ideals which they always have believed in when concerning sex, they will enrich enormously their present quota of wretchedness. The truth shall set you free.

Much keen satire directed against philandering is to be found in novels and drama by the younger writers in England, America and elsewhere. This satire is founded on the new psychology, endocrinology, biology and other modern sciences. The particular truth above quoted is one to worried wives to weigh without prejudice. To make a revelation of sex, something with which they are not familiar, and to women who know that they acquire any permanent power over men they take from wives.

Some straight thinking women who get the new idea over to both of them, and then set to work to seeking a variety of ways to meet them, will have happy endings. But the majority of wronged wives gag and plead and weep although they know well that such parade of indignation and hurt never gets a wife anything except wrath.

Whenever the sex impulse is thwarted or interfered with, pugnacity is aroused. A wife's hysteria not only annoys a man, it makes him stubbornly determined to follow desire.

Sometimes remonstrance leads to brutality. It never accomplishes what the wife expects. Man, who has found this out. She will hold her tongue, she decides. Ovry and over she falls.

How can she refrain from nagging and recrimination?

Only by diverting her emotion in the beginning can she shape her behavior. Fear and hate can encourage her then; can control, but let her encourage them for a few minutes and they are bound to bleed red.

But while her indignation is in its first stage, while she can reason as well as feel, then can she cut her tongue and her tears. An adjustment.

An unloved, unbalanced wife cannot do much at 2 A. M. to keep her stored up anger from exploding but she can prevent that futile and exhausting expenditure if all the time is relieved from her wrath.

We must assume that an intelligent woman is able to direct her thoughts. "As a man thinketh, so is he." And so, too, does he.

Now for stories of attempts wives have made to adapt themselves to what they cannot change.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** The reason I did not break my heart over my once best beloved is this. He believed he is just a big boy who must be honored. He believed in his wife only in so far as she could bring him play things to me both serious and sacred. Now I see him as he is and it is no trick at all to wipe my tears. Now I put into our marriage as much as I get out of it, companionship, courtesy, sympathy and cooperation. But the price for portion. So only can I escape the bitterness arising from infiuries. The result is that we get through life with considerable comfort and content.—Ellyn.

Life's chief satisfactions are rooted in the human relationships which are sincere and genuine. When a husband proves superficial and shallow, a wife can save herself from months or a lifetime of destructive emotions by looking around her and discovering other relationships which actually possess the quality of genuineness.

**Dear Winona Wilcox:** This cure for the sorrow from which we often suffer is the secret of their happiness. It never has failed. Whoever uses this recipe will have to adapt it to her special need.

**This is it:** Get a new lover—LIEB! And before you know it, one young girl will come into the family and bring the sunniest look in his eyes. And she will perhaps pick up the end of an ailing string in order to follow you at close as she can.

**Lieb**—"life." I said. I mean much more. For instance, there always is the distressing part of every job. That part of this particular job is the constant repression and just elimination of self-judgment.

**Haul your "self" briskly along by the bootstraps**, if necessary, whether your "self" wants to go alone and go your own way or not. If it wants to go alone, then it is really free, really feels any better and whether the condition has been helped or not. Be kind, but masculinity firms with that self of yours.

**Next take the back** the back homemaker in the world. After that, dress satisfactorily for that person who looks at you and does not care about your shoulders where the smile begins. Tell her that if she does not smile, she probably will not.

**While doing all this, learn to have a perfectly good time** and to be perfectly unimpassioned. Try! And try again! Remember that the other way brings only misery. There are infinite possibilities of enjoyment in the creation of a home, the company of little children, the study of a neighborhood, of a husband, and of that person you call your self. And the more you do, the more your business has its routine and gets resolutely drab if we do not keep our heads above the clouds.

**Try this recipe and you will get a erection but you won't want it.** You will want to hold it in your hand. But you will not be satisfied with a new erection, you will want a well-maintained erection. You may not accomplish this in a day or a month or a year, but you will discover quite unexpectedly that the rule works. And you never will have the work to do over again, for you will be too busy to have time to think of the sins you have committed within yourself. Once you have her, once you have become conscious of her, you would no more revile that silly, hurt, tearful creature who once was, than would.

**Sisters,** remember that the old, old way brought only misery. Is this way not worth a trial? Remember, it never has failed.—N. A. A.



# Sit down to breakfast with writers, opera stars, actresses and business women

"What do you eat for breakfast—and why?" . . . A long list of famous women recently answered these questions for a scientific institute, engaged in research on foods.

You'll find these women in the pages of "Who's Who in America." They are successful, renowned—yet

they work hard and steadily. And, through days crowded with many activities, they retain vigorous, radiant health.

How? Their answer is "The right kind of food!" Carefully chosen meals—and particularly a small, well-balanced, highly nourishing breakfast.

## Famous women say that food like this is essential to health and achievement

YOU AND YOUR FAMILY, like the women to whom the "breakfast questionnaire" was sent, doubtless eat a light or moderate breakfast. Most people do, nowadays. Modern conditions of living, and working have banished the Early American breakfast, probably forever! . . . But are you careful to see that the small amount of food you eat supplies you with a large amount of nourishment? It's the only safe plan!

For a happy and successful day, your body must be supplied with complete nourishment at the beginning of the day. All the vital elements of nutrition, in proper quantity and proportion, should be contained in the breakfast you eat.

That is why Grape-Nuts is a particularly valuable food. Served with milk or cream, it is an exceptionally well-balanced ration—and most delicious! It gives your body dextrose, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building;

and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite.

Grape-Nuts is made from wheat and malted barley, prepared by a special process which develops the tempting, nut-like flavor, makes the food particularly easy to digest—and makes it crisp. Ask your dentist what thorough chewing means to the health and beauty of your teeth and gums! As a nation, we are suffering from the prevalence of soft foods in our diet.



**Grape-Nuts** is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Tea-time (Double-Stack) Corn Flakes, Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate . . . and . . . Malted Grape-Nuts, chocolate-flavored, a most delicious milk food-drink. Try one at the nearest soda fountain.

Because this one food can do so much for your health—because it can give you so many essential elements in such delicious form—try Grape-Nuts tomorrow morning. Your grocer has it—or you may wish to accept the following offer.

"A Book of Better Breakfasts" and two servings of Grape-Nuts.

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts", written by a famous physical director.

© 1926, P. C. Co.

S-102 Aug. 26	
POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC. BOSTON, MASS. Send me free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts", by a former physical director of Cornell Medical Coll. . .	
Street: _____	
City: _____ State: _____	
In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, LTD. 47 Front Street East, TORONTO 4, ONTARIO.	



# The dearest possession in all the world !

*Keep him clean --- Keep him comfortable --- Keep him healthy..*

## *...with IVORY*

MILLIONS of precious babies ever since 1879 have had their first bath with Ivory. And from that first exciting moment, Ivory has helped keep them clean, comfortable and healthy—through babyhood, childhood, youth, and maturity.

What are Ivory's special qualities that make it the almost universal baby soap?

Purity. Mildness. Gentleness. These are the most important because they insure *safety*. Besides, Ivory lathers richly and rinses off quickly—important, because 's bath should be a quick bath. Finally Ivory floats so it is always easy to find on top of the bath water and does not waste away at the bottom of the tub or bowl.

In cleansing the baby's clothes, Ivory is the accepted soap because it is not only safe, but thorough as well. Smith and Green, authors of *The Baby's First Two Years*, an authoritative treatise on baby care, say very frankly, "The flannels,

knitted band, undershirt, etc. should be washed without a washboard, by soft squeezing with the hands in warm Ivory Soap suds . . . The cotton garments should be washed with a washboard with Ivory and hot water."

*Ivory Flakes for baby's clothes*

Ivory Flakes is genuine Ivory Soap, flaked

for instant suds. It is wonderfully quick and convenient for the safe washing of both flannels and cotton garments. It comes in two generous sizes, the larger being the more economical.

*FREE book on  
baby's care!*

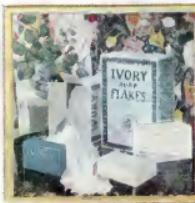
For years, mothers all over America

have found valuable help every hour of the day in the famous Procter & Gamble Baby Book, prepared by Elizabeth Robinson Scovil. This book has been recently revised and re-issued. It covers such incidents of baby's care as: Regulation of Diet; Minor Illnesses, Their Prevention and Treatment; Requirements for a Healthful Bedroom; Proper Clothing; Care of the Body; Care of Teeth, Hair and Nose; Antidotes for Poisons, etc.

We shall be glad to send you a copy without charge. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

4 forms of  
IVORY SOAP  
 $99\frac{44}{100}\%$  Pure



**F R E E**  
BABY BOOK COUPON

PROCTER & GAMBLE, Section 1-18  
Cincinnati, Ohio

PLEASE send me without charge, a copy  
of THE BABY BOOK.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_